Commentary

Volume Sixty-seven, Number One, January 1979

Are Homosexuals Gay?

Samuel McCracken

TOWARD A MIDDLE EAST ALTERNATIVE
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THE SOUL OF MAN UNDER SOCIALISM
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Books in Review

James Q. Wilson on Charles Silberman
Werner J. Dannhauser / Peter Shaw / Roger Starr / Rita Kramer / Edward N. Luttwak

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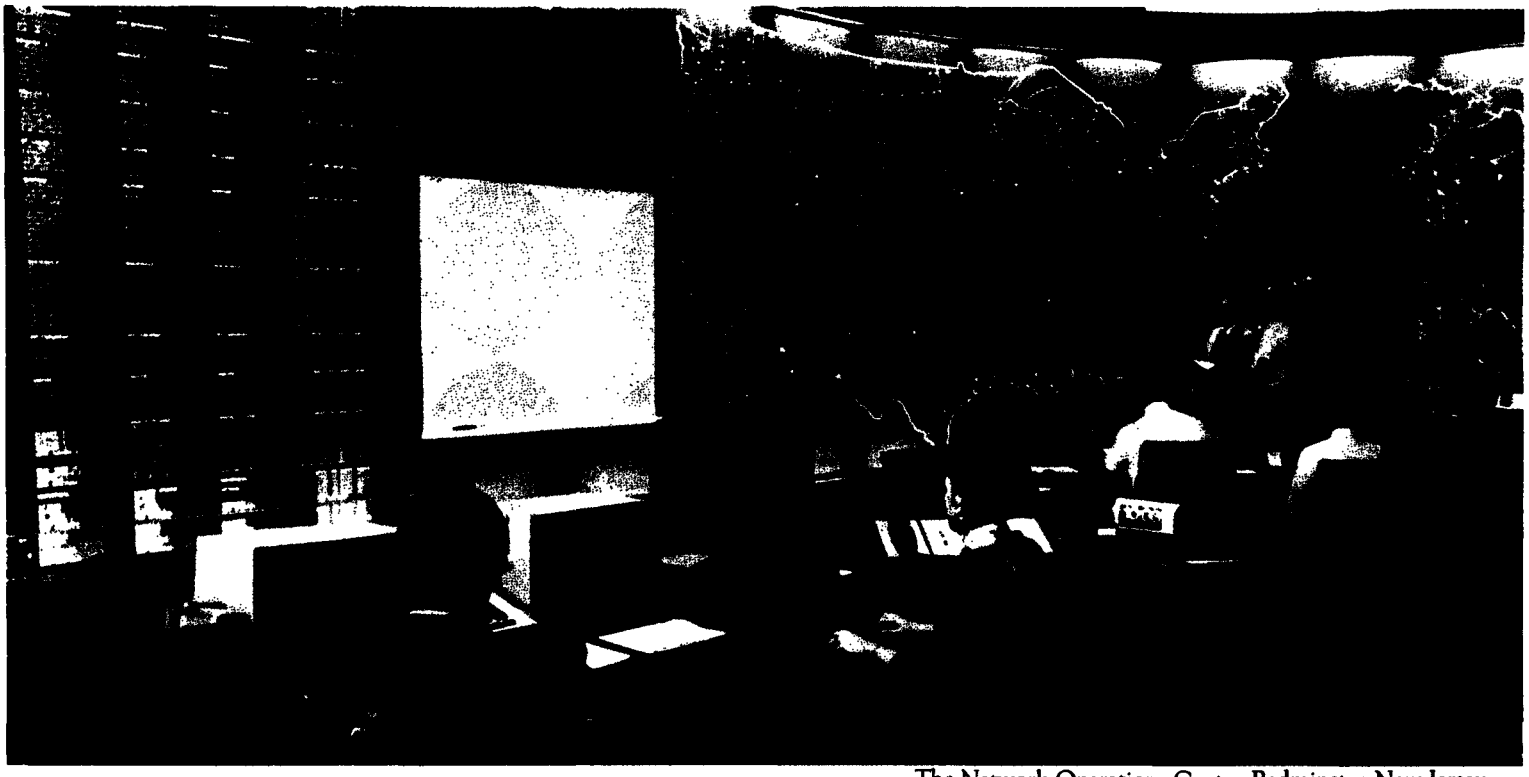

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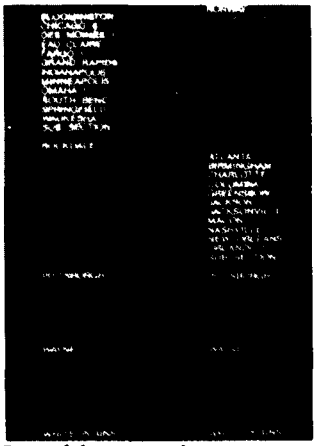

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Commentary

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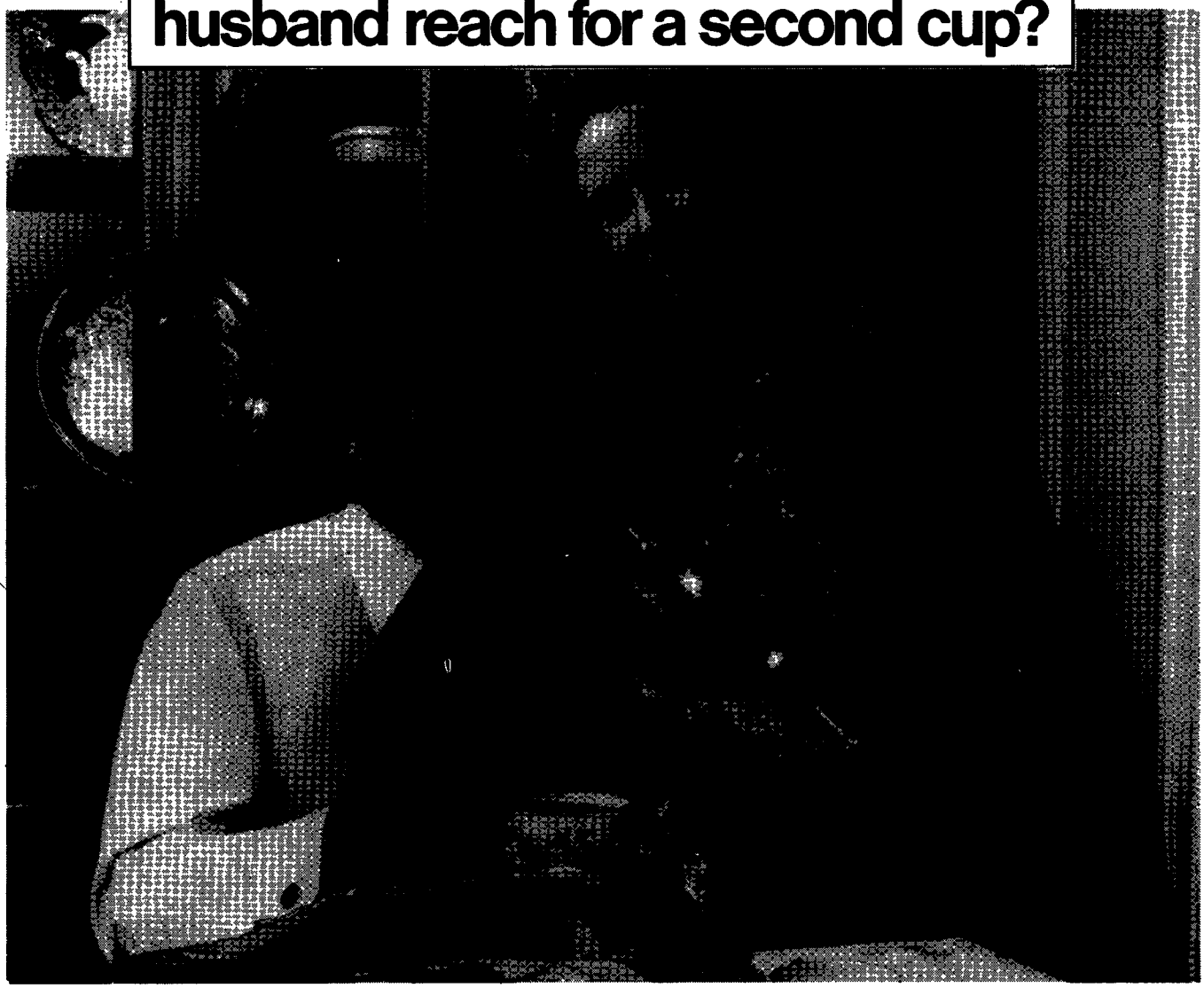

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Letters from Readers

The China Card

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Edward N. Luttwak ["Against the China Card," October 1978] does not mention that for many years, as a result of our insistence on the myth of monolithic Communism, we permitted our policy toward Peking to be guided by the Soviet Union and our relations with that country. In effect we let Moscow hold *our* "China card" and thus played against a stacked deck with tragic results. Theodore H. White's *In Search of History* makes the point that had we established relations with the Communist government once it had gained control of the mainland, instead of letting the "China card" go by default, we might have been spared the agonies of both the Korean and Vietnam wars.

It used to be quite fashionable to speak of "the Carter administration's inept foreign policy"—some change in this assessment has taken place lately—but if we want to speak of real ineptness we could use no better example than American foreign policy with relation to China and Southeast Asia after World War II. This must include the amateurish way President Nixon and Henry Kissinger handled the opening of relations with Peking's Communist regime. In this connection it might be well to explode the Nixon-expert-on-foreign-policy myth, at least as far as East Asia is concerned. Peking undoubtedly preferred Nixon in the way that Nixon preferred to have Senator McGovern as his opponent in the 1972 presidential election: in both cases these opposites were favored because it was felt that they were inferior opponents and thus easier to deal with, which proved correct.

Mr. Luttwak informs us that "in the reality of history China has more often been divided than united"; therefore, there should be no reason why we could not deal with two Chinas—the mainland and Taiwan. In this instance, however, we are facing a substantially different situation, since both Communists and Nationalists "accept the pretense that there is only one China." They are in complete agreement on this point and will brook no compromise, nor will they agree to an alternative position. Furthermore, we are deluding ourselves when we speak of our "abandoning" Taiwan; the reverse is more likely to occur. Should the Chinese Nationalists on Taiwan in the near future face an ever increasing native Taiwanese independence movement not interested in "the pretense that there is only one China," they may very well decide to "abandon" us and make their peace with Peking to avoid losing Taiwan as a province of the one China they and the Communists believe in so strongly. They probably will end up being decorated as Chinese patriots by the Peking regime. There are instances "in the reality of the history of China" to support such turnarounds, and I suggest we prepare ourselves for this one.

For this reason I would advocate that we stick to a policy of quiet and benign neglect with regard to the Peking-Taiwan issue. After several attempts to pressure us to accept their terms, the Communists have again proved themselves to be pragmatists *par excellence*. . . . We are now witnessing an almost revolutionary development in Peking's desire for more and more contacts with us. Once the Communists realize that we prefer to do nothing—one way or the other—about Taiwan and that we will not be swayed by any threats or pressures, they will put this issue on the proverbial back burner. They have temporarily shelved other international issues they consider unresolved—such as borders—when it suited their purpose.

That Chinese Communist policy can be flexible and change in order to come to terms with reality is pointed out by Mr. Luttwak himself. He writes that "until Mao's death it was the position of the Chinese leaders that they needed no technological know-how from the outside world. . . . Now Peking's policies appear to have been reversed. . . ." It would be reasonable to deduce that Mao, after vainly having tried to obtain American assistance during and after World War II and not wishing to accept the terms the Soviets attached to their aid, made a virtue out of necessity and proclaimed the doctrine of complete self-sufficiency. Now world conditions have changed and so has United States foreign policy. We have finally realized that main-

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land China cannot be excluded from world politics and we are now prepared to do what we should have done thirty years ago: face the reality of China's recent history. In picking up the "China card" at last and adding it to our hand we must, of course, take care that it will not be used carelessly—or, rather, ineptly—as has been done in the past. . . .

I will leave to others to answer the scenarios Mr. Luttwak so diligently sets up and then so eloquently destroys. Even the SALT negotiations look different today from the way Mr.Luttwak describes them. There is no need to tilt or exercise brinkmanship as has been done in the past; but as far as this writer is concerned, I am greatly pleased to see the "China card" back in our hands where it belongs.

WALTER A. SHELDON
Lido Beach, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As one who has written and spoken over the last three decades in favor of playing the "China card" and who, at the same time, has the highest regard for Edward N. Luttwak as one of our outstanding strategic thinkers, I have been placed in somewhat of a quandary by his article, "Against the China Card." After much thought, I have concluded that, as Tacitus said of Homer at rare moments, Mr. Luttwak, too, has nodded.

Surely, Mr. Luttwak knows better than most the crucial role in maintaining the peace played throughout history by the balance of power. When a rough balance prevailed, peace reigned; when the equilibrium of power became significantly unbalanced, war was the almost certain outcome. . . .

Mr. Luttwak, early in his article, gives a dispiriting overview of America's parlous condition. He . . . concludes that: "Having tried our best to reach a stable accord with the Soviet Union, *we must now face the brutal fact that we have failed*—perhaps . . . *because our weakness is all too real*" (emphasis added).

After this . . ., one is prepared for an argument *in support of* playing the "China card"; all the more so because Mr. Luttwak grants at the very outset that the "premises of the argument are incontestable." . . .

Given the dangerous imbalance in favor of the Soviet Union, are not the risks of *not* playing the "China

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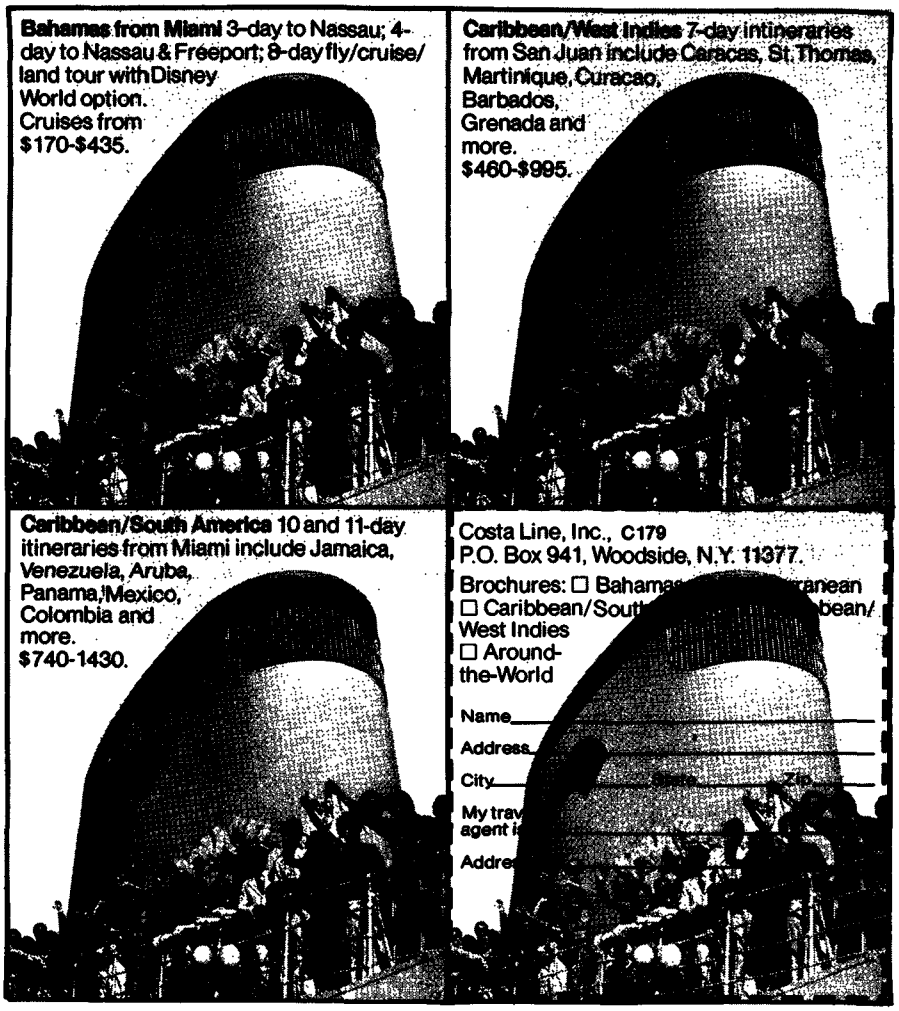
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card" even greater and more immediate? Indeed, does not the historic evidence point to the fact that the disastrous failures of America's postwar Far Eastern policy are in great part attributable to our earlier unwillingness to do so? To paraphrase Churchill on democracy, playing the "China card" may be the worst solution—except for all the others.

Most surprising, therefore, is the absence in Mr. Luttwak's critique of an alternative policy, unless we take his urging us to "play the 'American card,' mustering more of our own strength for our own purposes" to stand for such an alternative. But just a moment's thought should suggest that this is a false dichotomy. On the one hand, a strong America is a necessary condition to the success of the China policy since, unless America shows both the will and strength to meet the Soviet challenge, China will have no reason to play the "American card." On the other hand, even with the greatest exertions, the United States will need China to restore and then maintain the balance for years to come. It is not those who want a "free lunch" but those of us who want a strong America who have been the most persistent supporters of a "tilt" toward China.

At this point, I should like to outline . . . my thesis that playing the "China card" is only a particular application of basic balance-of-power principles to our present predicament.

1. The Eurasian continent is the critical mass in the world balance of power upon which world peace depends. Nevertheless, from 1949 until the historic Nixon-Kissinger visit to China, we attempted to create separate balancing structures for Europe and Asia while, paradoxically, harboring the disastrous misconception of the Soviet Union and Communist China as a monolithic force bound by a common ideology. As events have amply demonstrated, behind the façade of ideological unity, Russia and China were locked by history and geography in an ineluctable struggle over the vast borderlands imperial Russia won from a weakened China. Our setbacks in East Asia—from Korea to Vietnam—can be attributed in large part to our failure to take these antagonisms into account.

2. Since 1966 (the unhinging of the Mao-Sukarno axis), China has turned inward to cope with its vast internal problems and, under Chou En-lai's tutelage, create a modern industrial state, tasks which will diminish its challenge until the end of the century. At the same time, Russia's expansionism has grown apace and its policy has become more intransigent. The grand strategy of the Russian empire seeks nothing less than global hegemony through the containment of China in the East and the conquest of Europe in the West. Should Russia succeed, the world balance of power will have shifted decisively in its favor with war or submission as the only alternatives.

3. It follows that a sound American grand strategy encompasses an integrated balance-of-power doctrine for the entire Eurasian land mass, whereby the outer ring of U.S. alliances responds to the inner Soviet-Chinese contradictions under all changing conditions. Since expansionist Russia is today's threat to peace and American security, while the Chinese potential threat lies beyond this century, this is the time to "tilt" toward China and play the "China card." . . .

4. China and the United States have long-term parallel interests in countering Russian expansionism on all continents and China has openly signaled its support of a strong NATO. The dynamism of renewed ties must not be dissipated in a continuing futile search for a one-sided "détente" with Russia. The Chinese have given clear signs that a compromise formula on Taiwan can be devised. Their pragmatic leaders have placed Taiwan on the back burner and that issue will not be allowed to stand in the way of active collaboration in all spheres. . . .

Mr. Luttwak urges that our long-term goal must be to achieve a gradual "Europeanization" of the Russians. I should say, rather, that it must be to persuade *both* Russia and China that it is in their best interests to join the world community as peaceful members and play according to civilized rules in their conduct of internal and international affairs. The question left unanswered is how to persuade an expansionist Russia hell-bent on conquest other than by confronting it with sufficient strength to deter it from the present aggressive course and exhibiting a show of good will if it takes the path of peace. The balance-of-power policy seeks peace, not war. At this juncture, the truly remarkable opportunity of Chinese collaboration is a crucial element in that power balance and, therefore, a force for peace.

A final word. An American grand strategy capable of maintaining the peace or defeating an aggressor cannot, of course, be confined to playing the "China card," but this larger subject is beyond the scope of both the article and this letter. Suffice it to say: we have the wherewithal, do we have the will?

ELIAS M. SCHWARZBART
New York City

EDWARD N. LUTTWAK writes:

In reading the letters of Walter A. Sheldon and Elias M. Schwarzbart I sensed that both have claims to Sinological expertise; I do not. My article was merely a strategic analysis of an important issue that happened to revolve around China; such competence as I claim is restricted purely to strategy itself, and not to its diverse objects, be they countries or individual weapon-systems. This places me in a difficult position in answering the two letters, whose arguments are not within the realm of the strategic but rather pertain to the *nature* of the People's Republic of China (PRC).

Further, I labor under the additional difficulty that my article was by no means a *complete* analysis: any strategic analysis that is truly such must follow a spiral path of reasoning, with conclusions reached on each turn partly contradicted upon the next turn as the reverse side of each proposition comes into view. (Thus in the article itself there is a partial contradiction where it is pointed out that the United States might benefit from helping the PRC, perhaps indirectly, to remedy certain specific military weaknesses which could otherwise expose Peking to Moscow's direct coercion.) Such indeterminacy is inherent in strategy properly defined, and the source of the great complications that drive so many to seek refuge in simplistic solutions, especially cheap simplistic solutions.

Messrs. Sheldon and Schwarzbart list the deficiencies of my line of argument. I plead guilty to various simplifications, and would add an additional charge of misdirection, which arises from the most recent development: the Soviet Union's attempt to intimidate the British, West German, and French governments in the matter of their pros-

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pective military sales to China. It is obvious that if the Russians allow themselves such conduct they must be put in their place very firmly, and this indeed can best be done by demonstratively selling to the Chinese precisely what the Russians would seek to deny them. In this case, a short-term diplomatic necessity prevails over the long-run strategic imperative.

Nevertheless, and in spite of all the telling points made by both correspondents, I find that the fundamental conclusions stated in the article stand: first, since our goal in foreign affairs is to preserve open societies abroad for the benefit of our own people and our own values, it follows that strengthening one closed society to weaken another cannot be to our advantage in any fundamental sense. In theory it should not be to our disadvantage, but I fear the temptation of a "balance-of-power" policy abusively transposed from its legitimate context, in which the participants all share the same values and merely fight for marginal advantages. Second, there is the certainty that a more powerful China, better able to contend with the Soviet Union, will also be a China that will have more leverage over the West, precisely because it would have more to offer to the Soviet Union in diminishing its hostility to the latter.

I would also allow myself one contention which does pertain to things Chinese rather than things strategic: Mr. Sheldon endorses Theodore H. White's claim that the United States could have enjoyed good relations with Peking from the very beginning, in 1949, for the mere price of recognition, thus incidentally averting the wars of Korea and Vietnam. But it seems that the documents (now all declassified) prove otherwise: until June 1950 and the outbreak of the Korean war, the United States kept trying to establish a relationship with the new rulers in Peking and neither recognized nor assisted the government in Taipei. It was Mao and his associates who refused to deal with Washington and not the other way around. This should not be surprising: to consolidate their regime, the Communists set about destroying the (U.S.-oriented) educational and commercial elites, and their internal purposes thus required a break with Washington.

One final point, admittedly of greater relevance to an earlier debate: for years now American academic experts on China have been telling us that the Chinese do not understand or appreciate our notions of democracy and liberty; these experts told us that Chinese society was fundamentally different in being inherently collectivistic, so that the Chinese could not distinguish between individualism (and individual rights) and selfishness. Apparently at least some Chinese in the PRC disagree, and have written words to that effect, in posters not promptly torn down.

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Can one dare to hope for an open society in mainland China, say as open as today's Taiwan? If so, both the first and the second of the ultimate objections to the "China card" scheme would of course lose effect.

Thomas Jefferson

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Kenneth S. Lynn's article, "Falsifying Jefferson" [October 1978], performs at least two valuable services. It exposes the shortcomings of Garry Wills's recent book, *Inventing America: Jefferson's Declaration of Independence*; and it effectively functions to counteract the astonishingly favorable reviews of that book by David Brion Davis and Edmund S. Morgan. For these benefits, in particular the former, students of Jefferson are bound to be grateful. Revisionist historians might take warning from Mr. Lynn that the task of reinterpreting the past will ultimately require historical and literary learning at least as profound as that which establishment historians endeavor to possess. Mr. Wills would have been well advisesd to take a warning of that kind into account as he was preparing to step into the spotlight in the costume of a revisionist authority on Jefferson.

At one point in his article, Mr. Lynn makes a remark that means a good deal to me as I contemplate my own adverse reaction to Mr. Wills's book. "In an attempt," says Mr. Lynn, "to extract some supporting facts from Jefferson's college days, Wills points out that William Small, Jefferson's favorite teacher at William and Mary, was a Scotsman who had studied with John Gregory, the center of a philosophical circle in Aberdeen in the 1750's. Small taught practically everything during Jefferson's years as an undergraduate. But Wills cannot pin down what, precisely, Small imparted to Jefferson."

The significance of these words by Mr. Lynn is connected in my mind with two studies which I had published in an effort not only to pin down William Small's influence upon Jefferson at William and Mary but also to demonstrate that the teachings of Small helped in decisive details of wording and structure to set the character of the Declaration of Independence. Mr. Wills has done me the honor to ignore my two studies. Perhaps he did not know of them, in which case he convicts himself of not having bothered to master in depth the scholarly background of the subject which his book discusses in the accents of authority. Or perhaps he did know of my studies and deliberately chose to ignore them, in which case his readers should be warned that he does not recognize evidence when he sees it, or that he chooses to conceal it if it suits his whim to do so. At any rate, I believe in the necessary bearing of my two studies upon Mr. Wills's theme, and I would hope that they might figure in any final evaluation of Jefferson's masterpiece, even if I am now deeply embarrassed in being in the position of having to call them to the attention of Mr. Wills's readers.

This is not the place to set forth in detail the considerations advanced in my two studies. The first appeared in the *William and Mary Quarterly* for October 1961, and the second in the *Quarterly Journal of Speech* for October 1976. I should like to recommend them both to anyone who suffers under the illusion that Mr. Wills's *Inventing America* has at last supplanted Carl Becker's *The Declaration of Independence*. Most of all, I should like to have Mr. Wills read them himself and explain in some way why he feels that they have no relevance whatever to the theme which his book so jauntily explores. But perhaps I am asking too much of Mr. Wills and his admirers. If so, I would want to promise to bother them no more.

What my two studies might show to others can be summarized in the following very general terms. The statutes of the College of William and Mary required students of Jefferson's time to study Moral Philosophy and Natural Philosophy. Moral Philosophy encompassed "Rhetorick, Logick, and Ethicks," and Natural Philosophy, "Physicks, Metaphysicks, and Mathematicks." When Jefferson entered college, he studied the three components of Moral Philosophy under the Reverend Jacob Rowe; and his teacher of the three components of Natural Philosophy was William Small, who had come from Aberdeen as professor in that field. Shortly after Jefferson arrived, the Reverend Jacob Rowe was expelled from his professorship for having participated in a drunken riot with students; and for the next year William Small was Jefferson's teacher in the six subjects of the curriculum. Small's own course of study at Aberdeen had covered those six subjects, but he had specialized in Natural Philosophy under William Duncan. Duncan was an accomplished logician. He had written with brilliance on that subject and was in line for the professorship of Moral Philosophy at the time of his appointment at Aberdeen, although a year later, when he actually arrived on the scene, his post had been filled by a colleague, and he found himself professor of Natural Philosophy. His student, William Small, went to Virginia upon graduation, taking with him a specialty in Natural Philosophy, a grounding in Moral Philosophy, and an awareness of Duncan's accomplishments in logic —all for direct or indirect use when he got to William and Mary.

Who can possibly doubt that, when Small became Jefferson's sole professor under the circumstances described above, William Duncan's *Elements of Logick* figured as one of Jefferson's major assignments? At that time, Jefferson and Small grew to be fast friends, studying together, talking together, and coming together to understand the world through the eyes of the good teacher and the gifted pupil. Jefferson said later of Small that he "probably fixed the destinies of my life." It is not inconceivable that Small's course in logic, supplemented by Duncan's eloquent book on that subject, impressed Jefferson so far as to have helped greatly in fixing the destinies of the Declaration of Independence.

As for the proof of the observation just made, it consists in comparing Duncan's *Logick* and the Declaration of Independence in respect to certain similarities between the doctrine set forth in the one and the practice followed in the other. Space does not here permit a full analysis of these similarities. They are stated, explained, and fully documented in my two articles, particularly the first. But they should be briefly summarized now, if for no other reason than that of establishing their existence. They involve three sets of considerations.

First of all, they involve the term "self-evident." We all know where and how this term figures in the Declaration. In Duncan's *Logick* it figured repeatedly in his discussion of logical propositions, logical reasoning, and logical method. Over and over again Duncan emphasized that a proposition is said to

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be self-evident when a bare attention to its terms brings full conviction and certainty as to its truth. In short, the mind intuitively grasps the certainty of a self-evident proposition. It needs no other proposition to prove it. "Thus," Duncan observed, "*that the Whole is greater than any of its Parts*, is an intuitive Judgment, nothing more being required to convince us of its Truth, than an Attention to the Ideas of *Whole* and *Part*."

Secondly, the similarities between the Declaration of Independence and Duncan's *Logick* include that of syllogistic structure. That the Declaration is syllogistic was observed long ago by Carl Becker, but the lack of awareness of Duncan's memorable treatment of syllogistic structure has prevented modern scholars, even Becker, to be sure, from seeing what that structure meant in logical theory and what its uses would be like in deeply serious argumentation. Syllogistic structure, said Duncan in effect, consists in beginning a proof by laying down a self-evident major premise, and by proceeding then to connect it with a minor premise established upon subordinate propositions, so as to be able beyond reasonable doubt to draw the conclusion which emerges at that point. "When a Proposition is thus by means of Syllogisms, collected from others more evident and known," said Duncan, "it is said to be *proved*; so that we may in the general define *the Proof of a Proposition*, to be a Syllogism, or Series of Syllogisms, collecting that Proposition from known and evident Truths." "But more particularly," he added at once, "if the Syllogisms of which the Proof consists, admit of no Premises but Definitions, self-evident Truths, and Propositions already established, then is the Argument so constituted called a *Demonstration*; whereby it appears, that Demonstrations are ultimately founded on Definitions, and self-evident Propositions."

Thirdly, the similarities between Duncan's *Logick* and the Declaration involve what Duncan called the method of mathematics, the method of science. And, in a notable paragraph, Duncan gave authority to this method by quoting at some length from John Locke's "Of the Conduct of the Understanding." There Locke had said: "For in all sorts of Reasoning, every single Argument should be managed as a Mathematical Demonstration, the Connection and Dependence of Ideas should be followed, till the Mind is brought to the Source on which it bottoms, and can trace the Coherence through the whole Train of Proofs." "Nothing does this better," Locke went on, "than Mathematicks, which therefore I think should be taught all those, who have the Time and Opportunity, not so much to make them Mathematicians, as to make them reasonable Creatures." These sentiments were surely in Duncan's mind when he wrote the last words of his *Logick*. "It is true the Method here laid down," he said, "hath hitherto been observed strictly, only among Mathematicians. . . . But it appears evident from what we have said above, that it may be equally applied in all such other Parts of Knowledge, as regard the abstract Ideas of the Mind. . . . And since wherever it is applied it necessarily begets *Science* and *Certainty*, we have hence chosen to denominate it the *Method of Science*, the better to intimate its true Nature. . . ."

There can be no doubt that Jefferson would have wanted the Declaration to beget the highest possible degree of certainty among the enlightened as to the causes which were impelling the Colonies in 1776 to separate themselves from their allegiance to the British crown. How, then, did he proceed? Well, he did not choose to adhere to the traditional forms of rhetoric —to the deliberative oration so hallowed since the days of Aristotle, to the courtroom speech as conceived by Cicero and by the members of the British and the Colonial bar, or to epideictic oratory with its reliance upon the topics of blame and praise. No. He turned instead to the doctrines advocated by Duncan. He wrote the Declaration so as to make it exemplify the method of science. He based his argument upon self-evident truths and upon propositions that flowed from those truths or from the contemporary historical situation. And above all he gave his argument a syllogistic structure. His procedures would not have been calculated to succeed with the audience envisioned by the timid, the practical, the frail of heart and mind. But his procedures succeeded with the audience which he envisioned, and it is not unreasonable to conclude that William Duncan and William Small had a distant but effective hand in that praiseworthy outcome.

"To understand a text from the past," Mr. Wills has written, "one must reassemble a world around that text." Not "a world," Mr. Wills. "*The* world." In this case, the actual world in which Jefferson lived. Mr. Lynn has persuasively shown that Mr. Wills did not in many ways succeed in putting the text of the Declaration into Jefferson's world. And, in the preceding paragraphs, I have tried to show how far Mr. Wills has failed to reassemble around that text the world of Jefferson's college days, the world of his tutelage under William Small, and, perhaps above all, the world in which Duncan's *Logick* contributed to his education. These influences upon Jefferson have been long forgotten, but they were in being when he wrote his greatest work. It is my hope that they may receive some attention from this time forth.

WILBUR SAMUEL HOWELL
Associate Editor
The Papers of Thomas Jefferson
Firestone Library
Princeton University
Princeton, New Jersey

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Kenneth S. Lynn does not mention the possibility that "the pursuit of happiness" is a phrase used by Locke. It is indeed used in *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (Book II, chapter 21, paragraph 43 . . .): "Thus, how much soever Men are in earnest, and constant in pursuit of happiness; yet they may have a clear view of good, great and confessed good, without being concern'd for it, or moved by it, if they think they can make up their happiness without it." . . . Elsewhere (paragraph 51 . . .): "As therefore the highest perfection of intellectual nature, lies in a careful and constant pursuit of true and solid happiness. . . . The stronger ties we have to an unalterable pursuit of happiness in general. . . ." Again (paragraph 43): "*Happiness* . . . everyone constantly pursues. . . ."

I thought I remembered the phrase, and quickly found these spots without reading through the whole context to see whether "the pursuit of happiness" occurs previously. . . .

LEO SIMONS
Cincinnati, Ohio

KENNETH S. LYNN writes:

The letters of Wilbur Samuel Howell and Leo Simons consider-

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CITIVIEWS

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Financial Competition

The American economic system is based on the premise that the public benefits from free competition and suffers from its absence. That is why we have antitrust laws. As the Supreme Court has said:

The Sherman Act was designed to be a comprehensive charter of economic liberty aimed at preserving free and unfettered competition as a rule of trade. It rests on the premise that the unrestrained interaction of competitive forces will yield the best allocation of our economic resources, the lowest prices, the highest quality and the greatest material progress, while at the same time providing an environment conducive to the preservation of our democratic political and social institutions.

The principle and the commitment seem clear. Equally clear, however, is the fact that scarcely a vestige of either the principle itself or the government's commitment is to be found at work in today's financial marketplace. On the contrary, if our entire regulatory structure had been designed for the sole purpose of suppressing competition, it could hardly have been more successful.

This is especially true of the preponderance of present laws and regulations concerning financial transactions.

Competition does, in fact, occur in the financial marketplace, but its extent and intensity are inversely proportional to the amount of government intervention; that is to say, those parts of the marketplace where the government's hand appears most often are precisely the areas in which we find the least competition.

Banking regulations have been based historically on the premise that protecting the depositor's money requires—and justifies—shielding the bank from too much competition, and that in return for charters granting them a near-monopoly on money and credit, banks might reasonably be required to forego many commercial activities. It is now clear, however, that no such monopoly exists—if indeed, it ever did—and that regulations designed to shelter individual institutions have the long-range effect of handicapping the entire industry. Financial markets have been invaded in a major way by competitors from many other sectors of the economy. (Like most other developments in the present era, this invasion is occurring with unprecedented velocity.)

Commercial banking's share of the financial assets owned by financial institutions in the United States has dwindled from more than 57% in 1946 to less than 40% today. This is only part of the story, however, since it represents only changes in the market share within the traditional financial services industry. Equally significant are the activities of enterprises operating in the financial marketplace from bases entirely outside the financial industry.

Companies whose primary business lies outside the financial marketplace are able to generate assets and organizations in relatively unregulated environments. These assets and organizational abilities can then be brought into the financial marketplace, where they are used with growing success to compete against institutions like commercial banks, which are legally barred from engaging in any other "non-bank-related" activity. This is a one-sided contest that can only produce a steady erosion of the entire banking industry.

In early 1978, for example, two of the largest chains of retail stores in the United States had installment accounts receivable equal to more than one-twelfth of the total

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consumer installment loans of all American banks combined. Five companies alone accounted for more than one-tenth of all consumer installment credit in the country.

Several such companies have established strong positions in the insurance industry. Altogether, the finance-related profits accruing to these "nonfinancial" companies are large. None of America's more than 14,000 commercial banks, for example, equaled the 1977 *financial* earnings of the largest chain of retail stores; only three equaled or surpassed General Motors Acceptance Corp., and only eight rivaled Ford Credit Corp.

While the banks—and, indeed, all the traditional depository institutions—face mounting competition in the financial market from nonfinancial companies, they are also confronted with the fact that many companies are now bypassing the traditional market altogether. One of the most significant trends of the past 10 years has been the tendency of nonfinancial companies to bypass the banking system by writing IOUs to one another in the form of commercial paper. Since 1965, when short-term lending by one corporation to another was less than $1 billion, this business has soared to between $10 billion and $12 billion today, cutting out the banks along the way. When commercial paper held by such entities as insurance companies, money-market funds and foreign investors is included, the total rises to about $16 billion.

There is a certain irony in the fact that the traditional symbol of world capitalism, the commercial bank, in the United States has become one of the institutions least able to respond to a competitive, free enterprise environment. For the present competition in financial-service markets is not an equal contest.

As a public policy concern, however, the really significant question is not merely the adverse effects of the present regulatory situation on American financial institutions, but on the American public.

The consumer of financial services in the United States actually has no way of knowing whether his needs are being met in the manner most suited to his convenience and at the minimum possible cost, because artificial constraints and barriers in the financial marketplace have systematically barred free competition among both his suppliers of credit and the users of his money.

What the consumer does know is that credit seems to be most readily obtainable and convenient to use in the sector of the marketplace that suffers the least regulation. And the suspicion arises that services might improve still further, and cost less, if this sector of the market were not shielded from the competition of the more regulated sector, and vice versa. It is the individual's savings that are the original and, in fact, the sole source of capital, and it is the individual citizen from whom government derives whatever authority it possesses to regulate the use of that capital. If the Supreme Court was right in its assessment of how the economic interests of the citizen can best be preserved, then our present regulatory system is clearly not accomplishing its purpose.

* * *

Note: These remarks are excerpted from Financial Competition and the Public Interest, a new Citibank study of current trends in the financial marketplace. Copies may be obtained from the Distribution Section, Public Affairs Department, 18th floor, zone 02, 399 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10043.

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ably strengthen my conviction that Garry Wills's *Inventing America* is not to be taken seriously by readers who are interested in the intellectual origins of the Declaration of Independence.

Camp David

To the Editor of Commentary:

With regard to Robert W. Tucker's article, "Behind Camp David" [November 1978], if the administration were truly desirous of a comprehensive settlement, it would take a comprehensive view of the war begun May 15, 1948 with the Arab invasion of Palestine aimed at rendering Israel a stillborn state. And such a comprehensive view of this thirty-years' war would preclude prejudicial denunciations of Israel—denunciations akin to condemning the victim of a mugger for defending himself. . . .

The only way one can account for . . . the ease with which terms like . . . "illegal settlements," "occupied territories," "obstacle to peace" are bandied about by Washington . . . is by application of that corollary to Occam's Razor: when two (or more) parties are in dispute and one of the parties is a Jew, the Jew is to blame.

Obviously the administration is not the least interested in a comprehensive view of the war. . . . All it is concerned about is obtaining withdrawal of Israel to the June 4, 1967 lines.

It is time that the administration was called to account. And part of the accounting might observe that when Arab states grabbed chunks of Palestine there was no outcry; the outcry began only when Israel gained defensible cease-fire lines (precisely the same character as the 1949 borders) in response to continued warfare.

To the extent that Mr. Tucker has any confidence that the Carter administration will help achieve Middle East peace, he is indulging in fantasy. The caveat at the conclusion of the article, putting in doubt the administration's commitment to an Egypt-Israel peace, is the reality. . . .

David R. Zukerman
Bronx, New York

To the Editor of Commentary:

In the conclusion of his article, Robert W. Tucker asks the question: will the results of Camp David prove lasting?

While speculation in the media has centered on the reaction of other Arab states such as Jordan and Saudi Arabia, it may be noteworthy that in Israel, at the time of the negotiations and afterward, speculation centered on whether Sadat or his eventual replacement could be trusted to fulfill Egypt's side of the bargain. In other words, the Israelis are worried . . . that the peace agreement struck at Camp David may not prove lasting.

While Mr. Tucker's brilliant thesis is accurate in assigning America a leading role in the responsibility for making this agreement permanent, the Israelis, as I learned on a recent trip to Israel during the Camp David talks, are also skeptical about the will of the United States to commit its influence and power. . . .

Another point that should be commented upon is Mr. Tucker's hope that the bureaucratic opposition to a U.S. shift favoring a separate peace will atrophy. It would appear to be wishful thinking to expect Mr. Brzezinski's hostility to Israel to subside enough for him to abandon his efforts for a comprehensive settlement in which the Palestinians would play a dominant role. It is my understanding that the President followed a Middle East policy precisely as laid out by his National Security Council chief, and that during the Camp David talks the Israelis were appalled by the latter's attitude.

Bernard L. Yollick
Dallas, Texas

Proposition 13

To the Editor of Commentary:

In their statistic-laden analysis of the growing tax revolt shaking our country ["The Message of Proposition 13," September 1978], Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab . . . fail to mention the most paradoxical result of the situation they describe. True, the fervent proselytes of limited taxation are by no means the ideological conservatives their self-proclaimed leaders allege them to be. As Messrs. Lipset and Raab note, their commitment to centrally provided services still stands, despite their reluctance to pay for them. But the crucial point is not so much the status of their party or factional allegiances as it is the cruel results which will inevitably flow from their position.

While avowing a commitment to the maintenance of services and even an expansion of many governmental functions, if the surveys Messrs. Lipset and Raab quote are to be believed, the partisans of Proposition 13 (rarely a number more aptly chosen) and such other members of its ilk as the Kemp-Roth proposal to cut taxes are effectively precluding any possibility but a massive decrease in such services. . . .

During the late 1960's we witnessed a similar mass leave-taking of common sense, with California once again in the vanguard. At that time, the belief was that we could both save money and increase services by shutting down our system of state psychiatric hospitals and shifting all care to the community. Unfortunately, the diligence with which state hospital budgets were pared was not matched by an equal dedication to the creation of expensive community alternatives. The scandalous result has been an impoverished system of mental-health care, with the state hospitals and the community-based services each competing for limited funds and neither able to provide even a minimally acceptable level of services to its target population.

Who can doubt that the end result of Proposition 13 and its clones around the country will be the same? The task now is to fight the tide of irrational hopes, emphasizing to those who proclaim their concern for the unfortunate the discrepancy sure to arise between their intentions and the consequences of their acts. The promise of the Proposition—a full range of governmental services at fire-sale prices—is a Big Lie in the best tradition of the most unscrupulous practitioners of that art.

Paul S. Appelbaum
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor of Commentary:

While it is difficult to be certain precisely how to interpret the vote for California's Proposition 13, . . . there is at least . . . one explanation Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab do not mention in their article. Basing itself upon the insights into human character which social psychologists have provided, this explanation begins with the suggestion that human beings [are] not always . . . logical or consistent in their opinions. Rather, they may easily divide themselves, dimming the lights as it were, so that they do not have to confront their duality and sometime inconsistency.

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Thus, . . . Americans may indeed feel that taxes should be drastically cut, they may accept the fact that some services—even essential ones—will have to be cut, yet still agree that tax money ought to be expended on the underprivileged and disadvantaged. Moreover, they may . . . describe . . . themselves as conservatives and yet present themselves as liberals as well. More specifically, this duality may show itself in a feeling that tax dollars spent for the benefit of the needy ought to come from someone else's pocket—large corporations, the wealthy, and so on. The buck stops at one's own pocketbook.

It is not accurate to describe this double standard as mean-spiritedness or even as hypocrisy, since both these terms connote a conscious effort. Rather, one needs to realize, as Freud long ago pointed out, that each of us has at the very least two sides: one influenced by reason and the highest ideals of civilization and the other . . . dominated by the passions of self-interest and personal pleasure. . . . That the analysis of opinion on taxes reveals this ambivalence in those polled should come as no surprise to those who have long marveled at the human capacity to live and struggle with various, often contradictory, desires.

SAMUEL C. HEILMAN
Department of Sociology
Queens College
Flushing, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab discern a message in the vote for Proposition 13 that is contrary to the assertion that it represents a sharp turn to the political Right. . . .

The authors look to information in surveys and opinion polls as a way of learning about the intentions or desires of the California voters. These, they claim, are *the* manifest reasons or messages. There may also be latent messages, in the form of political and economic policies resulting from battles over budgetary allocations. To what extent some of these outcomes might be affected by racial or mean-spirited attitudes of decision-makers, based on beliefs they have about attitudes among the voting public, remains a question that can only be answered in the future. Messrs. Lipset and Raab offer no evidence either supporting or disproving the presence of either of these attitudes as operative ideals in voting on this issue. On what evidence they do present about the manifest attitudes, it is impossible to assert that either racial or mean-spirited attitudes were not part of the message. In other words, they only provide evidence for another hypothesis and do nothing to disprove the one they claim is false. . . .

MARTIN J. PLAX
Cleveland, Ohio

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The incisive article by Seymour Martin Lipset and Earl Raab is a significant contribution to understanding the current political mood. The authors ably discredit the notion that the "taxpayers' revolt" reflects an undifferentiated distaste for public spending. As they predicted, however, some politicians have not relinquished this misconception and have continued to associate all public spending with extravagance. Thus, Proposition 13 changed campaign rhetoric from a preoccupation with new programs to an obsession with public expenditures. But the difficult issues of balancing benefits against costs and establishing priorities have remained elusive, and public debate has not measurably improved.

One important feature of Proposition 13 which was not examined by Messrs. Lipset and Raab was the peculiarly local orientation of the substantive response it evoked. Nearly one-third of the states placed tax and spending-reduction proposals on their November 7 ballots, and similar programs are under way in other states as well. Yet the only federal-level response was the abortive Kemp-Roth bill, which was touted more as an economic stimulant than as a measure to reduce government programs. To be sure, federal taxpayers lack direct access to the referendum mechanism available in many states. Moreover, some states actually have budget surpluses (and hence appear overfunded) in contrast to the federal government's massive and well-publicized deficits. Finally, the federal tax-withholding system makes these taxes seem less burdensome and minimizes apparent tax increases. . . .

These factors, however, do not completely explain the curious exemption of federal taxes from the "revolt." An individual's federal income tax exceeds his state and local tax outlays, often by several multiples. Thus, local tax reductions skirt the lion's share of the problem; indeed, reduced state and local taxes actually increase the federal tax owed by individuals who itemize personal deductions. At the same time, most of the "essential" services people seek from government, such as fire and police protection, sanitation, road maintenance, education, and the like, are provided by state and local governments. Services provided by the federal government, on the other hand, are often more remote and would seem more likely candidates for cutbacks. . . .

RICHARD L. KAPLAN
Houston, Texas

SEYMOUR MARTIN LIPSET and EARL RAAB write:

As we noted in our article, and as many of these letters also suggest, the most intriguing aspect of the vote on Proposition 13 was the duality of the impulses behind it, as shown most dramatically by the fact that many voters with an apparent interest in the defeat of Proposition 13 nevertheless voted for it. Some of the letter writers, however, want to simplify this duality by characterizing it as a conflict between "the highest ideals of civilization" and "passions of self-interest and personal pleasure." But this simply was not the case. The major conflict was between wanting government services and wanting lower taxes. Of course it would have been illusory if people had thought they would be able to get "a full range of government services at fire-sale prices." But they did not think this; they thought only that there were some government expenditures which were not worth the money. The voters were not asked and did not know which expenditures should be cut. They just had a sense that the cutting could be done. Proposition 13 can thus be seen as a kind of Watts riot for taxpayers, an amorphous cry for help, especially against the background of California's large cash surplus.

Indeed, one major significance of Proposition 13 may be its illustration of the defects of the initiative referendum. Established as a democratic reform, the initiative referendum has again and again proved itself to be an anti-democratic device. The wording is usually prepared in private by a small factional group. Then the signators and voters must accept the referendum

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as is, swallow all its defects, or go without. The California Supreme Court has aptly referred to the initiative referendum as a "legislative battering ram" which does not allow for the healthy negotiations of the normal legislative process. Of course, in many cases—as in this one—legislative failure opens the door to this battering ram. But the initiative referendum itself needs more attention.

The U.S. & Latin America

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I was surprised by the tone of Mark Falcoff's review of *Hidden Terrors*, my book about torture in Latin America [Books in Review, November 1978], until he disclosed that he had published an essay two years ago that touched on the same subject. Looking up his earlier piece, I found that it had been written in much the same style, relying in that instance on considerable facetiousness. For example, in discussing a Uruguayan police officer who revealed U.S. involvement in torture in Uruguay, Mr. Falcoff wrote: "We have no way of knowing whether the good commissioner winked at the newsman when he said this, or whether the latter wrote up the matter tongue in cheek."

From my book, Mr. Falcoff now has a way of knowing that the Uruguayan paid for his candor with his job and that Artur Aymoré, the Brazilian reporter from *Jornal do Brasil* to whom he spoke, was first interrogated at length by the Uruguayan police and then deported from Montevideo. Later, when Aymoré was back in Rio de Janeiro, an official from the U.S. Embassy tried to get him fired from his newspaper. Not everyone took the episode as lightly as Mr. Falcoff.

At another point, he noted parenthetically about the men who supply information concerning torture, "What a passion for anonymity these men have!" I, too, wish that conditions in Latin America were such that the men informed about torture and its practitioners could speak out publicly without reprisals. This is not the case.

Mr. Falcoff says that he found the descriptions of torture in my book "unsettling." Good. Perhaps he is coming to understand that real pain has been inflicted in Latin America and real blood has been shed.

I believe my book posed two central questions. Did the United States government play a critical role in overthrowing democracy in Brazil in 1964? Has the United States government contributed substantially to the rise in torture throughout Latin America? I think the readers of COMMENTARY, not already committed as is Mr. Falcoff to deriding the latter proposition, will examine the evidence and conclude that the answer to both questions is yes.

A. J. LANGGUTH

New York City

MARK FALCOFF writes:

If he will carefully read my review once again, A. J. Langguth will see that I did not fail to grasp the two points he wished to make in his book. However, I found his claims unjustified by the evidence which he presented. Since I quoted a wealth of examples, chapter and verse, I see no point in repeating myself here. I should, however, like to make one additional comment.

Hidden Terrors contains a number of claims which are substantially correct, some of which might be true (but are difficult to prove), many others which probably are not true, still others which assuredly are false. Yet all are treated as if they possessed equal validity, regardless of the source (or, as I pointed out, lack of it, on occasion), as long as they seem to underpin the author's thesis. Mr. Langguth has every right to disagree with my own views, but he should look to securing reliable evidence for his own, all the more so since his book is subtitled "The Truth about U.S. Police Operations in Latin America."

I concede that Mr. Langguth's response to my review is understandable. For ten years now, he and people like him have been able to anticipate uncritical acceptance of their fantasies on the part of a wider public because people with specialized knowledge of the areas about which they write have not bothered to respond. Unfortunately for them, that halcyon period is drawing to a close.

Biblical Narrative

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As long as Robert Alter in his essay, "Character in the Bible" [October 1978], finds certain passages from Scripture "worth quot-

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ing," it would be only fair of him to tell us which translation he uses. Perhaps it is his own. But . . . why could he not have used the 1978 translation of the Jewish Publication Society of America which, frankly, is better than his, although admittedly more idiomatic?

In his discussion of the episode of Michal saving David's life, Mr. Alter, to stress his point, could have cited the wordiness of Josephus, who expanded Michal's belief statement of ten words in English (seven words in Hebrew) to over fifty words (in the translation of *The Antiquities of the Jews* by W. Whiston). Apparently Josephus felt that Roman readers would not appreciate the Bible's intentional opacity in presenting the relationship between Michal and David. Modern authors, of course, found in David's romances enough material for whole novels. . . . I might also mention . . . that in Josephus's account the unusual bride price of a hundred Philistine foreskins which Saul demanded of David became six hundred heads . . .

LUDWIG SELIGSBERGER
Newton, Massachusetts

ROBERT ALTER writes:

I indicated at the beginning of my series of articles on biblical narrative that I was providing my own translations. In any case, I am afraid that I do not share Ludwig Seligsberger's enthusiasm for the new Jewish Publication Society translation, which does some violence to the literary values of the original and which, by the way, does not always exhibit a perfect grasp of English idiom.

The Laffer Curve

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Roger Starr's review of Jude Wanniski's *The Way the World Works* [Books in Review, September 1978] challenges the Laffer model by innuendo, not honest scholarship. . . . Wanniski's fundamental thesis is never fully addressed by Mr. Starr. Stripped to its core, Wanniski's argument is that production is first and foremost a function of incentive. When the incentive . . . is reduced or eliminated, production drops or disappears. . . .

Marxist countries have learned this lesson well. They fully appreciate the role of incentive in human production, and their tax systems are designed accordingly. The government may confiscate 90 per cent of the first x units of output, 50 per cent of additional x units of output, and only 10 per cent of the third incremental x units of output. A clear message indeed. The more you work, the more you receive. This system attempts to *encourage* additional units of output, not discourage them as the British and American systems do.

Mr. Starr continually insults the economic intelligence of the free-world "global electorate." If the proletarian masses throughout the Marxist world intuitively understand the basis of marginal economics, why does Mr. Starr assume that the producers in the free-market economies lack the same commonsensical understanding of production and reward? These workers (myself included) express their understanding of marginal economics and progressive taxation through action rather than public-policy statements.

The empirical evidence supporting this position abounds: the emigration of many wealthy Britons and Swedes; the uncharacteristically high upper-class consumption rates in those nations with severely progressive tax structures (exceeding 100 per cent in some situations); the significant productivity declines in countries where even the lower-middle-class has been forced into higher-rate tax brackets due to inflation (see Puerto Rico and Brazil); the explosion of underground money financing unreported market exchanges. . . . The list of examples is almost endless.

Two important elements stand out. First, as the size of the wedge increases—i.e., as the gap between wages paid and wages received remains prohibitively large—workers will find leisure time less and less expensive and will thus reallocate their time away from production and toward leisure (this includes corporations which will reduce capital investment). Only those projects will be selected which promise sufficiently high returns on investment to overcome, at least partially, the wedge effects. Second, the amount of lost government revenues due to avoidance, evasion, or work/leisure trade-offs will continue to be astronomical.

Mr. Starr chides Laffer for his reluctance to locate unambiguously the coordinates of the optimal rate. However, establishing this optimal rate precisely is not the critical issue. What should be asked is: are we now in the prohibitive tax range, where any additional tax-rate increase further reduces total revenue and total output? (If Proposition 13 and the other myriad tax-cut initiatives . . . are any indication, the "unschooled 'global electorate'" may be in the process of responding to that question.)

Finally, Mr. Starr exposes his hand when he accuses Wanniski of missing "that the growth of government's compass is at least as important a fact of modern political life as the resistance to higher taxes." Ah, yes, that does seem to be a problem.

DAVID H. WILKOF
Los Angeles, California

ROGER STARR writes:

I praised Wanniski's use of the Laffer-curve concept as a device for asking the basic economic question: how is production possible? But the more Wanniski uses it to explain specific historical events, the more egregious becomes its inability to establish an optimum level of taxation for any period. If, as he asserts, high taxes destroyed the Roman empire, why did the destruction come at one level of taxation rather than another? If the New York Stock Exchange crashed in October 1929 in fear of higher tariffs, why has it survived upward tariff shifts at other times without panic, and why has it succumbed at moments when neither taxes nor tariffs were under discussion?

Since it is not I who am charged with manipulating an invisible hand, I must plead guilty to David H. Wilkof's charge of exposing mine. But what secret shame have I revealed? That I wish taxes were lower. That I yearn for less governmental intervention in the productive process. That I believe the American public has been unable to choose between the benefits of higher disposable income in private hands and the promise of greater security and more profound social equity by continuing government absorption of that same income. Does Mr. Wilkof believe that the passage of Proposition 13 in California proved, even there, that the public has made its choice? I do not.

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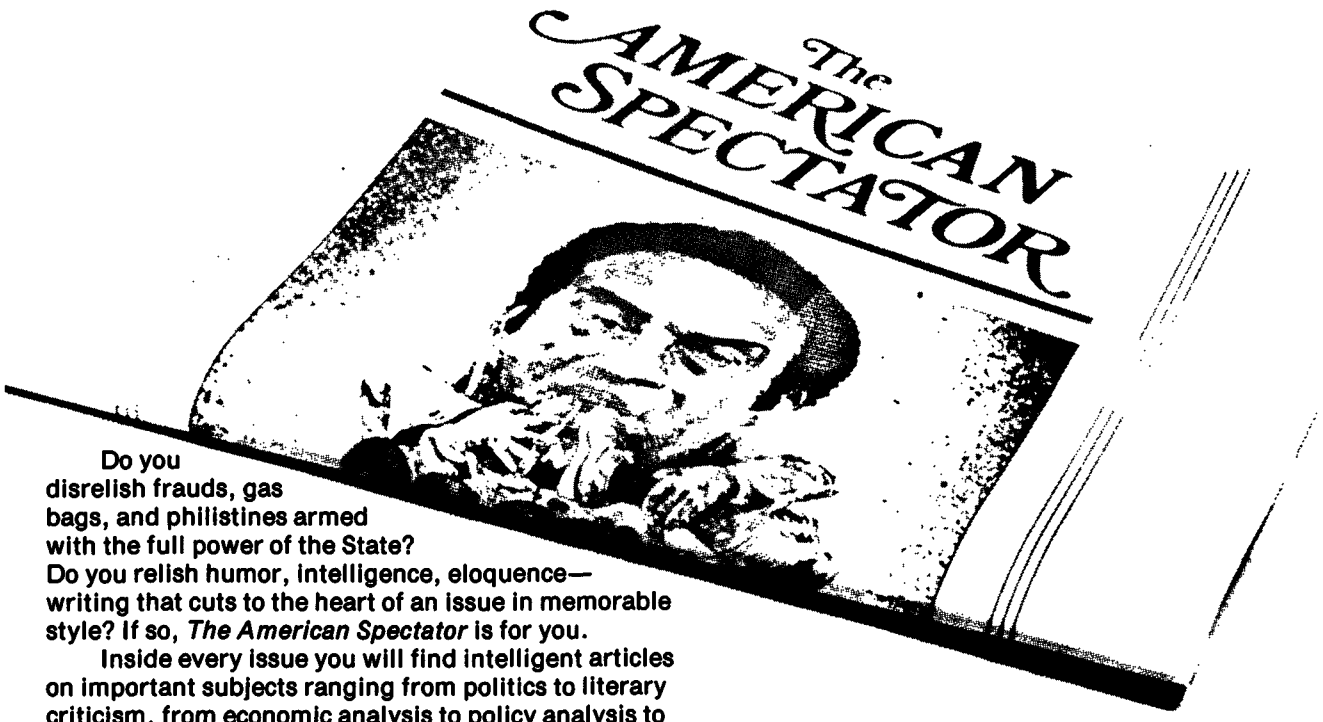
William F. Buckley, Jr.



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Are Homosexuals Gay?

Samuel McCracken

WRITING on homosexuality* is becoming a growth industry almost in the same class with self-help. (The two categories, as a matter of fact, sometimes overlap.) The most widely heralded recent study is *Homosexualities: A Study of Diversity Among Men and Women.*† This volume is a product of the Institute for Sex Research at the University of Indiana founded by the late Alfred Kinsey, and although not based on his work, fulfills the place of a third volume he had hoped to add to his two famous "male" and "female" reports. These, by implication, have now been renamed "Heterosexual Activity in the Human Male and Female." The new study has been frequently called the " 'Kinsey Report' on Homosexuality," and has no doubt acquired thereby magisterial status even among those who have never read it.

Homosexualities surveys several hundred people in the San Francisco Bay area, which was chosen as the site for the study on the understandable grounds that it had a large number of adequately varied homosexuals; a homosexual infrastructure that would cooperate with the study; and an adequate stock of persons to work on the study in various capacities. An additional and less clear *desideratum* was that "the community life-style must enhance the possibility of a successful conclusion of the study." Just what this means is not spelled out: it might mean that the homosexuals of San Francisco were, so to speak, adequately observable. Or it might refer to the fact that San Francisco, as is well known, is that large city in which it is reputed to be easiest to be a public homosexual. This appears to be the major difference between San Francisco and other rejected sites, such as New York, Chicago, or Boston.

The conclusion of the study is already well known: that homosexuals are more diverse than they have been thought to be (hence the title) and on the whole much happier than is normally assumed. This is spelled out by a classification of respondents into five categories. In the first are the "Close-Coupled," whom one is tempted to call the "happily married." (Indeed, the authors of the study tell us that they felt this temptation themselves, but resisted it out of a fear of appearing to use heterosexuality as a norm.) The close-coupled formed a little over a fifth of the sample. The "Open-Coupled" one might again be tempted to call the unhappily married—that is, couples with less permanence and characterized by what used to be called infidelity. (Nor does this use of the term impose an irrelevant morality; open-coupled respondents often reported concealing their extra-relationship activities from partners. In this respect, open-coupling should not be confused with those forms of "open marriage" in which such playing around is supposed to be part

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*A word on nomenclature: "homosexual" has been objected to by Eric Bentley on the ground that it illegitimately welds Greek to Latin. At first blush, this might seem an odd quibble, raising as it does questions of propriety and the Done Thing in such a context. But on second thought, it is reasonable for an advocate of homosexuality to argue that like ought to be coupled with like rather than with unlike. There are several reasons why I shall not use the common euphemism "gay." For one, the term is frequently limited to male homosexuality. Moreover, the term *is* a euphemism, like the Edwardian equivalent "musical." Euphemisms are in fact not neutral descriptions of the things they describe, but implied criticisms. The Greeks did not call the Furies "the Kindly Ones" because they thought them kindly; quite the reverse. And for a third, it seems curiously inappropriate. In a partially analogous situation, blacks have finally settled on preferring the neutral descriptive term "black" to all others and everyone else has gone along. In dealing with race, the equivalent of "gay" is probably "people of color." I would not use such a term in dealing with race, nor shall I use "gay," however fashionable and typographically economical, in dealing with sexuality. "Homosexual" is the shortest unambiguous term that is also polemically neutral. There have been serious confusions over the term "homophilia," which is sometimes used to mean "homosexuality," sometimes to mean "support of homosexuals." ("Homophobia," although most obviously meaning "hating one's like," seems always to mean "hating homosexuals." Thus used, it is equivalent to such a piece of educational jargon as "cafetorium.") The former I shall eschew, for reasons of clarity and Ockhamian economy, in favor of "homosexual"; the latter, for reasons of simple etymology, in favor of "anti-homosexual."

† By Alan P. Bell and Martin S. Weinberg, Simon & Schuster, 504 pp., $12.95.

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of the game.) The open-coupled constitute almost a fifth of the sample. The "Functionals" (about a quarter of the total) are the swinging singles, forming no permanent relationships, seeking and finding sexual encounters in bars and elsewhere and apparently enjoying it.

These three groups account for approximately two-thirds of the sample, and are deemed by the authors to be as happy as anyone else. The "Dysfunctionals" are singles who don't seem to be enjoying it. In the view of the authors they are the group that most nearly conforms to the "stereotype of the tormented homosexual." Dysfunctionals account for about a sixth of the sample. Finally, "Asexuals" (about a fifth of the total) engage in little or no sexual activity with others and are seen as very unhappy about it. The two last types together account for about a third of all the sample.

THE research underlying these conclusions is an extensive series of interviews and reports which have been statistically analyzed and thoroughly tabulated and reported on. The result is impressive, and I do not doubt that the study as a whole will be nearly as influential in shaping attitudes toward homosexuality as were its two predecessors in shaping attitudes toward the reality of heterosexuality. The work deserves, accordingly, close analysis.

Its sponsors have been unusually willing to admit to *parti pris*; in their "Concluding Overview," they say: "We are pleased at the extent to which the aims of our investigation of homosexual men and women have been realized. The Tables in Appendix C show clearly that homosexual adults are a remarkably diverse group." I am myself not a social scientist, but such contact as I have had with the scientific method suggests that those who start out with conclusions they wish to see validated—e.g., that homosexuals are a remarkably diverse group—usually find the evidence to achieve their ends. In this context, it should be noted that "diverse" means that the opinions of the respondents on a wide variety of topics were not in the view of the researchers closely linked to their homosexuality. Yet there is another sort of diversity, that which runs from the homosexual who is different from the heterosexual person in the street solely in preferring his own sex, to the homosexual whose life is shaped in every aspect by homosexuality—let us say, a transvestite* bartender in a homosexual bar.

The director of the Institute for Sex Research has contributed a preface in which he alludes to his own hope that the book will foster an acceptance of homosexuals by heterosexuals. One does not know, of course, whether this hope motivated the design of the research and the format of its presentation, but *Homosexualities* is characterized by a good deal of tendentiousness and what is at best a certain naiveté in the use of evidence.

The authors quite properly point out that because their sample is not a random one it cannot lead to quantitative conclusions such as that "the average American (or even San Franciscan) white homosexual female has *n* sexual partners a year." They are less restrained about the possible qualitative effects of a biased sample. As the authors note, San Francisco is that American city which is usually thought to impose the fewest external costs on being a homosexual. To the extent, therefore, that one believes that any portion of whatever unhappiness may exist in homosexuals depends on such external costs, the results reported in *Homosexualities* may be biased.

And it should be understood that the estimates of happiness and good adjustment and other desirable outcomes that figure so prominently in *Homosexualities* are not those of the researchers but rather those of the subjects themselves. While the researchers were aware of the problem of validating their data—as, say, to how many sexual encounters X had a week—and developed methods of retesting and cross-validation to detect exaggerations, ambiguities, and the like, they do not seem to have given much considersideration to the problem of whether people will be entirely frank, or indeed perceptive, about their own feelings, especially on so loaded a topic.

The report states in its narrative chapter on "Acceptance of Homosexuality" that "almost half of the white homosexual males (WHM's) . . . said that they had no regrets whatsoever about being homosexual." This is surely a tendentious statement of the data, as would be also a statement that "over half the white homosexual males said they had regrets about being homosexual." The neutral statement, surely, is to give the numbers. These, which are at variance with the report's optimistic reading, are found in a statistical appendix: 6 per cent of the white males had "a great deal of regret," 21 per cent "some," and 24 per cent "very little." (Because the survey's heterosexual respondents were asked only those questions that could appropriately be put verbatim to both populations—e.g., "Are you politically conservative or liberal?"—we do not know what proportion of heterosexuals regret, and how strongly, not being homosexuals. But the chances are that not many do.)

BUT *Homosexualities* contains other data even more sharply at variance with its optimistic conclusions. Eighteen per cent

* Not all transvestites are homosexuals; indeed, it has been argued that most are not, and some theoreticians reserve the term exclusively for heterosexuals, using a more scientific term—"drag queen"—for male homosexuals who dress in women's clothing. Such transvestites are sometimes said to be among the most physically potent and streetwise of all homosexual activists. The existence of heterosexual transvestites is very important for understanding that it is not homosexuals alone who have serious problems of sexual adjustment.

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of the white homosexual males reported at least one suicide attempt; the figure for white heterosexual males was 3 per cent. Twenty per cent of black homosexual males reported at least one suicide attempt; the figure for black heterosexual males was 2 per cent. A quarter of the white homosexual females had tried suicide at least once, and a tenth of the white heterosexual females. It is only among black women that the rate is comparable: 17 per cent of the homosexuals and 16 per cent of the heterosexuals.

This last figure gives additional credence to the notion that being a black female is the worst of two worlds, but it also suggests that being homosexual into the bargain does not make things much worse.

The contrast between homosexuals and heterosexuals is even more striking for those who have made at least two attempts at suicide. Seven per cent of the white homosexual males in the sample had made at least two attempts, as against 1 per cent of the white heterosexual males. Seven per cent of the black homosexual males had made at least two attempts, and none of the black heterosexual males. Seven per cent of the white homosexual females had made two attempts as against 3 per cent of the heterosexuals, and 6 per cent of the black homosexual females as against 3 per cent of the heterosexuals.

A more serious difficulty in *Homosexualities* becomes evident when we see how these data from the tables are summarized in the text itself. Although the discussion of the male data accurately reports the higher attempted suicide rates among homosexuals, in the two pages of comments on suicide, nothing would lead one to understand that the data showed that white female homosexuals have attempted-suicide rates twice as high as heterosexuals, and that among black women, homosexuals are twice as likely as heterosexuals to have made at least two suicide attempts. Instead of such analysis, one gets breakdowns within the female homosexual groups. The only direct contrast made between female homosexuals and heterosexuals is the statement that the heterosexual and homosexual women did not differ as to the age at which they made their first attempt at suicide. This, as it happens, is one of the few bits of data in the female suicide figures supporting the thesis of the work, that homosexuals are in most respect not to be differentiated from heterosexuals.

Moreover, after having noted that a quarter of the white homosexual females, and a sixth of the black homosexual females, had attempted suicide at least once, and having made the downright inaccurate statement that homosexual and heterosexual women did not differ in the number of times they attempted suicide, the report says tendentiously that the high rates of attempted suicide by homosexuals ought to be considered in the light of the fact that San Francisco has a very high suicide rate. Serious—let alone scientific—analysis at this point would have attempted to deal with the possibility of a causal connection between San Francisco's high suicide rate and its high homosexual population.

This passage is symptomatic of the naiveté of *Homosexualities*. Wishing to produce a work that would undergird enlightened liberal views toward homosexuality, its progenitors do not seem to have been overcurious about gathering—or at least presenting—data that might have militated against this no doubt laudable purpose. If, for example, the study had shown more interest in tabulating the proportions of transvestites and sado-masochists, not to mention more lurid specializations, it would have been perhaps harder to maintain the comfortable image of homosexuality as something more or less like heterosexuality, only a little different.

II

THIS, however, is not a view likely to survive close acquaintance with two volumes that have recently given homosexuality the same treatment that *The Joy of Sex* gave heterosexuality.* It is significant that it should have been felt necessary to produce two segregated volumes. The world described in these volumes makes such segregation seem reasonable, for the authors depict the lives of male and female homosexuals as largely isolated from each other, and so different in essence as to appear, almost, two phenomena rather than one.

A few qualities run through both books, as indeed through other books on homosexuality†: a fondness for trends, a claim of oppression, and an unwillingness to make judgments: *pas d'ennemis à Sodom*. Beyond these, the contrasts between male and female homosexuals are generally more striking than the similarities. They are almost more striking than the contrasts between male and female heterosexuals.

Male homosexuals seem depoliticized compared to females. (This impression, gained from the discursive accounts and other verbal evidence, is confirmed by the numbers: in the sample reported on in *Homosexualities*, about half the men called themselves independents, probably a measure of lowered political activity in the group as a whole; but half the women called themselves Democrats.) Moreover, many females see their homosexuality as an extension, or indeed embodiment, of feminism.

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* *The Joy of Lesbian Sex*, by Emily Sisley and Bertha Harris, Crown, 223 pp., $12.95; *The Joy of Gay Sex*, by Charles Silverstein and Edmund White, Crown, 239 pp., $12.95.

† *Our Right to Love: A Lesbian Resource Book*, edited by Ginny Vida, Prentice-Hall, 318 pp., $12.95, is a more serious work than *The Joy of Lesbian Sex*, aimed less apparently at an audience of voyeurs than the two *Joy* books. As a compendium of female sexist chauvinism it is nearly unmatched.

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Female homosexuals seem more likely to reject the company of the other sex and to judge sexual techniques by how well they avoid aping heterosexual relations. (This, the authors of *Joy* say, may be true even of the comparatively rare female homosexuals who ape the manners and dress of men.) In contrast, male homosexuals are far more likely to ape the manners of the other sex, to dress in its clothes, apply its pronouns to themselves, and to prefer sexual techniques that resemble, as closely as possible, heterosexual relations.

The picture that emerges of male homosexual life is of something that diverges sharply from the heterosexual norm: comparatively rare enduring relationships, constant shifting in sexual object (half the white male subjects of *Homosexualities* claimed to have had at least 500 different sexual partners); sexual relations carried out hurriedly in public or semi-public places; casual and constant public solicitation of partners; a pervasive inversion ranging from adoption of the female pronoun to the adoption of female dress; and greater frequency of sado-masochism.

All these things can be true also of the life of female homosexuals, but much less frequently so. For example, *Homosexualities* reports 14 per cent of its male sample as living in the equivalent of happy marriage, but 38 per cent of its females. It reports that 83 per cent of the women surveyed *never* "cruised"—sought casual sexual partners—whereas 84 per cent of the males did cruise at least once a month, and 42 per cent at least once a week.

One strain runs through almost all of current homosexual advocacy: a refusal to draw the line. This is very marked in both of the *Joy* books, especially the male volume, where, for example, an analysis of the possible roots of sado-masochism is followed by the cautionary remark that none of the statements is "intended to belittle it. . . . More and more gay men are finding psychic and physical satisfaction in S and M; only the hopelessly narrow-minded bourgeois or the amateur psychologist could dismiss the phenomenon. . . ."

It is a mark of the deterioration of our age that it should be necessary to suggest that there may be something basically unhealthy about sado-masochism. Even allowing for the notion that it is all in fun and assuming that both partners are consenting adults, and ignoring the fact that someone who dresses himself from head to toe in close-fitting leather has made himself look more an animal than a human, it remains true that the practice ritualizes a relationship that we have otherwise rejected as almost inhuman: that of master and slave. This is to put the best face possible on the matter: few cultures that practiced slavery would have approved of masters who abused their slaves to the degree modeled in sado-masochistic relationships.

It is certainly a fair question to ask what sort of personality it is that fantasizes being an abused slave or a cruel master, and also what guarantees there are that once embarked on a theatrical embodiment of such fantasies one will not take them into the real world. Two recent groups indicate what practical fantasism can lead to: the Manson family and the followers of the Reverend Jim Jones in Guyana. Sado-masochism is, of course, not made more healthy by being practiced by heterosexuals.

Sado-masochism is far from the only practice about which *Joy* plays it cool: ". . . if two guys are drinking a lot of beer their urine will be plentiful, dilute, and not very bitter. Sometimes two men (who are usually wrecked on marijuana or other drugs) will get together for a long session of water sports, keeping up sustained recycling of fluid from one body to the other."

The reference to drugs is significant. *Homosexualities* did not survey drug use among its samples, but if we can rely on the claims made in *The Joy of Gay Sex* about the widespread use of amyl nitrite alone, drug use among male homosexuals must be very much higher than among heterosexuals of similar background. Here are some of the effects of amyl nitrite as described by one of its friends: ". . . a sharp lowering of inhibition, an attack of almost ravenous lust, a sudden turn in desire toward violence or at least rough stuff, and sometimes a temporary suspension of the sense of identity." That, as it were, is the good news. For some, the effect is "a frightening sense of animality or depersonalization." These people, at least, assuming they survive such experience, are advised to avoid the drug.

One other vivid example of a pervasive lack of analysis or critical vision comes in the standard treatment of men who use "tearooms"—i.e., public rest rooms—as a place for sexual encounters. Such activities totally divorce sex from love, affection, or often even personal contact, involving, as they may, fellation through a hole in a wall. It is, again, a fair question as to why people reduce their sexual activity to this level, especially when the arena is a risky one in which the vice squad and muggers are likely to be operating. It is difficult to square such behavior with the self-fulfilled image of all homosexuals now being widely promoted. One would look a long time in the literature of pro-homosexuality before finding any such question discussed.

The Joy of Gay Sex has a similarly non-analytic discussion of the slightly less degraded milieu of the homosexual bathhouses, ending with a bungled antithesis which may suggest recognition just beneath the surface of the flackery: "There's a brutal honesty about the baths, but they do serve the interests of pure sensuality."

This unwillingness to find alien anything homosexual is commonly seen in practitioners as well as theorists, but sometimes considerably moderated

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by common sense. *Word Is Out** is a series of interviews with twenty-six homosexuals made for the film of the same name. One of the interviewees, a young black male, is asked: "What are your feelings about black 'sissies'?" He responds at first routinely: "Well, they have a place. I'm a firm believer that whatever you want to do, then do it." So far, undistinguishable from the uncritical theorists. Then an indirect criticism: "A lot have gotten out of the sissy bag and into a more discreet bag." And then a more direct criticism: "As far as the straight black male is concerned, you could deal with him better coming to him from a brother aspect than out there being a flaming sissy." And finally, the open comment: "That flaming sissy bag—it's beyond me."

The fact is that once one erases the line between homosexuality and heterosexuality *simpliciter*, it is not easy to redraw it elsewhere. Just as some of our more enlightened states have been trying to draw it between private acts involving consenting adults and all other acts, some groups advocating the sexual "liberation" of children try to erase it, to be redrawn heaven knows where.

Some lines have, however, been drawn in an extraordinary new novel, *Faggots*, by Larry Kramer.† A satire written, like all good ones, from the inside, *Faggots* deals with one large class of male homosexuals, those who live in New York. It holds some positions critical of homosexuality that would be unusual even among the most critical anti-homosexuals: enduring relationships are next to nonexistent among homosexuals; they are far too involved with drugs for their own good; sadomasochism is a pretty nasty business; the homosexual culture snaps up good-looking teenagers as they arrive at the Port Authority bus terminal; and most homosexuals are unfulfilled people whose gaiety is desperate rather than spontaneous. Kramer is of course already beginning to be denounced by the activists.

III

Meanwhile, the attitude of American society at large toward homosexuality is in a state of ferment. A notable development is a considerable relaxation in the hostility shown toward it by organized religion, which was once widely and rigidly disapproving of homosexuality as a sin and disapproving more firmly of those who practiced it than of other sinners.

The détente with homosexuality has varied in officialness and cordiality, ranging from a fairly wholehearted acceptance on the part of some denominations and congregations—e.g., the Unitarians—to increased tolerance short of downright approval—e.g., the Presbyterians, who recently stepped back from the ordination of practicing homosexuals. Fundamentalist and evangelical Christianity has generally remained disapproving on the basis of scriptural hostility, but even here there have sprung up schismatic congregations for, by, and of homosexuals. There is also a homosexual synagogue or two.

The most vexed issue has been the attitude toward homosexuality of Roman Catholicism and, to a somewhat lesser extent, Anglicanism. The Catholic Church, as one of the few still retaining a concept of sin more demanding than "not caring enough," and maintaining into the bargain the practice of confession, naturally presents a serious problem for homosexuals. Saving their sexual orientation, they may live lives that would be exemplary among heterosexuals, and yet remain barred from the sacramental life of the Church so long as they do not confess their homosexuality and repent of it as a sin. Needless to say, they remain barred from the priesthood. An association of homosexual Catholics called "Dignity" attempts the forlorn task of coping with what appears to be an irreconcilable conflict.

A like-named group ("Integrity") has been formed by homosexual Episcopalians. In their church, however, help may be on the way. The Bishop of New York has ordained a female homosexual, justifying himself with the thought that his church needed clerks of "this personality structure." His choice of language suggests that the time is not far off—at least outside the new schismatic Anglican church formed in the backwash of the decision to ordain women—when such outmoded concepts as sin will no longer trouble the Episcopalians.

There is no denying that in most Christian churches homosexuals have not until recently been beneficiaries of the injunction to love the sinner while hating the sin. This may be because they were unrepentant, and because believing homosexuals formed a unique class of sinners, believing yet staunchly unrepentant.

The right of homosexuals to be ordained to various priesthoods and called to ministries is only a special case in a much larger controversy over homosexual rights at large. The so-called "gay-rights" question cannot be understood without reference to the history of the rights question in general. The past two decades have witnessed a subtle change in our understanding of the concept of rights. The movement that crested with the passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act was waged in the interest of blacks. But the rights that movement sought to secure were never defined as black (or Negro) rights. They were civil rights believed to belong at law to all groups, and the movement sought to assure them to a group that was signally denied them.

The principal rights guaranteed were the right

* New Glide/Delacorte, 337 pp., $14.95; a superior book, useful in showing that homosexuals are at least as varied a group as heterosexuals.

† Random House, 304 pp., $10.95.

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to vote, the right to use public accommodations, and the right to be free from discrimination in employment. The groups protected were racial and religious minorities. Protection was not explicitly accorded minorities as such, but it was assumed that for preponderant groups such protection would be redundant. Allan Bakke had not yet been heard from. Even though women were in the numerical majority, it was soon proposed to add them to the protected groups.

Several facts were common to all these cases: there was a widespread denial of the rights in question. Because women got in so far ahead of blacks on the right to vote, this did not figure for them in the past decades. And although the denial of their right to public accommodations was limited to fairly specialized institutions such as men's bars, they were and are the subject of discrimination in employment. For good or for worse, the movement to extend these rights to women has been characterized as a fight for "women's rights." Such a phrase must be used with greater precision if it is not gradually to suggest special rights common only to women—e.g., the "right" to tax-supported abortions or child care—instead of rights belonging to all but denied in practice to women.

The other commonality was that the groups in question were involuntary and regarded by society as morally neutral. (Religious belief may be thought voluntary by the irreligious, or the other-religious, but the same principle that distinguishes religious from ethical conscientious objectors holds good here: if one has, as it were, a meta-belief that all one's beliefs are ordained by God, one may well assume that one has no choice in holding them. For the state to classify such a belief as voluntary is in fact to deny freedom of religion to all its holders. Further, although religious views are certainly not morally neutral, the First Amendment compels us to treat them as so.)

The notion of "gay rights" can be seen to be in sharp contrast to the original concept of civil rights, and indeed to have advanced the degeneracy of the concept even further than the latter-day notion of "women's rights." It is obviously a vexed question as to whether the condition of homosexuality itself is involuntary or voluntary; all those who hold it to be voluntary obviously place it in a very different category from being born black or a woman. Moreover, even if one considers the state of homosexuality as involuntary, its practice is clearly not. The concept of "being in the closet" recognizes an option clearly not open to members of racial minorities or women.

Even more striking is the fact that homosexuals are not in reality the object of widespread denial of rights. They have never been denied the right to vote, and their access to public accommodations has been essentially unlimited. (Of course a homosexual male transvestite, if recognized as such, may well be denied entrance to a restaurant; but so may a heterosexual male transvestite, if recognized as such. This is very different from the case of a black denied entrance to a restaurant simply because he is black, no matter what his dress or demeanor.)

Nor is there pervasive discrimination against homosexuals in employment. This is not to say that there is none, but in this connection it should be noted that some of the homosexual magazines which support laws to protect homosexuals from job discrimination also run solicitations for advertising claiming that homosexuals have a substantially higher income than the average.

It seems likely, then, that the force behind the "gay-rights" movement springs less from a desire to prevent potential discrimination and more from a hope that, declared a protected status, homosexuality will gain widespread legitimacy. If this is true, then "gay-rights" ordinances are obviously being misused. And, indeed, in ways possibly deleterious to homosexuals, for when homosexuality is ringingly declared by popular vote *not* to be a protected status—as, e.g., in Dade County, Florida, and Eugene, Oregon—homosexuals may be considerably worse off than when the people had not spoken to the issue one way or the other.

THERE is, however, a special case in which homosexuals are the object not only of actual *de facto* discrimination but of proposals to enact *de jure* discrimination. This is the case of schoolteachers.

A number of the recent "gay-rights" campaigns, notably the one in Dade County, have centered on the issue of whether homosexuals can be barred from teaching in the public schools. Moreover, in California the defeated Proposition 6 explicitly dealt with the question. This is a highly emotional issue; much discussion pro and con has taken a simplistic view of the matter, but a little thought will show it to be as complicated an issue as any that bedevils the debate on homosexuality.

The argument against the employment of homosexuals as schoolteachers takes two forms. The cruder of these maintains that homosexuals will seduce or otherwise molest their young charges. The subtler maintains that homosexuals are an inappropriate role model for the young. The typical response to the first charge is that the great majority of all child molesters are heterosexual males, who ought therefore, on this logic, to be banned from the schoolroom as a group. The typical response to the second is that one's sexual orientation is already formed by the time one enters school, and that if teachers were role models in such matters, more students in the parochial schools would grow up to be nuns.

On first blush the child-molestation argument seems easily disposed of: the evidence is that homosexuals are, at worst, no more disposed to molest children than heterosexuals. And one knows many homosexuals who are clearly decent and law-abiding people, no more likely to molest children

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than to mug adults. Why, then, should this fear be so perdurable? One possible answer is that it is entirely irrational and has no basis, any more than the fear that Jews poison wells. But that is too glib, for the male homosexual culture has in it tendencies which suggest, rightly or wrongly, that homosexuals are more likely than heterosexuals to engage in statutory rape, if not child molestation.

Last year near Boston, a number of men were indicted for alleged sexual relations with adolescent boys. The cases have not yet come to trial, and I am not going to anticipate their outcomes and use them as evidence. But the cases gained unusual publicity as a result of an only slightly related controversy that followed the arrest. This was very suggestive. Something called the Boston-Boise Committee was established to support the defendants. (There had been similar prosecutions in Boise two decades ago.) This group sponsored a lecture by Gore Vidal, and the then Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Superior Court, already under judicial investigation on charges of financial irregularity, chose to attend the lecture. In the event, his attendance at a meeting dealing with cases that might come under his judicial notice was made the basis of additional charges of impropriety. Censured by the state Supreme Court, he finally resigned.

In the debate that arose over his attendance, an official of the Boston-Boise Committee wrote letters to the newspapers, containing, among other statements, the claim that the youths alleged to be involved were not children, being often as old as fourteen or fifteen, and suggesting strongly that there was nothing particularly wrong in voluntary sexual relations involving boys of such an age. That is, the so-called Wolfenden standard, tolerating any sexual conduct between consenting adults, and only beginning to be written into law, was too restrictive: the law should condone sexual conduct among consenting people, or at least among pairs of consenting adults and minors.

Articles also appeared in the local "alternative press" dealing with the lives of teenage male prostitutes, intimating that such youths were certainly better off living in concubinage with older men than hustling on the streets, and extolling the virtues of something called "boylove," a term apparently freely adapted from a somewhat more traditional one, "pederasty."

To these straws in the wind might be added the fact that there has recently been formed in England an organization to secure sexual liberty for the young—composed, so it seems, entirely of adult and no doubt disinterested male homosexuals.

Now, it is unlikely, had a large number of professional men in Boston been charged with sexual conduct with fourteen-year-old girls, that people would have rallied to their support waving the banner of "girllove." In discussing heterosexual relations, there is still a general comprehension of the doctrine of informed consent. It is not often argued that merely because an adult can persuade a fourteen-year-old girl to go to bed with him, she is in any philosophical sense capable of consenting to do so. And indeed, if the notion of informed consent be valid for heterosexual relationships, it is *a fortiori* so for homosexual relationships, which are, as is admitted by all but the most fanatical and uncritical admirers of homosexuality, more problematical than heterosexual ones.

The existence of homosexual men who not only traffic in child prostitution but defend the practice as desirable certainly must feed the widespread belief that homosexuals, teachers included, are likely to molest children. And the belief is fed whether or not it is true, as I believe it is not. (I am speaking now of the primary and secondary schools. Most of the students in college are legally adults, and if homosexual teachers in college are no more involved with their students than heterosexual teachers are, that should be enough.)

As to the second argument: if it were true that all children in school arrive there with their sexual preferences already fixed, that would not in itself dispose of the question of homosexual teachers, merely of whether or not they could, if they desired, make homosexuals out of children who would not otherwise be so.

It is certainly a very fashionable idea that sexual identity is shaped early in life. This is perhaps understandable simply in that it is a convenient position for those who wish to advocate greater legitimacy for homosexuality. Moreover, it is implicit in Freud's explanation of how homosexuals come to be, and although this explanation—that the child fails in his attempt to identify with his father and becomes fixated on his mother—has been replaced among Freudians by the view (currently also under attack) that the homosexual in childhood suffered from a dominating mother and an ineffectual father, it retains some plausibility in the absence of a clear superior.

And so it is often maintained that while almost all males go through a stage of homosexuality in adolescence, those predestined to be heterosexuals grow out of it as adults and those predestined to be homosexuals do not, and remain homosexuals all their lives. It is no use trying to "cure" such people, even if one agrees that they ought to be cured, because they are what they are, no more to be transformed into heterosexuals than adult heterosexuals are into homosexuals.

Although laundered of any moral judgments, this view has a slightly Calvinist ring to it. But the real trouble with it is that it does not entirely accord with experience. For literature and experience do not lack for examples of males who go through an intense and active homosexual stage as adults and later settle down to adjusted and undeviating lives of heterosexuality, marriage, and

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parenthood. The late Evelyn Waugh is a typical example, and most people with substantial homosexual acquaintance know of less eminent cases. Moreover, the claim that no one is made homosexual by early homosexual contact has still to be proved. In addition, boys of fourteen may find homosexuality, if it is offered them, an attractive choice, especially now that the traditional disapproval is fading away and no longer operates as a deterrent. Homosexuality holds out the possibility of avoiding an adjustment to adult life that is always difficult, and has become more so with the rise of Women's Lib. Many, perhaps most, boys at this age find girls rather forbidding. The establishment of a homosexual relationship delays the coming to grips with these formidable creatures and may call it off altogether. It is an age, if one is to make a satisfactory adjustment, when the temptation to homosexual behavior is perhaps best avoided altogether.

Yet if it is possible that some students who would grow up as heterosexuals might be thwarted in this development by the rare homosexual teacher, that does not seem to me to be, in and of itself, a good argument for banning homosexuals from teaching. So strict a calculation of the odds would infallibly ban everyone else as well.

A rational law in this area would, first of all, bring down the heavens on any teacher, of whatever sex, who engaged in sexual conduct, of whatever sort, with any student, of either sex. And while protecting the private sexual behavior of teachers—as the law ought to protect the private sexual behavior of all consenting adults—it might well require them to keep it private. This requirement might lie more heavily on homosexuals as a group than on heterosexuals, for it is evident that a number of homosexuals carry their sex lives into the public arena in a way that heterosexuals generally do not, e.g., in public toilets or parks. In a situation in which it was not illegal to be a homosexual, and in which being a homosexual was not in itself grounds for dismissal as a teacher, school boards might well doubt the stability of those who insisted on publicity.

The controversy over homosexual teachers is a classic case of the malign consequences of treating homosexuals as an oppressed group needing the sort of explicit mention in civil-rights law established, say, for blacks. The passage of superfluous ordinances establishing "gay rights" led first to a string of repeals, with the necessary implication that homosexuals had fewer rights than others, and then to explicitly discriminatory legislation like California's Proposition 6. It is beyond understanding why that proposal's sponsors, having written into the first part of the bill language adequate to deal with homosexuals and trample on the Constitution into the bargain, insisted on adding, in the second part, language calculated to enlist in the opposite camp every heterosexual in California not animated by violent anti-homosexualism. This turn of affairs is owing almost entirely to the insistence of homosexual activists on attaining the status of an officially registered and protected endangered species.

IV

A RATIONAL view of homosexuality has always been very difficult to hold and to propagate. It has been the subject of a great deal of ignorant and often vicious prejudice, e.g., the popular view that most or all male homosexuals are slavering to seduce the young, that all male homosexuals are repellently effeminate, that all female homosexuals are repellently mannish, that all homosexuals are desperâtely unhappy. Homosexuals themselves have been the objects only of limited discrimination, but some of it—e.g., police entrapment, harassment of gay bars and brutality toward their customers—has been serious and indefensible.

Under such conditions, it has been customary, among the sorts of enlightened people who care about civil rights generally and worry about persecuted minorities in particular, to lump homosexuals together with other minorities who can be accurately said to have no problems that do not stem ultimately from the prejudice of others. This tendency, in recent years, has increasingly kept many people from facing some obvious facts about homosexuality.

First, it is, in a certain sense, unnatural. The categories "natural" and "unnatural" are so thoroughly abused in our time that I hesitate to use them. One is tempted to annihilate the distinction by declaring that whatever is, is natural. Theorists and analysts of homosexuality naturally make much of the universal distribution of homosexuality throughout humanity, and indeed of a sort of homosexualilty in the animal world. C. A. Tripp, writing in *The Homosexual Matrix*,* provides an exhaustive review of the varieties of homosexual experience in savage cultures, including one in which it is essentially compulsory.

I use the term "natural" here to mean "appropriate to the nature of man," for I am at a loss to know what other term to use in dealing with the obvious fact that human bodies seem more obviously designed for heterosexual intercourse than for homosexual, both as to technique and as to purpose. This is not to suggest that homosexual sex cannot be pleasurable, a suggestion that could

* McGraw-Hill, 314 pp., $10.00; this work, which comes to many of the same conclusions as *Homosexualities*, is an engagingly iconoclastic psychoanalytic treatment of the topic. Tripp gives the impression of vast erudition in the lore of homosexuality, e.g., the facts that while surgeons are about as heterosexual as most people, some surgical specialties are largely filled by homosexuals, and that violinists are on the whole heterosexual, pianists much less so. But a good deal of his analysis of the causes of homosexuality boils down to "because they prefer it that way."

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be sincerely refuted by millions. But it is to note that there are in fact "natural" equivalents for the lubricants and dildoes that figure prominently in the do-it-yourself literature in this area, and to the extent that techniques of homosexual love-making evade the necessity of these, they are adaptations of parts and not the whole of heterosexual equivalents.

And it seems to me that one cannot honestly ignore the relation of sex to reproduction: although we have successfully made the heterosexual act independent of procreation, and bid fair to make procreation independent of the heterosexual act, we cannot forget their original entanglement. It is not surprising that an age which has, in other contexts, developed a considerable animus against the family and the production of children, should look more complacently upon homosexuality, the sterile practice of which is now in less clear contrast with marriage than it once was. It should not be forgotten that some homosexuals get married and have children whom they raise in homosexual milieus, or that some lesbian theorists offer proposals for lesbian motherhood through artificial insemination. But we are dealing here with minorities: the modal homosexual existence is a childless one.

The advocates of depopulation* have made it less easy to realize the obvious fact that our existence is largely dependent upon children. By "our existence" I do not mean only the metaphysical continuation of the human race through generations yet unborn. I mean also the well-being of a couple of generations already born and still alive and well. Anyone who doubts this should consider what further sharp declines in the birth rate are likely to mean to the Social Security fund, to our footloose use of the federal deficit, or to the provision of medical care and social services to the old.

The fact is that homosexuality generally entails a renunciation of responsibility for the continuance of the human race and of a voice in the dialogue of the generations. This is a renunciation made also by some heterosexuals and indeed by some married heterosexuals. There is, however, a still greater renunciation made by homosexuals, and that is of the intricate, complicated, and challenging process of adjusting one's life to someone so different from oneself as to be in a different sex entirely.

Running through the homosexual literature is a recognition of renunciation, usually seen as a positive good. One of those interviewed in *Word Is Out* points out the lesser demands of life as a homosexual:

> . . . gay people have more fun than your average married guy in a home with two or three kids. You have more time and money. You don't have the responsibilities. . . . I can lavish . . . presents . . . on my nephews and take them to the zoo and have a great old time. When they get tired and cranky I take them back to mommy and dad—you know, dad has just finished paying two hundred bucks for their teeth.

And another pursues a similar thought:

> It's so hard to be a straight man, harder than to be a faggot, because the rewards are so stupid—the rewards that you are told you can have. Whereas if you're a faggot, I guess you can make up your own rewards. . . . It's more fun to be a faggot because nobody expects anything of us.

This last comment is astute: it is harder to live a complete life than a partial one, and easier to live in fantasy than in reality. Both of the *Joy* books are shot through with the pleasures of fantasy, presented as the quintessentially homosexual sensibility. This should be expected, for homosexuality is often, although not universally, allied to a striking form of fantasy known as inversion.

It is important to distinguish between homosexuality and inversion. The former term implies no more than a sexual or affectional preference for the same sex. Interviewed recently on the BBC, a young male homosexual activist offered a minimalist definition that would be hard to beat: "I fancy men." Inversion implies something more and indeed something different: the aping of the sex to which one does not belong. This can run from the mild—say, a manner in a man that some might call feminine—to the extreme—say, the full-bodied imposture of transvestitism. Indeed, inversion is most perfectly exemplified in the practice of transsexualism, where the imposture becomes as physically persuasive as an elaborate and expensive medical technology can make it.

It should be seen that inversion represents, in varying degrees, a violent rejection of things as they are. Let us pass over men whose attitudes are subtly "feminine," because such categories are just now in disrepute, and consider the mildest generally recognized level of inversion. A man who refers to the men around him as "she" and accepts the same from them rejects a simple biological fact that irresistibly conflicts with his desire for sexual relationships with other men.

To such rejections many male homosexuals add gross effeminancy of manner and a few add cross-dressing. Whatever one feels about the propriety of such behavior, it is hard to think of it as anything other than maladjustment. Men who, not being Napoleon or Teddy Roosevelt, dress and act like these historic gentlemen, are a byword not merely for maladjustment but for madness. This rejection is perhaps less striking in heterosexual transvestites, who are more likely to cross-dress in private, as an incident of sexual relations. But it still represents an astonishing defiance of the real world. It misses the point of such phenomena en-

* See my article, "The Population Controllers," in these pages, May 1972.

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tirely to dismiss them on the grounds that mannerisms and dress are in any event not natural but societal constructs. That society identifies them as female is precisely why they are aped. Because contemporary Western society no longer defines suits as an exclusively male garment, it becomes increasingly difficult for transvestitism even to exist among females.

Transsexualism—both of role only, in which the homosexual remains physically intact, and of physical identity, in which surgery and hormones intervene to counterfeit the structure of the other gender—represents an ultimate rejection of reality through an attempt to change it. It is noteworthy how often surgically created transsexuals are actually treated by the rest of the world as if they really had changed their sex. The philosopher John Silber has pointed out the strangeness of this: as if a woman were in fact no more than a mutilated man with a severe hormone imbalance. One would expect that feminists, even those who do not play tennis, would find such an implication more offensive than they have.

It is not necessary to view all rejections of reality as deleterious to see that a group in which rejections of this sort are very much more common than is usual must be different in some regard. The high rate of attempted suicide reported in *Homosexualities* is strong evidence that this difference is not an unmixed blessing. But what of possible advantages? A. L. Rowse attempts to show in *Homosexuals in History** that almost everyone of interest in history has been homosexual and that most virtues are symptomatic of homosexuality, and Tripp notes the oft-remarked fact that homosexuals seem to predominate in certain of the arts.

And indeed much homosexual advocacy battens on the alleged creativity of homosexuals—male homosexuals, from the examples, although this is never specified as a theoretical point. To confirm or disprove such claims with real precision would require massive research into the homo/hetero balance in, say Seicento Florence or late 19th-century St. Petersburg. But let us concede the point: although the balance varies from art to art, the arts do seem to have a much higher male homosexual population than life at large. This is a phenomenon which is more often remarked on than analyzed. Tripp regards the evidence that might be used to explain the phenomenon as so contradictory that it almost defines analysis, as when the sexual orientation of violinists seems to differ from that of the pianists.

The school of psychological theory most obviously prepared to pronounce on this subject is 100-proof Freudianism, which, as we remember, has a notable opinion about the relations of sex and art—that the latter is a "sublimation" of the former. Considering that most male homosexuals, on the evidence of *Homosexualities* and other less scientific sources, are as sexually active as rabbits, one might expect them to be rather dull sorts artistically. This is not, of course, the view of the homosexual culture itself: the view there, as neatly expressed in Mart Crowley's play, *The Boys in the Band*, is that "it takes a fairy to make something really pretty."

In light of the doctrine of sublimation, one is led to wonder whether all that activity really adds up to a real sex life of the sort Freud was talking about. One is also led into further and controversial speculations about the fact that there is almost no cult of the creative among female homosexuals. Female homosexuals, as I remarked earlier, seem a world apart from the males, and to be as a group less distinguishable from their heterosexual counterparts. Is it possible that female homosexuality is a more adequate counterfeit of female heterosexuality than male homosexuality is of male heterosexuality? Or is it possible that the sublimation mechanism itself is peculiar to males?

These are questions of the sort that cry out for answers, but which rarely get asked any more, apparently in deference to more pressing ideological and political agendas.

Indeed, despite *Homosexualities* and *The Homosexual Matrix*, both touted as landmark, not to say definitive, treatments, there is less and less analysis of homosexuality as it becomes more and more a sacred cow. Although the subject has never received adequate scientific treatment, there have been analytical memoirists. Just ten years ago there appeared a pair of memoirs by English homosexuals. Quentin Crisp's *The Naked Civil Servant*† recounted the life of one who decided in 1931 to declare his homosexuality through the medium of eye makeup, dyed hair, and flamboyant dress. Crisp, a writer of great elegance, perception, and audacious wit, looks back at his experience:

> A lifetime of being constantly at the mercy of others left me, even though mercy was undoubtedly shown, crushed and seething with a lust for tyranny. No one forced me into the role of a victim. Indeed many of my friends tried to lead me out of it, but the wall-to-wall puritanism of my early years made me excruciatingly conscious of the "sin" of homosexuality. I had no alternative use for my passion but to make with it a Carnaby Street hair shirt.

In the same year there appeared, posthumously, J. R. Ackerley's *My Father and Myself*.** As Ackerley remarks in his preface, it is a book of surprises. Interspersed among accounts of a quarter-century of chasing after guardsmen and sailors in search of an Ideal Friend are the stories of how Ackerley discovered that his father had raised a secret second family and how Ackerley tracked down the evidence that convinced him that his father, too,

* Macmillan, 346 pp., $12.95; like so much of Rowse's work, a rollicking good read for reasons certainly unintended by the author.

† Signet, 212 pp., $2.25.

** Harvest, 210 pp., $3.95.

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had been a homosexual in his youth. And then in an epilogue Ackerley recounts that by the late 30's he had begun to be afflicted with an irritating alternation of incontinence and impotence that reduced his sexual life to a durable misery. He was, in the end, rescued by the love of a good woman, who happened to be a dog, his Alstatian bitch Tulip.

For fifteen years, Ackerley's sexual interest focused on the dog and he dropped his frenetic chasing after the Friend. He tells us that the relationship was strictly Platonic, although not for want of temptation on his part. Nothing could be more delicate and tasteful than the manner in which Ackerley recounts this astonishing relationship, which seemed to him clearly preferable to his former life. And nothing could be more devastating than the implied comment on that life.

More recently, another English homosexual, a contemporary of the earlier pair, has written a confessional memoir. Christopher Isherwood's *Christopher and His Kind** is no less beautifully written than the memoirs of Ackerley and Crisp, and, in the sense of apparently Telling All, no less candid. But Isherwood now writes out of and for the gay-rights movement, and his account of his sexual life, although neatly and charmingly anecdotal, is almost entirely devoid of analysis: homosexuals, he suggests, through his choice of language, are a Tribe, and as such face only external enemies, over whom he at least triumphed early. It would be gratifying to be sure that Christopher Isherwood's life has been really that much more satisfactory than those of Quentin Crisp and J. R. Ackerley. Even if it has been, his memoir serves as an excellent example of the new sensibility in this regard, all cheery and self-confident, quite sure that being mad about boys is just the same as being mad about girls.

If we face things as they are, we recognize that homosexuals as a group are as gifted and intelligent as anyone else. In my own experience, I recognize that some of the most stable, responsible, and decent people I know are homosexuals. But I must also recognize that the most self-destructive and wretched of my friends have been exclusively homosexual and that "gay" is the very last term to describe them.

We must face things as they are. Much of the new sensibility regarding homosexuality fails to do so, and from such a failure no one, heterosexual or homosexual, can in the long run gain.

* Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 339 pp., $10.00.

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Toward a Middle East Alternative

Steven L. Spiegel

A PECULIARITY of the Camp David accords is that they lend themselves to two opposing visions of the future of the Middle East. In the first vision, held by the Carter administration, the accords are a critical vehicle, but the core of the conflict in the area is the Palestinian issue and therefore an Egyptian-Israeli peace must be linked to a resolution of the future of the West Bank and Gaza. In the second vision, held by many of the administration's critics, an Egyptian-Israeli peace can stand by itself and the Palestinian issue is only one of a host of problems in the area that American policy should confront in the immediate future. To the proponents of the latter vision, a Cairo-Jerusalem rapprochement opens new opportunities for American policy and should be pursued as the basis for developing a new strategy.

In this sense the two documents which make up the Camp David accords are contradictory and coexist uneasily, for they suggest competing strategies. To the administration, Camp David presented the opportunity to produce a comprehensive settlement. When Jordan, Saudi Arabia, and the West Bankers demurred, the accords themselves became less useful and the primary aim became to protect Washington's position among pro-American Arabs and to convince them that Camp David constituted the kind of approach in which their interests could be satisfied. To the critics, Egyptian-Israeli relations were always central, not merely a step toward the resolution of other issues. The most important aim, for these observers, was to achieve a Cairo-Jerusalem peace treaty and then move to the structuring of a different order in the region.

These two positions are thus divergent in philosophy, outlook, and the policies they prescribe. They have been, and are likely to remain, at the heart of the national debate over American Middle East policy. The direction of American policy in the area, the fate of American interests, and perhaps the next American election will be determined by the outcome of the national discussion which is currently proceeding. The stakes are thus very high and the rhetorical confrontation has been and will continue to be fierce.

Both sides agree as to the nature of the problems the United States faces in the Middle East: energy, Soviet encroachment, the vulnerability of pro-American and oil-rich regimes to radical assault, the Arab-Israeli conflict, the Palestinian issue, Lebanon, Iran. But each side places these issues in a different context, with a resulting difference in priorities and emphasis.

To the administration, East-West (or Soviet-American) issues are giving way to North-South (or have vs. have-not) questions in international affairs. Economic matters (both among the Western allies and between the West and the developing nations) are becoming more prominent in a world growing more interdependent. The Third World's claims against the West for a greater share of wealth must be taken seriously and accommodated. As the President put it at the 1977 Notre Dame commencement, in his most significant foreign-policy address thus far: "We know that a peaceful world cannot long exist one-third rich and two-thirds hungry."

The administration's Middle East policy follows from this view of the world. The emphasis on economic factors and Third World ideology leads to a diminished focus on the Soviet threat and a heightened concern that anti-American regimes or movements may undermine pro-American oil producers. For the first time since World War II, an American administration sees energy and not Moscow as the central global challenge facing the United States in the Middle East.

Given Saudi Arabia's crucial world role in energy and finances, this perspective leads to a strong reliance on Riyadh as the linchpin of American policy. Saudi Arabia is closely associated with the United States, but the common view is that Washington's failure to resolve the Arab-Israeli conflict will lessen Saudi interest in the American connection and also unleash radical forces (particularly Palestinian) against the regime in Riyadh. The way, then, to keep the Saudis satisfied and safe (and therefore to keep the energy problem manageable) is to resolve the Arab-Israeli conflict. Such a settlement must, in this view, include a major resolution of the Palestinian question. As Zbigniew Brzezinski wrote in 1975: "It is impossi-

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ble to seek a resolution to the energy problem without tackling head-on—and doing so in an urgent fashion—the Arab-Israeli conflict. Without a settlement of that issue in the near future, any stable arrangement in the energy area is simply not possible." And since the Palestinians have become a rallying cry for "progressive" Third World forces at the UN and elsewhere, this orientation fits neatly into the general conception of world affairs prevalent among the Carter team.

THIS *Weltanschauung* explains why the administration at first favored the "Geneva" approach involving a conference of all parties to the conflict under the joint chairmanship of the United States and the Soviet Union. Syria was wooed because of its connection with both moderates and radicals. Including the PLO would have protected the Saudis from accusations of having deserted the Arab cause if they supported American policy. And involving Moscow would have made it easier to arrive at the kind of comprehensive settlement which, it was thought, would protect pro-American clients even at the price of increased Soviet influence in the area.

It was the failure of these efforts that prompted the Sadat visit to Jerusalem. Given its ideological blinders, it is not surprising that the administration initially responded with coldness and bewilderment to the visit. Only after the debate unleashed in this country over the sale of advanced jets to Egypt and Saudi Arabia did the administration come to terms with the reality that no other option than the Sadat initiative existed for promoting peace in the area. Out of the fear that the failure of this initiative would result in a new war —with the dreaded cycle of Israeli victory, Arab oil embargo, energy-supply disruption, gas-station lines—the Camp David strategy was conceived. But Camp David was undertaken as a desperate means not only or even primarily of keeping the Egyptian-Israeli negotiations alive; it was seen as a way of saving the original comprehensive approach.

Thus President Carter said plainly in his speech to Congress at the conclusion of the summit: "I have already invited the other leaders of the Arab world to help sustain progress toward a comprehensive peace." A few days later Carter suggested what that comprehensive peace was about:

> There are three elements that no Arab leader would ignore, nor on which they would yield, including Sadat. One is Israeli withdrawal from the West Bank-Gaza Strip territory; secondly, a return of eastern Jerusalem to Arab sovereignty, possibly excluding the Hebrew University area, and probably excluding the Jewish holy places, particularly the Wailing Wall. And the third one is a resolution of the Palestinian question, "in all its aspects."

On these three points, over which the Israelis were just as unlikely to yield, the President thus indicated where his influence was to be exerted. And in case anyone had any doubt, the Assistant Secretary of State for Near East and South Asian Affairs, Harold Saunders, was soon sent to Amman with replies to King Hussein's questions about the accords. The answers he brought with him were rumored to contain assurances that Israeli settlements on the West Bank would be withdrawn as part of any future peace agreement—a report which gained substance when Saunders met with Arab notables in Jerusalem and commented that the United States regarded the eastern half of the city as "occupied territory." Reports also circulated in Washington that American officials would like to revise the September 1975 agreement with Israel in which—among other promises—the then Secretary of State, Henry Kissinger, had agreed not to deal with the PLO unless it recognized Security Council Resolution 242 and the right of Israel to exist. This rumor, too, seemed confirmed in an obscure report (never denied) which appeared in the *Jordan Times* of Amman in mid-October, based on what the reporter claimed was a series of interviews with "senior American Mideast experts." According to one such official, "We can get some PLO people into the negotiations, but not the big names."

It was clear by now that U.S. officials feared that once an Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty was signed, the chances of moving on toward a comprehensive settlement would be lost. They were therefore trying to set up a series of preconditions which would force continued Israeli concessions over the West Bank. One official told the *Jordan Times*: "What we want to do is start an irreversible process in the West Bank which would be tantamount to ending the Israeli military occupation in most of its visible forms. We are trying to create a new reality on the ground in the Middle East to which all people would have to react." As part of this process, commitments made to Israel at Camp David were being interpreted in their weakest light and the United States was remaining tough on aid to Israel for the removal of heavy equipment from the Sinai to the Negev and the building of two new air bases there.

MANY critics in Congress and elsewhere have found these administration efforts perplexing and misguided. To these critics, American policy in the Middle East should be designed to contain the Soviet Union, not Israel. They are concerned about Soviet encroachments in Afghanistan, Ethiopia, and South Yemen, and about radical anti-Western nationalists like Libya's Qaddafi, who are willing to cooperate with the spread of Soviet power in the Persian Gulf. This seems to them a greater threat to the energy supplies of the West than a future oil embargo. They are thus more prone to emphasize strategic and geopolitical factors (such as who will maintain control of the critical Straits of Hormuz,

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gateway to the oilfields) than to ask who has how many dollars in Swiss banks.

In this light, Israel is seen as an asset because of its political stability, its unswerving opposition to Soviet power, and the utility of its intelligence sources throughout the area. Iran is also viewed as essential to American interests, less for its oil production and reserves (surpassed by Saudi Arabia) than because of its pivotal strategic location, its protective military role in the Persian Gulf. If Iran were to be radicalized, either cooperation or competition with Iraq would arise. Either way, pressures would increase on the Saudis for more hawkish policies on questions of international finance within OPEC and the regime in Riyadh would be threatened by radical forces within and without its borders. Already, moves toward the Soviet Union in Ethiopia, Afghanistan, and South Yemen have cast a shadow over the politics of the Gulf. "It can happen here," becomes a prominent whisper among political elites.

From this perspective, the administration's ideological preoccupation with the Palestinian question has clouded its perception of, and damaged its ability to deal effectively with, the more serious threat to American interests in the Middle East. Iran, where the only alternatives being considered seem to be all-out military intervention or occasional verbal outbursts by the President in favor of the Shah, is one example. Lebanon is another.

In Lebanon, a Syrian hegemony would lead to a future confrontation with Israel and would increase tension on the "eastern front"—especially if an Iraqi-Syrian rapprochement should proceed. Yet in Lebanon, a counterbalance exists in the form of the Christian forces seeking, with Israeli assistance, to maintain their identity and continued independence. If the Christians hold out and force the Syrians out of Lebanon, which has become Syria's Vietnam, then the basis for a resolution of the conflict founded on the stalemate among existing forces will have been established. But if this occurs, it will be in spite of rather than because of American policy. The Carter administration tends to see the Christians as an aristocracy fighting to maintain its position and wealth in the country, and little concern has therefore been expressed about the consequences if the Soviet-armed Syrians and their Muslim allies within the country emerge victorious. Thus at a critical moment in late September, when the Syrian "peacekeepers" were bombing Christian neighborhoods in Beirut, the White House exerted the full weight of its political influence in Congress behind $90 million in economic aid for Syria. Simultaneously, it allowed discussions to proceed on the sale to Damascus of four L-100 jets—which is the civilian equivalent of the much vaunted C-130 of Entebbe fame. As also in the case of the potential threat to the Persian Gulf, American actions convey signals, and here Washington's willingness to countenance a major Syrian role in Lebanon was a conclusion that key regional leaders were bound to draw. The Russians were having their revenge for Camp David, with American assistance.

Again, from this perspective, the Palestinian issue was another arena where the wrong signals were being conveyed. The Palestinian question is certainly important and must be confronted by American policy, but critics of the administration argue that this problem should be placed in the context of other, more pressing Middle East issues. Even if the West Bank/Gaza entity which the administration advocates does come into existence, the problems will remain—energy, Iran, the future of the Persian Gulf, Lebanon, a growing Soviet presence, the fragility of oil-rich pro-American regimes. As Elie Kedourie has written:

> It by no means follows that a settlement—even a pro-Arab settlement—of the Arab-Israeli conflict will necessarily safeguard American interests in Saudi Arabia. Such a settlement will not do away with radicalism and instability in the Arab world, and will thus by no means lessen the threat to the present Saudi regime. It may even, conceivably, increase it. . . .

THE critics of the administration have an alternative approach of their own: it is more activist, less defeatist, and paradoxically more comprehensive in its approach to the Middle East as a whole. Because it is propounded by individuals who are out of power and disparate in motive and ideology, it often appears less coherent. But that appearance is deceptive.

So far as the Arab-Israeli conflict is concerned, this alternative strategy would first have been designed to encourage the rapid signing of an Egyptian-Israeli peace treaty and then to encourage the Jordanians and the West Bankers to negotiate with Israel on the basis of the first model. Thus, Egypt would have been pressed to leave the West Bank/Gaza issues until later while proceeding with plans for positive acts of normalization with Jerusalem. Israel would have been rewarded for its Sinai concessions with ample aid to cover the expensive move to the Negev and would have been encouraged to adopt the Egyptian-Israeli normalization as a model for the future resolution of issues on other fronts. The Jordanians, the West Bankers, and the Saudis would have been informed, in no uncertain terms, that the United States expected them to participate in negotiations with Israel on precisely this basis.

The second element of this strategy envisions the promotion of Egyptian-Israeli normalization as a top priority. Some advocates of this approach have gone so far as to recommend that the United States set up a kind of Marshall Plan for the Middle East based on those countries willing to cooperate in moves toward regional integration and therefore beginning, if necessary, only with Cairo and Jerusalem. At the heart of these suggestions is the realization that a stable relationship between

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Egypt and Israel cannot develop without positive and concrete steps that create an irreversible process which will withstand political differences and changes in leadership. The advocates of this strategy also recognize that unless Egyptian-Israeli contacts succeed, the Middle East peace process is likely to end abruptly because the Israelis will be disillusioned with contacts with their Arab neighbors and the moderate Arabs will have no model on which to base future dealings with Israel except support for terrorism and war.

But for this alternative strategy the Arab-Israeli conflict is only one element of a wider geopolitical context, and it addresses itself to the other elements as well. Thus it would involve a new approach toward Lebanon aimed at achieving a stalemate through support for Christian self-sufficiency followed by a negotiated reconcilation. In Iran, it would mean greater emphasis on the pivotal strategic role of the country, a higher priority given to preserving a pro-American regime. In the Persian Gulf as a whole, it would mean recognition of the strategic dangers inherent in the Soviet role in such peripheral countries as Ethiopia and Afghanistan, and it would mean plans devised for countering the negative momentum created by these Russian gains. These plans would be pursued short of military intervention but in a manner that could check the political and psychological defeatism which promotes unfavorable political adjustments by local regimes and movements. For even if current Soviet objectives are limited and circumscribed, Moscow is bound to gain from a tide of local anti-Western nationalism (as, for example, it has done in Libya despite the anti-Communism of Qadddafi's regime).

The main instrument would be to develop a "cooperative system" among countries of the area willing to align themselves with the United States —Iran, Turkey, Israel, Egypt, Saudi Arabi, Jordan, Oman, Morocco, Tunisia, the Sudan. Several proponents of this strategy have suggested a multilateral alliance, but a formal mechanism reminds participants too much of Dulles's pactomania and may be politically provocative to countries associated with the USSR. Instead, American diplomacy could simply encourage contacts and informal coordination among friends of Washington. There are precedents. For example, in 1971 Sadat saved the current Sudanese regime from a pro-Communist coup by flying home loyal Sudanese troops stationed along the Suez Canal. In the summer of 1977, Israel passed Sadat information on a planned Libyan-sponsored coup in both Egypt and Saudi Arabia.

A "COOPERATIVE SYSTEM" would serve several purposes. First, it would place new Arab-Israeli contacts in a wider context which could well deepen and solidify them. Second, it would demonstrate an American determination to exercise a newly-regained activist role in defense of American security interests in the entire area. Third, it would serve as a warning to radical movements and regimes that those countries which stand with the United States would be prepared to resist, as a group, assaults on their integrity and security. Fourth, it would create a framework in which interested countries in the area could help each other as they saw fit to withstand mutually perceived dangers. (Sadat's fear of Soviet-Cuban encroachments in Africa—a fear Begin could comprehend—seems to have been one of the factors leading to his Jerusalem visit.) Fifth, a cooperative system would avoid the pattern of the Nixon era when individual states were singled out for "proxy status," thereby exposing them to charges of subservience to Washington without the countervailing protection of regional cooperation.

Most important, a cooperative system would allow Washington to make detailed plans with local participants to withstand what must be recognized as an inevitable onslaught on the Persian Gulf regional structure. Much as NATO was organized to provide stability in the key world crisis a generation ago, so too even a more informal Middle East regional system could strengthen local leaders sufficiently to deter assaults against them.

At Notre Dame, President Carter told us:

> It is a new world, but America should not fear it. It is a new world, and we should help to shape it. It is a new world that calls for a new American foreign policy—a policy based on constant decency in its values and on optimism in its historical vision.

Ironically, however, the President's policies in the Middle East are based on pessimism and a historical vision rooted in the old world we have known since 1948. The actions of his administration reflect an inability to perceive the implications of the dramatic changes which are occurring as a result of Sadat's visit to Jerusalem or to adjust to the challenges posed by the political vulnerability of the Persian Gulf.

Ironically, too, it is the critics of Carter's administration who have heeded the President's words. They have correctly sensed the opportunity which the new Egyptian-Israeli connection provides for addressing the Arab-Israeli problem in particular and the Middle East structure as a whole. But they have also understood that a mixture of impatience over the Palestinian question, pessimism over American power, and passivity in the face of threats to critical American concerns will only result in lost opportunities and a deteriorating American position.

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The Soul of Man Under Socialism

Vladimir Bukovsky

It is interesting that despite the huge variety of books, research projects, and monographs on socialism—political, economic, sociological, and so on—no one has thought to write on "the soul of man under socialism." And yet, without such a guide to the labyrinths of the Soviet soul, all the other studies are absolutely useless or, worse, actually obscure the issue. My God, how difficult it must be to understand this confounded Russia from outside! Such an enigmatic country, and the enigmatic Russian soul!

Judging by their newspapers, books, and films—and by what else is one to judge Soviet life?—the people are satisfied. True, they don't have political freedoms or a variety of parties but they like it that way—the people and the party are as one! Then they have elections that are not elections—God only knows what they are: only one candidate and there's nobody else to choose from—yet 99.9 per cent of the population take part and 99.899 per cent vote in favor. Then again they have a low standard of living and there are food shortages—but no strikes! It is said that people are being hounded and starved in jails and camps there, although they have done nothing wrong, and are prevented from going abroad. But look at their factory and village meetings, the Soviet people unanimously endorse the policies of the party and the government. They will repay the party's concern for them with a new rise in productivity! The vote is overwhelming, all hands go up—what the hell's going on? Foreign correspondents attend the meetings and see for themselves: it's absolutely true, everybody supports the party's policies, there aren't even any abstentions. It is said that the country is economically backward, with much of the work still hand labor and so on, yet they launched Sputnik, put the first man into space, overtook the United States. More than that, they have a massive arms industry, powerful enough to keep the whole world trembling in fear. How is that? They have great scientific discoveries to their credit. And the Bolshoi theater, and the ballet! Do you mean to say that all this is done by slaves, people who are unfree?

True, Soviet literature is pretty boring—all about factories and production and meetings, but the people nonetheless read it, and buy the books, so they must like it. There are a few isolated shortcomings, but they recognize and criticize them. And there was something in the past, unjust repressions and so on, but that's all over now—they got to the bottom of it, condemned the mistakes, and released the innocent. And now they let their people go abroad: tourists, athletes, performers, and delegations of all kinds; they're perfectly satisfied and always go back. Well, one occasionally defects, but perhaps he's one of the few who don't like it, and the others are all happy and content.

Ask any Soviet man in the street whether he had a good life or a bad one and each one will answer like a phonograph record: "A good one—much better than yours in the West." And maybe it really is better. Free education, free medical care, cheap rent, no unemployment, no inflation. Maybe Western propaganda is spouting rubbish and their life is wonderful.

Or there's another explanation: maybe their life is better *for them*, because they're different and special, that's the only kind of life that suits them and they don't need Western comforts and freedoms.

And these blasted dissidents are so confusing. If everything's as bad as they say it is, with such injustice and tyranny, why are they still alive?—some of them aren't even in jail! So there must be some freedom and some rights. Or is it all a cunning plot by the Soviet authorities? Or maybe the CIA? Anyway, how many dissidents are there? That last protest petition had only ten signatures on it. What a laugh in a country of 250 million! If everybody is really having such a lousy time of it, why are there no uprisings, mass protests, demonstrations, or strikes! The mass terror is over, isn't

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it? Well, they jail about ten to fifteen people a year—it's not like Chile or South Korea.

It is hard to understand this country from outside, but is it any easier from within? Is it any easier for the Russians themselves (the West calls us all "Russians," from Moldavians to Eskimos) to grasp and appreciate what is going on?

II

And so he has just been born, this new type of man, this future Soviet man; who is he? To begin with, there is no way in which he can be considered a dissident: he demands no special freedoms, reads no forbidden books, doesn't protest against his date and place of birth. He doesn't yet know, of course, how much he is already in debt to the Soviet state and his beloved party. He wouldn't be lying there so peacefully in his carriage and sucking on his pacifier were it not for the party's tireless efforts on his behalf. But it won't be long now before his debts are called in.

His parents, being terribly busy, will hand him over first to a day-care center and then to a nursery school, and if the first words he learns are Mamma and Papa, the next is bound to be Lenin. He will astonish his parents by coming home and reciting:

> November seventh, it is clear—
> The reddest day in all the year.
> Through the window look ahead.
> Everything outside is red!

After that, in school, his horizons are broadened. Gradually he finds out that God doesn't exist and never did, that mankind's entire history consists of a journey from darkness to light, from injustice and oppression to freedom and socialism. That men have dreamed throughout the ages of living in a country such as the Soviet Union and that is why they have rebelled, laid down their lives, and endured tortures and suffering for thousands of years. That all the great men of the past were striving for exactly the sort of society we have at last built—even when they didn't realize it. Who was Leo Tolstoy, for instance? The mirror of the Russian revolution. And now the world is divided in half: on one side stand the forces of light, happiness, and progress; on the other, reaction capitalism, and imperialism—their one dream is to destroy our happiness and enslave us as they have enslaved the people of their own countries. In order to prevent this happening, you have to study diligently and later be inspired in the way you work.

The further you go—first at school, then at college, then in the army, and then at work—the more detailed and precise are the ways in which these concepts are instilled into you. Explicitly in the teaching of the history of the USSR and the Communist party, political economics, scientific Communism, scientific atheism, the foundations of Marxism-Leninism, dialectical materialism, historical materialism, and so on and so forth. Implicitly and almost in a whisper, like hypnosis, in films and books, in paintings and sculpture, in radio and television, in newspapers and lectures, in textbooks on mathematics, physics, logic, and foreign languages, in posters and placards, and even in works translated from foreign languages.

Or take the news they offer you in the press or in a newsreel. A new holiday resort is being opened in Bulgaria; a typhoon hits Japan; workers in the Urals have surpassed their targets; thousands of workers on strike in France; a rich harvest is being gathered in the Ukraine; statistics about car accidents in the U.S. are monstrous; a new residential district is completed in Tashkent; student demonstrations are being broken up in Italy. Abroad, one long procession of natural disasters, catastrophes, demonstrations, strikes, police truncheons, slums, and a constant decline in the standard of living; while here, new holiday resorts, factories, harvests, boundless fields, beaming smiles, new homes, and the growth of prosperity. *There* the black forces of reaction and imperialism are grinding the faces of the workers and threatening us with war; *here* the bright forces of progress and socialism are building a radiant future and battling for a stable peace. And the forces of peace, socialism, and progress are bound to prevail. There is nothing else *at all*—nothing against. Even when you are traveling by train and gazing absent-mindedly at the landscape speeding past, your eyes unconsciously scan—and your brain assimilates—the slogans spelled out in stones and broken bricks on either side of the track: "Peace to the World!" "Lenin Lives!" "Forward to the Victory of Communism!"

What should parents do? Try to explain to their children from the outset that they are being deceived? But that is dangerous—the children will tell their friends and the friends their parents or their teachers. And what advice are you to give your children? To speak up and say you disagree? Or to keep quiet, conceal your views, lie, and lead a double life? And will the children believe *you*, rather than what they are taught at school and by propaganda? Furthermore, this ideology not only exists in its pure form but is embedded in every subject in school: history, literature, botany, geography, etc., and the pupil has to be able to answer what is written in the textbooks. More often than not the parents simply wash their hands of the whole matter: "Oh well, to the devil with it, he'll understand when he grows up."

Sooner or later the moment of illumination comes for almost every inhabitant of the Soviet Union, and he does understand. There is a joke about this. The teacher at nursery school is giving the children a little talk. She

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hangs a map of the world on the wall and explains: "Look, children, here is America. The people there are very badly off. They have no money, therefore they never buy their children any candy or ice cream and never take them to the movies. And here, children, is the Soviet Union. Everybody here is happy and well-off, and people buy their children candy and ice cream every day and take them to the movies." Suddenly one of the little girls bursts into tears. "What's the matter, Tania, why are you crying?" "I want to go to the Soviet Union," sobs the little girl.

But that's only the first impulse, the first misunderstanding. Gradually it dawns on him that in real life not everything is as smooth as it's depicted in the newspapers. Except for the big shots, everybody lives from payday to payday. And for days beforehand people can barely make ends meet, so that they are always trying to borrow from one another. To buy clothes, or furniture, or a television set, you have to beat the system, go without, or work on the side. And then there are the constant shortages—no meat, butter has disappeared, the potato crop has failed. There are lines for everything—you no longer even notice, but just stand for hours.

Take the first time the roof in your apartment house springs a leak. This is a major catastrophe, because getting a roof repaired is practically impossible. Delegations of residents troop off to see the district council, the city council, their deputies to the Supreme Soviet; they write complaints, compose petitions; commissions come to inspect —they conduct an examination of the roof and confirm that it does indeed leak. But there is no money for repairs, they weren't foreseen in the plan. And so it goes on, sometimes for years. Meanwhile the residents muster their old washtubs, basins, and buckets, put them in the attic to collect the drips, and anxiously scan the sky each morning to see if it is going to rain.

All these details would accumulate, of course, and cloud Soviet man's happiness, his belief in the radiant future. But the gargantuan chorus of newspapers and magazines, films and radio programs, lectures and instructors, would be standing by, ready to explain everything to him: "Why rush to generalize, comrades? Yes, we do suffer from isolated shortcomings and temporary difficulties. The local authorities are still insufficiently careful in the way they work. We criticize them and try to set them straight. You mustn't forget that the path we are following is, so to speak, untraveled, we are the first to build a new type of society, there is no one to give advice, and occasionally we do indeed make mistakes. But look at how much we've achieved and how much has been done in comparison with 1913! Of course, in order to create the perfect society of the future we do have to steel ourselves sometimes to make certain sacrifices. If it's not always easy now, nevertheless our children will thank us for it. After all, no matter how many mistakes we make in individual cases, we are generally on the right track and our ideas are bright. Nor must you forget the capitalist encirclement, which is out to wreck us and will keep on trying. All they are waiting for is for us to weaken and start doubting our correctness. The enemy is not sleeping! And in order to win the struggle with him we must also make certain sacrifices," and so on and so forth, etc., etc.!

The years go by, nothing changes, and doubt begins to creep in: are we really building Communism? Maybe we haven't begun yet? After all, it's quite clear what was happening from 1917 to 1922—there was no Soviet power yet, it was civil war. Then up to 1930 we had the New Economic Policy (NEP), and everybody knows that that was a retreat. After that, up till 1953, we had the personality cult—again no Soviet power. Then, up to 1964, it turns out that Khrushchev got it all wrong, but luckily they caught on to him too and kicked him out. And so it emerges, apparently, that we didn't even begin to live properly until 1965. But who knows—maybe this one will be kicked out too, or after he's dead they'll tell us that he too got everything wrong.

This wavering state of uncertainty soon gives way to a conviction that all the propaganda is totally false. No matter how hard it is to get information, one is still not completely isolated. And it becomes apparent that in other districts and regions the situation is not a whit better—and in some cases is even worse—that other branches of the economy are also in a shambles, that the space program is a red herring, while the biggest factories and dams were built by convict labor for a crust of bread. The only thing that can't be explained away is that ballet—how come the ballet doesn't fall apart? But to hell with the ballet, we can't live by ballet.

More than that, it percolates through that not everything (in fact nothing) in the West is as it's painted to us. The unemployed, it turns out, get paid for not working! What a dream. Here they'd be sent to Siberia; in the West they're paid. Everybody has his own car, there is every sort of sausage and salami in the shops and no lines. Paradise! Fairyland! And bang goes the belief in a radiant future.

One day in the 1950's a friend of mine carried out an experiment. He was standing in line for milk in a shop. The queue was enormous, the salesgirls were working slowly and lackadaisically. People began to mutter, as they always do, that there wasn't going to be enough to go around and service was too slow. During a pause between these outbursts of popular discontent, my friend piped up and said in a loud, distinct voice: "This is absolutely disgraceful. We've been standing in line all morning, just like in America!" And he was en-

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gulfed by a wave of popular indignation: "What are you saying, citizen? Like in America! This could only happen here!" And for a long time afterward they looked at him with pity and scorn.

The further it goes, the worse it gets. It transpires, for instance, that while we are having our temporary difficulties, our bosses in the district and regional party committees and in the Kremlin have long ago built Communism for themselves. They divide up the caviar, salami, and imported goods among themselves in secret. They've built villas for themselves, with high fences and armed guards, so that nobody can see them gorging on their caviar. They don't give a tinker's damn for us, whether we live or die.

THIS represents the longest possible path of reflection, and of progress toward insight, covered by a man in the very best situation in society. For most of us it is much shorter and quicker. Sooner or later a man encounters such a glaring injustice or falsehood that he can no longer remain silent. Almost anything can set it off, so long as it brings him into direct conflict with the regime. It is particularly useful when a workingman has dealings with the workers' and peasants' regime in the capacity of a supplicant or protester.

At first the workingman starts to try to get at the truth, searches high and low, writes complaints and petitions, goes for interviews, and gets answers that are progressively more insolent—or no answers at all. "How can this be, in my workers' and peasants' state?" he fumes. "Let's try *Pravda*, let's try the Central Committee!" And again nothing. And at interviews, if he gets them, he is confronted by a blockhead in specs who simply smacks his lips—and again nothing. That does it for our workingman! He goes into a fury of writing: to the Committee of Soviet Women, to the Society for the Protection of Animals, to the spacemen, and even to the UN. As things proceed he gets wilder and wilder. And he ends up by writing things about the Soviet regime that make him amazed at his own thoughts.

Generally speaking, all complaints converge in the office of that bespectacled blockhead of whose callousness you are complaining. And you get the most soothing reply back again—we sympathize, we understand, but unfortunately we cannot help. The workingman brightens up. It is astounding how quickly he recalls everything he was taught in school, the entire history of the Soviet Union, all its literature and geography, all the propaganda that since childhood has been haranguing him about individual shortcomings and temporary difficulties, about the radiant future and capitalist encirclement; and even all that stuff about the mirror of the Russian revolution and the verses he learned about Lenin in his nursery school.

And the propaganda blares merrily on, as though nothing were wrong—about that typhoon in Japan, that strike in England, that radiance in the distance, and the forces of peace and progress. And so on, day and night, night and day, from all sides—until suddenly our workingman goes berserk. People all around him, millions of people, are meeting the targets, accepting new labor tasks, repaying the party's solicitude with increased productivity—and *they don't know a thing*. The moment they find out, the moment I explain it to them they will stop, everything will change, and the whole situation will be different. Hey, people, stop! Give me the microphones. Let me get at the microphones! *This is Moscow calling—and all the radio stations of the Soviet Union!*

But why only Moscow? The whole world, the whole planet should know!

While he is in this state, our workingman performs certain standard actions. He attempts to make a speech at a meeting exposing the whole situation, or to distribute leaflets, or, with the help of foreigners, to send a message to the UN or the American President. Or at the very least he airs his opinions frankly among a wide circle of acquaintances. He experiences an extraordinary sense of freedom and omnipotence. Simple human words now appear to him as mighty weapons capable of moving mountains and damming rivers. But at the same time our workingman notices that no one is very eager to listen to his words. On the contrary, he finds himself in a sort of vacuum, or rather he feels stifled. At meetings he is not allowed to speak, friends avert their eyes or try to make a joke of it, then hastily remember some urgent business. His wife is in tears all day and scolds him for being a selfish egotist who is ruining her life. And suddenly his mother-in-law, whom he hasn't heard of or seen for five years or more, materializes from Kaluga to persuade her daughter to return home with her.

AT WORK one day, just before lunchtime, he gets an urgent message to go to the personnel office. There, a polite but firm gentleman of about forty, neatly combed, wearing a well-cut gray suit, going by the name of Nikolai Ivanovich, Vladimir Fyodorovich, or at the outside Sergei Petrovich, invites our workingman to take a short trip with him to his office not far away. No, no, he doesn't need to take anything with him, no, there's no need to phone the wife and there's no point in calling home either—it won't take long. After that Nikolai Ivanovich, Vladimir Fyodorovich, or at the least Pyotr Sergeyevich escorts him to his car and they ride in it together, indeed not for long. They climb the stairs of an absolutely normal block of apartments and enter a door, which opens into a corridor with lots of other doors. One of them leads into an office where a man is sitting behind a desk, graying and wearing a gray suit, a man whose name is

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Nikolai Petrovich, Sergei Ivanovich, or at worst Vladimir Fyodorovich.

"Take a seat," he says to him politely. "How's work?" Beyond the window it's high summer or, on the contrary, a bright, frosty morning, or maybe ripe, rosy autumn. How nice it would be to go for a walk now in the woods—somewhere far, far off, remote from civilization.

The workingman begins to expound his new discoveries, still with vigor but without his former ardor. He tries to work himself up into a lather, but somehow he no longer has that sense of world tragedy, the seething passion, and the urge to get at the microphones. His turns of phrase and conclusions seem automatically to become softened and toned down, and evasive formulations and deprecating epithets leap to his lips. Meanwhile Vladimir Nikolayevich, Sergei Petrovich, or maybe Ivan Ivanovich listens in silence, like a father, shaking his head from time to time and jotting notes in his notebook. Then, waiting for a pause in the disjointed narrative, he says:

"And who else did you tell this to? Aha. And who else was present? Yes-yes. And who else saw your letter to the UN? And you were thinking of fleeing abroad? Yes-yes-yes, I see. Do you know what you've done? Your country nursed you, sparing no effort, raised you, educated you, refused you nothing. And you? And at a time when our enemies are frantically searching for ways to injure us! And what would have happened if you'd gone abroad? You'd have been interrogated by counterintelligence: where did you work, where did you serve in the army, what was the number of your unit, what weapons? . . ."

At the mention of this proposition the workingman breaks into a cold sweat—no, no, not that! At this point, Vladimir Ivanovich, Nikolai Petrovich, or Sergei Mikhailovich takes a bulky file from his desk and opens it, and to his horror, the workingman catches sight of all his complaints, declarations, and protests, including his letter to the UN, lying there with blue-penciled comments in the margins.

Lord in heaven, a man doesn't need much in this life. All right, so there's no meat, but you can still buy potatoes—or anyway fermented milk. All right, so the roof's leaking—put a bucket under it, what's the problem? All right, some things are not quite as they should be, or maybe even wrong, but you can't set the world to rights in a day, can you? Bad pay? Well, at least you can work extra in the evenings or something. And as for the bullshit, well, it's the same everywhere, isn't it?—always bullshit. Always was and always will be. It's not my fault, and there's nothing I can do to change it.

The telephone rings and Vladimir Nikolayevich or God-knows-who picks up the receiver: "Yes?" And suddenly he straightens up in his chair and sits at attention: "Yes, Comrade General. Yes, he's here. We were just having a little chat. No, not for the time being, Comrade General. No, I don't think it's necessary. You know how it is, a man's work starts to get him down a bit, of course. Yes. At your service, sir. Yes, sir!

"All right, now then, sign here and here. And over here. You may go . . . home. If we need you again we'll phone. Good-by." And if our workingman hasn't actually been up to much, he won't be arrested, oh no. If they were to jail everyone like him they'd have to collar half the country, and that's no longer necessary. It's enough to arrest one out of every ten thousand of those who have seen the light—the most uppity ones—to frighten all the others. It's not like the old days. Then you only had to open your mouth to find yourself on a prison transport. Times have changed. Nobody insists that you like this regime or even believe in it—it's enough for you to fear it, submit to it, meet your production targets, raise your hand at meetings, unanimously approve, and wrathfully condemn.

Our workingman scampers through the spring, autumn, or winter streets as fast as his legs can carry him—home to his wife and his Kaluga mother-in-law. A heavy door has opened a crack in front of him, he has caught a whiff of cryptlike dankness, putrefaction, and despair, but, thank God, he has got away. A week or two later all the men at his place of work are called to a general meeting, speeches are made by the party organizer, the Komsomol organizer, and a representative of the local party committee. They wrathfully condemn him and hold him up to shame, and the elderly foreman, Petrovich, declares that in his opinion there is no room for such people in their collective. Then our workingman speaks up himself, expressing repentance and promising to reform. Somewhere on the outer fringes of the meeting, unnoticed, sits Nikolai Ivanovich, Petrovich, or Sergeyevich. No, no, he doesn't want to sit on the platform, nor is he planning to speak. He just wants to sit in and listen to the comrades' speeches. Just before the meeting ends, the workers' collective resolves to take responsibility for its prodigal son and votes to reform him collectively. Some time later that evening, in the pub, the elderly foreman, Petrovich, who has been loudest of all in his denunciations earlier that day, says confidentially to our workingman over a mug of beer: "That's the way it is, me old mate: no man can flay a stone."

Take a good look, my friend, look closely into the eyes of your workmates, look at the crowds of people thronging the streets, going to the movies, at football matches, or even in the Palace of Congresses, and you will see that almost all of them know all about flaying a stone. So what could you have told them? Every one of them has experienced, or is destined to experience, the spasms of

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this revelation. And every one of them writhes for a while and then calms down; there is no way you can jolt them out of their lethargy again. What can you tell them in a skimpy leaflet, or even via all the radio stations of the Soviet Union? They know, my friend. They remember those evil times when the prison vans used to cruise the streets every night collecting their human tribute. And they remember the war. Just think of the colossal force that crashed into us then, but not even that could flay a stone. They keep quiet because they know, not because they don't know. Can you blame them?

ONCE when I joined a geological expedition in Siberia, at one of our camp sites, I caught three ants and put them into a mug —I wanted to see to what degree ants were better than people. Naturally they tried to climb out, but I shook them down to the bottom again. They tried again, and again I shook them down. Overall they made about 180 attempts to climb out of the mug and every time, of course, were unsuccessful. They they gave up, crawled toward one another, and settled in a circle. I watched them for a long time, but they made no more attempts to get away. The mug with the three ants in it stood there in the grass for almost three days. Several times it drizzled, the sun set and rose, but they simply stayed there in the mug, twitching their whiskers—probably telling one another jokes.

What else could they do? They had grasped the situation; they needed nothing more. They would have been happy to narrow their world to the confines of family and home, to live for their quiet antlike joys, to bask in the sun on warm spring days and have a drink together. And to savor the moment while it was still sunny, while it was still so cozy sitting there over their drinks in the alehouse, while every minute consisted of sixty blissful seconds, each of which could be stretched still further by the booze.

But a man can't be left alone, can't be allowed to live inside his own little world. He is pursued everywhere by propaganda, by that ubiquitous bawling that drowns out the spring chirping of the birds. Like a mountain echo, this voice bears down on us from all sides, spawning a strange creation that travels from person to person—the joke. And as he drinks away in his cozy nook, it isn't sufficient for Soviet man simply to relish the moment. The things he has been holding back all day are bursting to come out. Peering over his shoulder is that ever-present companion, the joke. And nibbling on a morsel of processed cheese he says: "What's the best way to have plenty of everything? Plug your refrigerator into the radio network—it will always be full."

Because, whether he wishes it or not, inside himself Soviet man is engaged in a permanent dialogue with Soviet propaganda.

LOOK at them, those Soviet people, streaming silently down the underground passages of the subway or along the main streets, past the newspaper stands, where they just pick out the headlines and gnash their teeth. Everyone is silent, each conducting his inner dialogue. And in the course of a lifetime he builds up such a store of rage that the whole world turns black for him.

An intelligent looking little old man wanders down the Arbat and into the Prague to do some shopping, a quiet, subdued little man bothering nobody. "Aha," he says to himself, "the sun's shining, the bloody sun's grinning its head off again. They'll be calling that a socialist achievement next." He hates the sight of that sky, that Soviet sky. Even the green leaves look as if they've come off a May Day poster. There's a fresh newspaper pinned to the wall—what claptrap are they blathering now? He knows it's claptrap and it sickens him to read it, but still he stops and scans it, if only to feed his rage. "Aha, the harvest! Unprecedented, as usual, in record time, as usual. So we'll be importing grain from Canada again. Students helping on the collective farms. Oh yes, the usual thing: collective farmers, help the students to fill the nation's granaries! A strike in France. Go on, strike away, you'll strike once too often one of these days. Student demonstrations dispersed. Send them here to help with the potato picking, they'll soon forget about demonstrating." Comrade Pinochet is the only one to warm the cockles of his heart: "Are our dear chaps squawking now you've put the squeeze on those Communists of yours? Squeeze away, my friend, you're our only hope. Should do the same everywhere." No, Soviet man is so created that he can't possibly walk away from this stuff and shut himself away—like an addict he needs to feed his rage with this poison.

This same old man worked for that newspaper all his life, until he retired, and all his life wrote about those fantastic harvests. Or perhaps didn't write about them, but was a compositor or a printer, a factory foreman or a schoolteacher. And why not? If it isn't a crime to manufacture barbed wire, why is it to be a prison guard? One way or another, everyone is implicated in the crimes of the regime, everyone works for government enterprises, reinforcing the system and creating its wealth. Everyone raises his hand at meetings, votes at elections, and, most important of all, does not protest. Whatever you do is proclaimed to be the achievement of the system. A scientific discovery, a new symphony, a medal in the Olympic games—everything is a new victory for socialism and proof of its progressiveness. So why is it all right to make discoveries, write music, play hockey, and beat production targets, but not to make Soviet propaganda?

Why is it wrong to be a member of the party or the Komsomol? They do nothing special there,

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and nothing is required of the average member other than to pay his dues. Beyond that nobody asks you for your opinion—what difference does it make whether they send you to work for the police or the KGB? If I don't do it, someone else will. Work's the same everywhere—carrying out orders. After all, everybody in our country is a functionary, everybody works for the government. And the people *there* are no worse than anyone else; it's their job, that's all. As for the ones at the top who give the orders, they are just functionaries too, slaves of the system, of the internal struggle for power. If a sort of Nuremberg trial were held in Moscow today, the judges and prosecutors would find no one guilty. From top to bottom, no one believes in Marxist dogma any more, even though they continue to measure their actions by it, refer to it, and use it as a stick to beat one another with: it is both a proof of loyalty and a meal ticket.

BUT how can this mysterious being reconcile all these things? Thinking one thing, saying another, and doing a third? Jokes alone are not enough to explain it, and even the ants need elaborate theories to justify their submission:

No man can flay a stone.

What can I do alone? (If everyone acted, so would I.)

If I didn't, someone else would. (And better me because I'll do less harm.)

You must make compromises, concessions, and sacrifices for the sake of the main cause. (Thus the Church holds that it must make concessions for the sake of self-preservation, yet there is no end to these concessions, so that priests are now nominated by the KGB, and Soviet power is celebrated from the pulpit. Thus the writer, eager to publish the work his readers are waiting for, agrees to cross out a line here, add a paragraph there, change the ending, remove one of the characters, revise the title, and hey, presto, the whole point of the work has gone. Nevertheless, boasts the writer, on page so-and-so there is an innuendo and the villain says almost *everything*—though it's true that he's later reformed and says quite the opposite.)

We must live for Russia, the Communists will one day disappear by themselves. (This argument is a favorite with scientists and the military.)

We must live for posterity, create the eternal values of science and culture; a trivial preoccupation with protests merely distracts us from the main thing.

Never ever protest openly; that is a provocation which merely enrages the authorities and brings suffering on the innocent.

Open protests play into the hands of the hardliners in the Politburo and prevent the doves from carrying out a liberalization.

Open protests hinder liberalization, which can only succeed by means of power politics and secret diplomacy.

To protest about details is merely to expose oneself. The thing to do is to lie low. Then, when the decisive moment comes, okay. But in the meantime, we'll disguise ourselves.

Yes, but not now, this is the worst possible time: my wife's pregnant, my children are ill, I have to defend my thesis first, my son's about to go to the university . . . (and so on till the end of a lifetime).

The worse things get, the better. We must deliberately take all the system's idiocies to their logical and ridiculous conclusion, until the people's patience runs out and they understand what is happening.

Russia is a land of slaves. The Russians have never had democracy and never will. They don't have the aptitude for it, it's no use trying. There's no other way for our people.

The people are silent. What gives a handful of malcontents the right to speak out—whom do they represent, whose opinion are they expressing?

I have even heard the following argument:

Your protests are misleading world public opinion; people in the West will think that we are allowed to speak openly here and change things. Therefore you are helping Soviet propaganda.

You have to get on quietly with your career, get to the top, and try to change things from there; you won't achieve anything from the bottom.

You have to gain the trust of the leaders' advisers and teach and educate them on the quiet, there's no other way of influencing the government's course.

You protest; I'll stay out of it. Someone has to survive to bear witness. (I heard this in the labor camp just before a hunger strike.)

If only there were a new theory to replace Marxism and carry people away; you can't build anything on sheer negation.

Communism has been visited upon Russia in retribution for her sins; to resist God's retribution is equally sinful.

AND so everyone, from members of the Politburo, academicians, and writers down to collective-farm laborers and factory workers, manages to find a justification. Moreover, most people sincerely believe that these are their true feelings. Very few realize that they are pretexts and excuses. And hardly anybody will admit openly and honestly that he is simply afraid of reprisals. Only one person in my entire life has said that he actually likes living in a Communist state—because it allows him to earn a good salary by publishing all sorts of demagogic rubbish in the newspapers. "In a normal country," he said, "they wouldn't let me within a mile of the press! What would I be doing? Manual labor."

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In point of fact, only the so-called true Orthodox believers—the sect that has cut itself off from the Russian Church and does not recognize the Soviet state, considering it the work of the devil—are not supporting this tyrannical system. But there are very few of them, and they are all in jail because they refuse to work for the state. They don't read newspapers, don't listen to the radio, don't touch official documents, and in the presence of all functionaries, including investigators, they make the sign of the cross—out of my sight, Beelzebub! When released from jail they live off what they can earn from private individuals.

And maybe the tramps living off handouts can be said to exist outside the Soviet system (although in the camps they have to work). All the rest, whether they wish it or not, are building Communism. The state doesn't give a tinker's damn what theories they use to justify their participation, or what they think or feel. So long as they don't resist, protest, or publicly disagree, they suit the Soviet state. Nobody says they have to like it, everything is quite simple and cynical. Do you want a new apartment? Make a speech at the meeting. Do you want to earn an extra twenty or thirty rubles, or get a responsible job? Join the party. Do you want to keep your privileges and avoid unpleasantness? Vote at meetings, keep your nose to the grindstone and your mouth shut. Everyone does it. Who wants to spit into the wind? These are the foundations that allow this state to hound its people from prison to prison, to hold everyone in a state of terror, enslave other nations, and threaten the entire world.

As for me, I despised Soviet man—not the one depicted on the posters or in Soviet literature, but the one who existed in reality, who had neither honor nor pride, nor a sense of personal responsibility, who was capable of tackling a bear alone with a pitchfork but who shrank away and broke into a cold sweat at the sight of a policeman; who would betray and sell his own father to avoid the boss thumping his fist on the desk at him. The tragedy was that he existed inside every one of us, and until we could overcome this Soviet man within, nothing in our life would change.

III

The dream of absolute, universal equality is amazing, terrifying, and inhuman. And the moment it captures people's minds, the result is mountains of corpses and rivers of blood, accompanied by attempts to straighten the stooped and shorten the tall. I remember that one part of the psychiatric examination to which I was subjected as a prisoner was a test for idiocy. The patient was given the following problem to solve: "Imagine a train crash. It is well known that the part of the train that suffers the most damage in such crashes is the carriage at the rear. How can you prevent that damage from taking place?" The idiot's usual reply is expected to be: uncouple the last carriage. That strikes us as amusing, but just think, are the theory and practice of socialism much better?

Society, say the socialists, contains both the rich and the poor. The rich are getting richer and the poor poorer—what is to be done? Uncouple the last carriage, liquidate the rich, take away their wealth and distribute it among the poor. And they start to uncouple the carriages. But there is always richer and poorer, for society is like a magnet: there are always two poles. But does this discourage a true socialist? The main thing is to realize his dream; so the richest section of society is liquidated first; and everyone rejoices because everyone gains from the share-out. But the spoils are soon spent, and people start to notice inequality again—again there are rich and poor. So they uncouple the next carriage, and then the next, without end, because absolute equality has still not been achieved. Before you know it, the peasant with two cows and a horse turns out to be in the last carriage and is pronounced a kulak and deported. Is it really surprising that whenever you get striving for equality and fraternity, the guillotine appears on the scene?

It is all so easy, so simple, and so tempting—to confiscate and divide! To make everybody equal, and with one fell swoop to resolve all problems. It is so alluring—to escape from poverty and crime, grief and suffering, once and for all. All you have to do is want it, all you have to do is reform the people who are hindering universal happiness and there will be paradise on earth, absolute justice, and good will to all men! It is difficult for man to resist this dream and this noble impulse, particularly for men who are impetuous and sincere. They are the first to start chopping heads off and, eventually, to have their own chopped off. They are the first to put their head on the block or go to prison. Such a system is too convenient for scoundrels and demagogues, and they are the ones, in the final analysis, who will decide what is good and what evil.

You have to learn to respect the right of even the most insignificant and repulsive individual to live the way he chooses. You have to renounce once and for all the criminal belief that you can reeducate everyone in your own image. You have to understand that without the use of force it is realistic to create a theoretical equality of opportunity, but not equality of results. People attain absolute equality only in the graveyard, and if you want to turn your country into a gigantic graveyard, go ahead, join the socialists. But man is so constituted that others' experiences and explanations don't convince him, he has to try things out himself. We Russians now watch events unfolding in Cambodia and Vietnam with increasing horror, and listen sadly to all the chatter

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about Eurocommunism and socialism with a human face. Why is it that nobody speaks of fascism with a human face?

OVER the years we were often astounded by the idiotic stubborness of our authorities and their reluctance to look at the obvious facts, all of which did them catastrophic harm. This self-destructive obstinacy may strike us as incomprehensible, but that is because we forget that a regime of terror cannot behave otherwise. Where it differs from a democratic regime is precisely in not being responsive to public opinion. In such a state, the individual cannot have any rights—the least inalienable right possessed by a single individual instantly deprives the regime of a morsel of power. Every individual from childhood on must absorb the axiomatic fact that never in any circumstances or by any means will he be able to influence the regime one jot. No decisions can be made other than on initiatives from above. The regime is immovable, infallible, and intransigent, and the entire world is left with no choice but to accommodate itself to this fact. You may humbly beg its indulgence, but never demand your due. It doesn't require conscious citizens demanding legality, it requires slaves. In just the same way, it doesn't require partners, it requires satellites. Like a paranoiac, obsessed by a fantastic idea, it cannot and will not recognize reality—it tries to realize its delirium and to enforce its criteria on everybody else. We shall never be rid of this terror, never acquire freedom and security, until we refuse categorically to recognize this paranoid version of reality and oppose to it our own reality and our own values.

Thousands of books have been written in the West and hundreds of different doctrines created by the most prominent politicians to find a compromise with this kind of regime. They are all evading the only correct solution—moral opposition. The pampered Western democracies have forgotten their past and their essence, namely, that democracy is not a comfortable house, a handsome car, or an unemployment benefit, but above all the ability and the desire to stand up for one's rights. Neither atom bombs nor bloody dictatorships, nor theories of "containment" or "convergence" will save the democracies. We who were born and have grown up in an atmosphere of terror know of only one remedy—the position of a citizen.

There is a qualitative distinction between the behavior of an individual and that of the human crowd in an extreme situation. A people, nation, class, party, or simply crowd cannot go beyond a certain limit in a crisis: the instinct of self-preservation proves too strong. They can sacrifice a part in the hope of saving the rest, they can break up into smaller groups and seek salvation that way. But this is their downfall.

To be alone is an enormous responsibility. With his back to the wall a man understands: "I am the people, I am the nation, I am the party, I am the class, and there is nothing else at all." He cannot sacrifice a part of himself, cannot split himself up or divide into parts and still live. There is nowhere for him to retreat to, and the instinct of self-preservation drives him to extremes—he prefers physical death to a spiritual one.

And an astonishing thing happens. In fighting to preserve his integrity, he is simultaneously fighting for his people, his class, or his party. It is such individuals who win the right for their communities to live—even, perhaps, if they are not thinking of it at the time.

"Why should I do it?" asks each man in the crowd. "I can do nothing alone."

And they are all lost.

"If I don't do it, who will?" asks the man with his back to the wall.

And everyone is saved.

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Judaism & Harold Bloom

Cynthia Ozick

Over the last several years, little by little, progressively though gradually, it has come to me that the phrase "Jewish writer" may be what rhetoricians call an "oxymoron"—a pointed contradiction, in which one arm of the phrase clashes so profoundly with the other as to annihilate it. To say "Jewish writer," or "Jewish poet," or "Jewish artist" is—so it has begun to seem to me—to retell the tale of the Calico Cat and the Gingham Dog; when they have finished chewing each other over, there is nothing left.

Encountering the work of Harold Bloom tends to reinforce these still-shadowy views. Bloom, a professor at Yale (who in his own person is, in fact, the entire department of humanities), is a singular figure. Bred like the rest of his graduate-school generation on the New Criticism, he increasingly represents its antithesis—but no, not its antithesis after all, because a thesis can imagine its opposite, and Bloom is not so much opposite as other. Bloom represents instead a frame of mind and of reference, and a source of fantasying power, that the New Criticism could by no stretch of its position or fancy arrive at. At the age of forty-nine, he is already outside the recognizable categories of American historical, psychological,* or textual literary criticism. The New Criticism, though it is by now more than thirty years since it *was* new, remains the model of literary text-analysis. Even when "psychology"—i.e., the writer's biography—is permitted once again to surround *explication de texte*, the habit of belief in the power of the text to mean its own meaning, which the student must pry out through word-by-word scrutiny, persists.

The New Critical formulation of how to read a page of literature was carried out against a background of 19th-century impressionistic "appreciation," which included not only the words of the poem, but speculations about the "mood" of the poet, with appropriate allusions to the poet's life, and often enough an account of the state of mind or spirit of the reader while under the mood-influence of the poem. The New Criticism, puritan and stringent, aimed to throw out everything that was extravagant or extraneous, everything smacking of "sensibility" or susceptibility, every derivation from biographical or psychological allegation. The idea was to look at the poem itself, rather than to generate metaphors about the poem.

The ideal of "the poem itself" has been with us for so long now, and is so bracing, that it is difficult to dislodge. Nevertheless, it is true that biography and psychology have begun to seep back into academic readings of texts, and some belletrists—one thinks immediately of William Gass—have even dared to revive the subjective style of impressionism, wherein the criticism of the text vies as a literary display with the text itself, and on a competitive level of virtuosity, even of "beauty."

The vice of the New Criticism was its pretense that the poem was a finished, sealed unit, as if nothing outside of the text could ever have mattered in the making of the poem; and further, it regarded the poem as a presence not simply to be experienced in the reading, but as an oracle to be studied and interpreted: the poem's real end was hermeneutic, its ideal state hermetic. The virtue of the New Criticism was a consequence of its vice—not only did it deny the opportunity, at least in theory, for displays of rivalrous writing ("beautiful" essays about "beautiful" poems), but in keeping out too much of the world, it also perforce kept out what was largely irrelevant to the poem and might, like a bumptious lodger with too much baggage, wreck the poem's furniture.

Into this devotedly swept and sanctified arena strode Bloom. Lacking verbal fancifulness, he was plainly no kin to the Gass school (a contemporary school of one or two, perhaps, but larger if one includes an army of literary ancestors, Virginia Woolf among them). He had little in common with the Trilling school of meticulous social understanding. He was overwhelmingly dissimilar from the early pure New Critics with their strict self-denials. He was not like any of these, yet somehow suggestive of each of them, and again light-years beyond the imaginings of all of them. Like Trilling and his students, Bloom made connec-

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* An instance of Bloom's use of psychology: "I do not think that the psyche is a text, but I find it illuminating to discuss texts as though they were psyches, and in doing so I consciously follow the Kabbalists."

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tions well out of the provincial text itself; like the New Critics, he paid fanatic homage to the real presence of palpable stanzas, lines, and phrases; like the most subjective and susceptible of poet-readers, he conceived of poetry-reading as a kind of poetry-writing, or rewriting. And still he resembled no one and nothing that had come before, because, though he stuck to *explication de texte* in the old way, he made connections outside of the text in a new way—and, besides, he raised the subjectivist mode of vying with the original to a higher pitch than ever before, while draining it of all self-indulgence. Meanwhile, the connections beyond "the poem itself" that he found were neither social nor psychobiographical; they were entirely new to American literary criticism; they were, in fact, theological.

The theology Bloom chose was obsessive, syncretic, but not at all random—Jewish Gnosticism (i.e., Kabbalah, or what Robert Alter has called "linguistic mysticism") strained through Freud, Nietzsche, Vico, and, of course, Gershom Scholem, whom Bloom sees as "a Miltonic figure." This theology-of-text became for Bloom a continuing invention through four books of prophetic evolution: *The Anxiety of Influence*; *A Map of Misreading*; *Kabbalah and Criticism*; and *Poetry and Repression: Revisionism from Blake to Stevens*—volumes which reinforce one another even as they enlarge, through fresh illustrations, allusions, paradoxes, and widening sources, the arena of the Bloomian stride.

In a brief passage remarkable not only for its renewing the issue of Hellenism-versus-Hebraism as the central quarrel of the West, but also for its implicit claim that paganism—i.e., anti-Judaism—is the ultimate ground for the making of poetry, Bloom writes: "Vico understood, as almost no one has since, that the link between poetry and pagan theology was as close as the war between poetry and Hebrew-Christian theology was perpetual." And again: "Vico says that 'the true God' founded the Jewish religion 'on the prohibition of the divination on which all the Gentile nations arose' "—this after Bloom has already made it plain that he agrees with Vico in equating the earliest poetry-makers with pagan diviners.

Now the New Criticism, while keeping clear of theology proper, had always had a soft spot for the Gentile sacral, and was never known for philo-Judaism (given its heroes and seers, Pound and Eliot), so in itself this equation of the origins of poetry with anti-Judaism would not have been enough to shake the academy. It was not simply in their seeking out a theological connection that Bloom's four volumes, each coming with astonishing speed on the heels of the one before, outraged one department of English after another, including his own at Yale. The real shock of Bloom was that he overturned what the academy had taken for granted for a good number of graduate-school generations: that if you analyze a poem closely enough, and with enough dogged attention to the inherent world of accessible allusion locked into every phrase, you will at length find out what the poem truly means. This New Critical premise had so much become received doctrine that it had, by now, entirely escaped questioning, and for the most recent graduate students it was there in a nameless way, like air or money: a medium urged and used without contemplation, presumed to be both natural and permanent.

Bloom, then, came on this scene of unalterable precedent as a shatterer,* to show that the very critical medium that had seemed to work so well, both for the assimilation of literature and for exchanging its terms, was incomplete and beside the point. "Few notions," Bloom observed,

> are more difficult to dispel than the "commonsensical" one that a poetic text is self-contained, that it has an ascertainable meaning or meanings without reference to other poetic texts. Something in nearly every reader wants to say: *"Here* is a poem and *there* is a meaning, and I am reasonably certain that the two can be brought together." Unfortunately, poems are not things but only words that refer to other words, and *those* words refer to still other words, and so on, into the deeply populated world of literary language. Any poem is an inter-poem, and any reading of a poem is an inter-reading. A poem is not writing, but *rewriting*, and though a strong poem is a fresh start, such a start is a starting-again.

"Such a start is a starting-again." This idea, original when applied to literature, is brilliantly borrowed from the history of religion. The "strong" poet is like Paul, or Mohammed, or the Buddha; as visionaries, these were all revisers, not innovators. All the varieties of Christianity and Islam are inconceivable without the God of the Jews, and all the varieties of Buddhism are inconceivable without their Hindu base of Atman and Brahma. Kabbalah, in turn, revises Scripture by making it up again through the expansion of its language. For Bloom, analogously, Milton becomes a kind of Moses, Wordsworth perhaps a Joshua, and Blake (in whom Bloom reads Milton) an Isaiah, or even the Psalmist. Bloom is interested in both Genesis, the Beginning, and in Beginning Again, to which Genesis is indispensable. He divides poets into "precursors" and "ephebes," or revisers; and he defines revision as purposeful misinterpretation, or "misprision." The

* Bloom, though the most provocative, is not the only successor-rebel in reaction against the New Critics. I here propose to leave the cupboard bare of the others, but for a discussion of Bloom in conjunction with Northrop Frye, Paul de Man, Stanley E. Fish, Geoffrey Hartman, J. Hillis Miller, Angus Fletcher, and—among influential foreigners—Jacques Derrida and Roland Barthes, see "Revisionist Literary Criticism," by Irene H. Chayes, COMMENTARY, April 1976.

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"strong" poet, in Bloom's view, makes use of his precursor, and the "tropes" or telltale traces of the precursor can be detected in the latecomer-poet. Further, the underlying problem of poetry-making, according to Bloom, is that Milton and Wordsworth, Emerson and Whitman, have already appeared and played their notes of grandeur; and the grandeur remains. Any poet born afterward is born into Miltonic and Emersonian shadows and illuminations; any poet born afterward is born into the condition of "belatedness," which he fights by wresting not the flame of the precursor, which cannot be taken, but the power to remake the flame. Invention is replaced by interpretation:

> The meaning of a poem can only be another poem.
>
> Every strong poem, at least since Petrarch, has known implicitly what Nietzsche taught us to know explicitly: that there is only interpretation, and that every interpretation answers an earlier interpretation, and then must yield to a later one.
>
> Poets' misinterpretations of poems are more drastic than critics' misinterpretations of criticism, but this is only a difference in degree and not at all in kind. There are no interpretations but only misinterpretations, and so all criticism is prose poetry.

In Bloom's scheme, interpretation is a process nearly analogous to a process in physics; to describe and summarize it, Bloom has developed a kind of physics of rhetoric, a terminology concisely and meticulously calculated to account for each stage in the conduct of "belatedness."

> We are studying a kind of labor that has its own latent principles, principles that can be uncovered and taught systematically.

Poems are, Bloom says, "*acts of reading*" (the emphasis is Bloom's own), and the description of how a poem comes into being out of its reading of an earlier poem, i.e., out of its own "swerving" from the influence of a powerful precursor-poem, Bloom names a "dialectic of revisionism." It would be unfair to try to paraphrase or condense Bloom's exposition of his "principles"; each of his four theoretical books is, in his own sense, a retelling or reinterpretation or revision of his starting insight, and each of the later three is a starting-again, a reinvigoration of the earliest. *Kabbalah and Criticism,* for instance, restates Bloom's concern in still another dress, this time the dress of Cordovero and Luria.

The ingenuity of the restatements themselves testifies to Bloom's artistic intelligence, his supernal—even infernal—erudition, his architectural powers, both massive and rococo, his quick appetite for telling and then telling again in fresh garb. The tapestry is always changing, the critical fabrication is always new; but the obsessive narrative of the Bloomian drama beats unflaggingly below—the drama of giants who once walked the earth, and turned "originality" into an acrobatic labor for those who came after. Through misreadings, evasions, defenses, repressions, all the canny devices of "misprision" under the pressure of "influence," the strong newcomer at last converts the materials of the precursor into substitute, sometimes antithetical, matter. It is a story of purgation and renewal. Above all, it is a story of a contest for power, in which the competitors struggle for the possession of context; in which context *is* contest. And finally, it is a mode of Gnosticism, wherein, through the toil of attaining knowledge of the Sublime Maker, the searcher himself *becomes* the Maker.

Through all of this, Bloom has invented, and continues to invent, a vocabulary of concision, which he begins now to call a "shorthand." Here, for instance, is his "mapping" of "the pattern of ratios" in Whitman's *Song of Myself*:

Sections:	1-6	*Clinamen,* irony of presence and absence
	7-27	*Tessera,* synecdoche of part for whole
	28-30	*Kenosis,* metonymy of emptying out
	31-38	*Daemonization,* hyperbole of high and low
	39-49	*Askesis,* metaphor of inside vs. outside
	50-52	*Apophrades,* metalepsis reversing early and late

These inventions are later augmented by Kabbalistic terminology, as well as by vocabulary borrowings taken from Freud—without, however, Bloom's subscribing in any absolute mode to the Freudian scheme. (In fact, he sees Freud as still another interesting datum of revisionist criticism.) Revisionism, Bloom explains, "as a word and as a notion contains the triad of re-seeing, re-esteeming, and re-aiming, which in Kabbalistic terms becomes the triad of contraction, breaking-of-the-vessels, and restitution, and in poetic terms the triad of limitation, substitution, and representation."

It is possible that this fabricated and borrowed terminology may put off a reader of poetry as easily as a medical textbook may put off a philosopher; and just as anatomical taxonomy seems far from philosophy (though the philosopher himself may be no more than a sausage filled with all those named parts), so does the vocabulary Bloom has devised seem far from "normal" criticism, and still farther from poetry itself. Listed nakedly, Bloom's glossary has the ring of engineers' shoptalk. But this is to miss—because of the smoke it gives out—a chance of sighting the burning bush. The glossary is the girandole—the scaffolding out of which Bloom's fireworks erupt. And what the fiery wheel writes on the sky is, after all, a single idea: discontinuity. What Bloom means by "revi-

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sionism" is a breaking off with the precursor; a violation of what has been transmitted; a deliberate offense against the given, against the hallowed; an unhallowing of the old great gods; the usurpation of an inheritance by the inheritor himself; displacement. Above all, the theft of power. These themes—or, rather, this chorus chanting a uniform theme—Bloom expresses through a nervy prowess accompanied by all the voices of inspiration that a capacious and daring mind, richly packed, can bring to bear on a ruling fascination. The jeweled diversity of Bloom's expanding and self-paraphrasing glossary comes out of an intoxication with the beauty and persuasiveness of the bewitchment it serves—a bewitchment by force, power, seizure, rupture; the dream of storming, looting, and renovating heaven.

BLOOM's appropriation, in the third book of the series, not simply of Kabbalistic terminology, but, going beyond analogy and metaphor, of Kabbalah-like vaultings of imagination in applying that terminology, has begun, it would seem, to win him a "Jewish" reputation. Not that Bloom, with his celebrated command of the Romantics, is perceived as a Jewish critic; but his unprecedented incursions into Hebrew—what other American critic is at home with *shevirat ha-kelim*?—has at least suggested that Jewish sources imply Jewish insights—or, if not that, then surely a Jewish "stance."

Professor Alvin Rosenfeld, for instance, in an essay in the *Southern Review* called "Notes on the Antithetical Criticism of Harold Bloom," points out that the "strain of revisionary defiance" represented by Kabbalah "was greatly feared by the rabbis, who correctly understood its antinomian impulses. For to the Gnostic, knowledge is always knowledge of origins, ultimately *a rival claim* upon origins, which in human terms inevitably means an attempt to transform man into God"—and yet, having shown in two sentences how Bloom jumps past Jewish claims, Rosenfeld ends by asking Bloom to be more "balanced," to stress "preservation" and "continuation" as much as "rebellion" and "loss." Rosenfeld concludes: "If [Bloom] can now adjust his critical stance in a way that will allow for restitution [through "balance"], a new power may be his." But this is to shout "Go West!" to a comet flying eastward. The "equilibrium," the "vitalizing tension . . . between . . . tradition and innovation" that Rosenfeld calls for in Bloom is precisely what Bloom, all along the way, has schemed to destroy. Rosenfeld notes:

> Bloom's devotion to the Hebrew Bible has often been expressed in his writings. For instance, in *A Map of Misreading*, he identifies himself "as a teacher of literature who prefers the morality of the Hebrew Bible to that of Homer, indeed who prefers the Bible aesthetically to Homer. . . ." If present signs hold, one expects to see more, not less, emphasis on biblical thinking and exegesis in his work.

This would appear to promise a stronger Jewish element to come, stronger even, and possibly more central, than Bloom's Kabbalistic concerns—but the fact is opposite. Kabbalah is Gnosticism in Jewish dress; still, it is not the Jewish dress that Bloom is more and more attracted by—it is the naked Gnosticism. To "prefer the morality of the Hebrew Bible to that of Homer" is not to make a choice at all—there is no morality, of the kind Bloom means, in Homer. And simply to speculate whether one might prefer the Bible "aesthetically" to Homer is itself, of course, already to have chosen the Greek way: the Jewish way, confronting Torah, does not offer such a choice.

If, then, one intends to reflect on Bloom's work from a Jewish point of view, it is necessary to take him at his Gnostic word when he utters it. ("In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.") And if one means to find in Bloom a Jewish utterance, it must be in the utterance itself, not in the prospect or the hope of an utterance. The *fait accompli* of Bloom's work judges the Jewish Bloom. If Bloom, with Vico, equates the origins of poetry with pagan divination—i.e., with anti-Judaism—and is persuaded of the "perpetual war" between poetry and Judaism, then it is inescapable that Bloom, in choosing poetry, also chooses anti-Judaism. Bloom's gifts, and the structures that derive from them, yield a clue to what those awesome architectural masters who devised the cathedrals must have been like; but the cathedrals were wanting, one might say, in Jewish content.

For myself, I believe Bloom to be engaged in the erection of what can fairly be called an artistic anti-Judaism. This does not place him with Pound and Eliot, who are simply anti-Semitic in the commonplace sense, nor yet with the New Critics, whose austere faculty for "tradition" was confined to Christianity. Bloom is neither anti-Jewish nor, as his incursions into Kabbalah prove, parochial in the usual way of English-speaking literary intellectuals. Within the bowels of Bloom's structure there lives, below all, the religious imagination: sibylline, vatic, divinatory—in short, everything that the Sinaitic force, bent on turning away from god-proliferation, denies. Bloom's four theorizing volumes vault beyond criticism toward their destination—which is a long theophanous prose poem, a rationalized version of Blake's heroic Prophetic Books. Not unlike Blake, Bloom means to stand as a vast and subtle system-maker, an interrupter of expectations, a subverter of predictability—the writer, via misprision, of a new Scripture based on discontinuity of tradition. In this he is pure Kabbalist. Contrary to Jesus, whom the Gospels report to have declared, "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the Law" (a statement vividly anti-misprision, and one which those less stiffnecked inter-

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preters, the rabbis of the Talmud who were Jesus's contemporaries, never made), Bloom invents subversion after subversion, until he comes at last to the job of idol-making.

Idol-making: I posit this not figuratively, not metaphorically, not what Bloom might call "metaleptically," but literally. And I choose for Bloom the more drastic term "idol-maker" over "idolator" because the idolator, having no self-consciousness, is a kind of innocent conformist. The idol-maker, by contrast, has the highest self-consciousness of all, and should be prepared philosophically, conscientiously, for the consequences of the pervasive idolatry in which he has, in effect, a vested interest.

Here, lifted out of the astonishing little volume called *Kabbalah and Criticism*, is a severe (a favorite adjective of Bloom's) representation of an idol:

> What then does an idol create? Alas, an idol *has* nothing, and *creates* nothing. Its presence is a promise, part of the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Its unity is in the good will of its worshiper.

Now a confession. Following one of Bloom's techniques in his reading of Nietzsche and Freud, I have substituted one word for another. Bloom wrote "poem," not "idol"; "reader," not "worshiper." What turns out to be an adeptly expressive description of an idol is also, for Bloom, a serviceable description of a poem.

The single most serviceable, and possibly the most usefully succinct, description of a Jew—as defined "theologically"—can best be rendered negatively: a Jew is someone who shuns idols, who least of all would wish to become like Terach, the maker of idols. A Jew—so Jews are taught to think—is like Abraham, who sees through idols. But Bloom is both: he is both Terach and Abraham.* He is a system-builder who is aware that a closed, internalized system is an idol, and that an idol, without power in itself, is nevertheless a perilous, indeed a sinister, taint in the world.

Before I offer the necessary explanations for these views, we should, I think, reach a sophisticated understanding of idols. An idol is obviously not only a little wooden graven image standing in the mud. Nor is an idol merely a false idea. An idol can be, and usually is, remarkably made, wonderfully persuasive in its parts, and in its parts often enough wonderfully true. An idol can have, above all, a psychological realism that is especially persuasive and seductive. And beyond this, an idol can be seen to *work*. (To illustrate most reductively: the Egyptian cat god tells us a great deal about cats, and something also about the mind of the Egyptian who worshiped it, and even more about the ingeniously imaginative mind that created it. Furthermore, it did its job in its time as a working divinity: it demanded awe and accommodation.)

The chief characteristic of any idol is that it is a system sufficient in itself. It leads back only to itself. It is indifferent to the world and to humanity. Like a toy or like a doll—which, in fact, is what an idol is—it lures human beings to copy it, to become like it. It dehumanizes. When we see a little girl who is dressed up too carefully in starched flounces and ribbons and is admonished not to run in the dirt, we often say, "She looks like a little doll." And that is what she has been made into: the inert doll has become the model for the human child, dead matter rules the quick. That dead matter will rule the quick is the single law of idolatry.† Scripture tells us that the human being is made in the image of God, and since we do not know how to adumbrate God, we remain as free, as unpredictable, as unfated in our aspirations as quicksilver. But when we make ourselves into the image of an image, no matter how flexible the imagination of aspiration, we are bound, limited, determined, constrained; we cannot escape the given lineaments, and no matter how multitudinous are the avenues open to us, they all come, as in a maze, to a single exit.

A second important characteristic of any idol is that it is always assumed to preexist the worshiper.** An idol always has the authority of an ancestor or precursor, even if it has just come fresh from the maker's carpentry bench or brain-shop. In Rome, a just-hacked-out model of Venus has all the authority of a seven-hundred-year-old shrine to Astarte, because both rest on the precursor-goddess, the moon which rules the tides of both sea and menstruation. Every idol is by nature an ideal, an image-known-before. Every idol is a precursor, and every idolator is a Johnny-come-

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* According to a Midrash, Terach was a maker and seller of idols. One day he left the boy Abraham to watch the shop. After remonstrating with one customer after another, Abraham picked up an ax and smashed all the idols but one—the biggest. When Terach returned, he angrily asked for an explanation. Abraham replied: "Father, the idols were hungry, and I brought them food. But the big god seized your ax, killed the other gods, and ate all the food himself." "Abram," said Terach, "you are mocking me. You know well that idols can neither move, nor eat, nor perform any act." Abraham said: "Father, let your ears hear what your tongue speaks."

† This law of idolatry is again and again expressed with great precision by Bloom. Writing on the "revisionary ratio" he names "*Apophrades*, or The Return of the Dead," Bloom reflects: "But the strong dead return, in poems as in our lives, and they do not come back without darkening the living. . . . The precursors flood us, and our imaginations can die by drowning in them, but no imaginative life is possible if such inundation is wholly evaded."

** The Midrash mentioned earlier also has Abraham asking the age of a man who has come to buy an idol to protect his house. "I am fifty years old," says the customer, "and have been a soldier for more than thirty years." "You are fifty," Abraham scoffs, "whereas this idol was carved by my father only last week. And though you are a seasoned warrior, you ask protection from it!"

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lately, absorbing old news to refurbish for his instant needs.

A third characteristic of any idol is that, because it is inert, it cannot imagine history. It is always the same, no matter how multiform its appearances. It cannot create or alter history. When the God of the Jews said to Abraham, *lech l'cha*, Go forth, history was profoundly made, and continues to be made; the words *lech l'cha*, first heard five thousand years ago, at this moment agitate Presidents, Prime Ministers, oil sheikhs, hawks and doves. But an idol, which cannot generate history, can be altered by it: from-the-sublime-to-the-ridiculous is the rule of every idol. Hadrian was a ferocious oppressor of Jews, and declared himself a god to be worshiped in statuary of mammoth beauty. Digging in the sand for old coins a few years ago, an American tourist in Israel drew up the great curly bronze head of the Emperor. He, the god, is reduced to curio.

A FOURTH characteristic of any idol is perhaps the most universally repugnant, because it demonstrates how the power of the (powerless) idol—i.e., the powerful imaginations of its devotees—can root out human pity. From this uniquely Jewish observation flows the Second Commandment. The Commandment against idols is above all a Commandment against victimization, and in behalf of pity. Pity, after all, is not "felt," as if by instinct or reflex. Pity is taught; and what teaches it is the stricture against idols. Every idol is a shadow of Moloch, demanding human flesh to feed on. The deeper the devotion to the idol, the more pitiless in tossing it its meal will be the devotee. Moloch springs up wherever the Second Commandment is silenced. In the absence of the Second Commandment, the hunt for victims begins. The Second Commandment is more explicit than the Sixth, which tells us simply that we must not kill; the Second Commandment tells us we must resist especially that killing which serves our belief. In this sense, there are no innocent idols. Every idol suppresses human pity; that is what it is made for.

When art is put in competition, like a god, with the Creator, it too is turned into an idol; one has only to recall the playing of Mozart at the gates of Auschwitz to see how the muses can serve Moloch —the muses, like the idols they are, have no moral substance or tradition. What the Second Commandment, in its teaching against victimization and in behalf of pity, also teaches, is the fear of godhood. And the "fear of godhood," Bloom unequivocally writes, "is a fear of poetic strength, for what the ephebe enters upon, when he begins his life cycle as a poet, is in every sense a process of divination." The strivings of divination—i.e., of God-competition—lead away from the Second Commandment, ultimately contradict it, and crush the capacity for pity.

These four essential characteristics of idolatry: that an idol can have no connection with human meaning other than itself; that an idol always has an ideal precursor on which to model its form; that an idol can have no connection with human deed and human history-making; that an idol crushes pity—these are also the characteristics that, in Bloom's scheme, mark the way of poems. Bloom tells us that every poem born into the world is, so to speak, the consequence of an idolatry, and has been made in the image of an older poem, a precursor-poem at whose feet the new poem has worshiped. And just as an idolator takes away from his contemplation of the idol whatever his psychological hungers require, so does the new poem take from the older poem whatever *it* needs for its life. Moreover, even when Bloom's structures, unlike the actual Molochs of ancient, recent, and current history, appear to be socially harmless and gossamer, they nevertheless dream of a great swallowing and devouring. Even Bloom's superficially bloodless "interpretation" turns out to be annihilation. (Cf., once again, *kenosis* and *shevirat ha-kelim*.) The sacrificial victim is endemic to Bloom's system, and links it ineluctably with the pagan sacral.

So far I have been describing Bloom as Terach, the maker of idols. But I said earlier that he is also Abraham, who sees through the hollowness and human uselessness of idols. Like Abraham, Bloom recognizes that Terach is courting perversity, that Terach in his busy shop has put himself in competition with the Creator, luring away customers by means of loss leaders, that Terach refuses to accept Creation as given, and has set up counter-realities in the form of instant though illusory gratifications—namely, immediate answers to riddles. The answers may or may not be lies. Often enough the answer an idol gives is a workable answer. No doubt fertility goddesses have been as responsible for as many births as any current fertility drug manufactured by Upjohn or Lederle. But they are exceptionally poor at urging the moral life, because to understand the moral life, one must know how to pay attention to, and judge, history—and at this idols are no good at all.

IN A brief passage in his breathtaking albeit iconolatrous book, *The Anxiety of Influence*, Bloom acknowledges how idols and icons—i.e., poems—are no good at all in urging the moral life. It seems to me this passage is the most significant commentary on Bloom's system; in it he becomes Abraham and chases all the customers out of Terach's shop. Above all, it is a statement that calls into question the entire volume that surrounds it, and all the subsequent volumes:

> If the imagination's gift comes necessarily from the perversity of the spirit, then the living labyrinth of literature is built upon the ruin of every impulse most generous in us. So apparently it is and must be—we are wrong to have

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> founded a humanism directly upon literature itself, and the phrase "humane letters" is an oxymoron. . . . The strong imagination comes to its painful birth through savagery and misrepresentation. The only humane virtue we can hope to teach through a more advanced study of literature than we have now is the social virtue of detachment from one's own imagination, recognizing always that such detachment made absolute destroys any individual imagination.

"The social virtue of detachment from one's own imagination"—this splendidly humane sequence, set in a paragraph of clarified self-comprehension, expresses precisely the meaning of the Second Commandment. The "strong imagination," born out of a "savagery and misrepresentation" neither yoked nor undone by the Second Commandment, created the earliest Moloch, the furnace-god, and encouraged mothers to throw their babies into the fire. The savagery is plain; the misrepresentation is the general conviction that throwing children into furnaces is a social good. Since, as we have seen, idols always imitate their precursor-ideals, it can be no surprise that the post-Enlightenment Moloch of the Nazis reproduced the very Moloch recounted in the Bible —not simply in the furnace (here "misprision" was introduced in the form of technological substitutions, perhaps), but also in the ideal of a service to society.

Based on Bloom's premises, it comes down to this: no Jew may be idolator or idol-maker; poems are the products of "strong imaginations," and poets are dangerously strong imaginers, vampirishly living on the blood of earlier imaginers, from Moloch to Moloch; no Jew ought to be a poet.

One might want to intervene here with the reasonable reflection that "Tintern Abbey" is not yet Moloch. Quite. But push, push "Tintern Abbey" a little farther, and then a little farther, push the strong imagination of Nature a little farther, and one arrives finally at Moloch. "Tintern Abbey" assumes that the poet in contemplating his own mind and seeking his own mood, inspired by a benign landscape, will be "well pleased to recognize/ In nature and the language of the sense / . . . [the] soul / Of all my moral being." But the ecstatic capacity, unreined, breeds a license to uncover not only joy, love, and virtue, but a demon. The soul's license to express everything upon the bosom of a Nature perceived as holy can beget the unholy expression of savagery. It is not a new observation that the precursors of the Hitler Youth movement were the *Wandervögel*, young madcap bands and bards who wandered the landscape looking for a brooding moodiness to inspire original feeling.

Still another passage from *The Anxiety of Influence* (this one on Terach's side) introduces in detail one of the ingenious terms of Bloom's special analytic vocabulary:

> *Kenosis*, or "emptying," at once an "undoing" and an "isolating" movement of the imagination. I take *kenosis* from St. Paul's account of Christ "humbling" himself from God to man. In strong poets, the *kenosis* is a revisionary act in which an "emptying" or "ebbing" takes place *in relation to the precursor*. This "emptying" is a liberating discontinuity, and makes possible a kind of poem that a simple repetition of the precursor's afflatus or godhood could not allow. "Undoing" the precursor's strength *in oneself* serves also to "isolate" the self from the precursor's stance. . . .

Historically, morally, theologically, one cannot be a Jew and stand by this passage.

To recapitulate the idea-germ that exploded into the brilliant hugeness and huge brilliance of Bloom's system of analysis: a recognition that all of us are disconsolate latecomers; that we are envious and frustrated inheritors; that there have been giants on the earth before us; and what therefore shall we puny latecomers do, how shall we steal the fire that the great ones before us, our fortunate Promethean precursors, have already used up for their own imaginings? The answer comes through modes of discontinuity—*kenosis* in the term Bloom borrows from St. Paul, *shevirat ha-kelim*, the "breaking of the vessels," in the term he borrows from Kabbalah. But the discontinuity does not imply iconoclasm, the Abrahamitic shattering of the idol. On the contrary: it means reinvigorating the ideal of the idol in a new vessel, as Astarte begets Venus, as Rome, through Venus, feels itself possessed by its own goddess.

The notion of "'undoing' the precursor's strength" has no validity in normative Judaism. Jewish liturgy, for instance, posits just the opposite; it affirms *recapturing without revision* the precursor's stance and strength when it iterates "our God, and God of our fathers, God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob." Nearly every congeries of Jewish thought is utterly set against the idea of displacing the precursor. "Torah" includes the meaning of *tradition* and *transmittal* together. Although mainstream Judaism rejected the Karaites in favor of a less restrictive interpretive mode, interpretation never came to stand for disjunction, displacement, ebbing-out, isolation, swerving, deviation, substitution, revisionism. Transmittal signifies the carrying-over of the original strength, the primal monotheistic insight, the force of which drowns out competing power-systems. That is what is meant by the recital in the Passover Haggadah, "We ourselves went out from Egypt, and not only our ancestors," and that is what is meant by the Midrash which declares, "All generations stood together at Sinai," including present and future generations. In Jewish thought there *are* no latecomers.

Consequently the whole notion of "modernism" is, under the illumination of Torah, at best a triviality and for the most part an irrelevance. Modernism has little to do with real chronology, ex-

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cept insofar as it means to dynamite the continuum. Modernism denotes discontinuity: a radical alteration of modes of consciousness. Modernism, perforce, concerns itself with the problem of "belatedness." But modernism and belatedness are notions foreign and irrelevant to the apperceptions of Judaism. Modernism and belatedness induce worry about being condemned to repeat, and therefore anxiously look to break the bond with the old and make over, using the old as the governing standard—or influence—from which to learn deviation and substitution. The mainstream Jewish sense does not regard a hope to recapture the strength, unmediated, of Abraham and Moses as a condemnation. Quite the opposite. In the Jewish view, it is only through such recapture and emulation of the precursor's stance, unrevised, that life can be nourished, that the gift of the Creator can be received, praised, and fulfilled. Jewish thought makes much of its anti-antinomian precursors as given, and lacks both the will and the authority to undo or humble or displace them, least of all to subject them to purposeful misprision. A scribe with the Torah under his hand will live a stringent life in order not to violate a single letter. There is no competition with the text, no power-struggle with the original, no envy of the Creator. The aim, instead, is to reproduce a purely transmitted inheritance, free of substitution or incarnation.

But the idol-maker envies the Creator, hopes to compete with the Creator, and schemes to invent a substitute for the Creator; and thereby becomes satanic and ingrown in the search and research that is meant to prise open the shells holding the divine powers. This is the work of "misprision," the chief Bloomian word. Misprision is to Bloom what Satan is to Milton. It is not an accident that the term—before Bloom exercises revisionary misprision upon it—denotes "felony," "wrongdoing," "violation." These definitions proffer a critical judgment of reality; they point, simply, to an Abrahamitic or, better yet, Sinaitic "shalt not." But when Bloom utters "misprision," it is the spirit of Terach that orders it.

Bloom, then, is a struggler between Terach and Abraham. He knows, mutedly, what Abraham knows, but he wants, vociferously, what Terach wants. "To revise is not to fulfill," he is heard to murmur in *Poetry and Repression,* in a voice transfixed by Jewish transmittal. But in all four Prophetic Books one hears, far louder than that, Terach's transfiguring chant: *clinamen, tessera, kenosis, daemonization, askesis, apophrades.* And in the end it is Terach who chiefly claims Bloom. Like Terach, like Freud, like Marx, like the Gnostics, like the classical Christian theologians who are the inheritors of the Gnostics, like the Kabbalists and the Hasidim who are similarly the inheritors of the Gnostics, like all of these, the Bloomian scheme of misprision of the precursor is tainted by a variety of idol-making.

Bloom, giving us Vico's view, plainly gives his own: "The making that is poetry is god-making, and even the ephebe or starting-poet is as much demon as man or woman." An idol, the product of the demonic *yetzer ha-ra,** is an internalized system which allows no escape from its terms; and if one tries to escape, the escape itself is subject to interpretation as being predictable within the system. All the avenues of a maze, both the traps and the solutions, belong to the scheme of the maze.

Or think instead of a great crystal globe, perilously delicate yet steadfast, with a thousand complex working parts visible within, the parts often exceedingly ingenious and the whole a radiant bauble: an entire man-made world, beautiful, above all rational, and complete in itself. But it draws one to intellectual slavery. It signifies bondage to the wheel of self-sufficient idolatry.

The most enduring configurations of Jewish religious idiom are not unfamiliar with Bloom's inventions; they were considered and discarded as long ago as Abraham, and again in Egypt, and again in confrontation with the Hellenizers, and now again in confrontation with so-called modernism, which is only Gnostic syncretism refurbished.

Literature, one should have the courage to reflect, is an idol. We are safe with it when we let the child-part of our minds play with poems and stories as with a pack of dolls; then the role of imaginative literature is only trivial. But what Bloom, anxiously influenced, has done, is to contrive a system of magic set in rational psychological terms, and requiring (as the Jewish religious idiom never will) a mediator. For Freud the mediator or medium is the unconscious. For Bloom the mediator or medium is the precursor poem. But for each, imagination has devised an inexorable, self-sufficient, self-contained magic system, the most magical aspect of which is the illusion of the superbly rational.

Bloom himself has seen that he began as a desperately serious critic of literature and ended as one inflamed by Cordovero and Luria. Perhaps the trouble—it is every writer's trouble—is that he should not have been serious about literature in the first place; seriousness about an idol leads to the misprision that is violation. As Bloom the system-maker, in book after book, more and more recognizes that what he has invented is magic, i.e., "practical Kabbalah," he turns to the magic system of the actual and historic Kabbalah for confirmation. It is as if Harold Bloom suddenly woke up one morning to discover that he had concocted Kabbalah on his own; only it was already *there.* That is like Venus opening her eyes in a dawning Rome to learn that she is Astarte reborn.

* The impulse toward evil, related also to the creative capacity; the desire to compete with the Creator in ordering being and reality.

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Astarte will always be reinvented. In the absence of the Second Commandment idolatry will always be reconstituted, if not in wood or stone, then in philosophical or political concept; if not in philosophical or political concept, then in literature.

Through his placing the critic in competition with the creator, Bloom is often regarded as having committed an act of artistic hubris; but those who look askance at Bloom's belief that the poem's interpretation is as much the poem's life as the "original" ought to be more troubled by the hubris of the poet, which the whole body of Bloom's work strives to emphasize and even enlarge. Bloom's transmutation of critic into poet, after all, is not so innovative as it might seem; it is no news that a critic may feel himself to be in a clandestine contest with the creative artist by understanding himself to be still another creative artist. It is true that Bloom has significantly altered the meaning of what it is to be "original"; but whether or not his conclusions are found to be attractive or persuasive, what he has made his originals *do* can stop the breath. He has vouchsafed them the temerity to usurp the Throne of Heaven.

Now none of this is to accuse or blame Bloom's position because it is on the side of this grandest usurpation of all. The Second Commandment runs against the grain of our social nature, indeed against human imagination. To observe it is improbable, perhaps impossible; perhaps it has never been, and never will be, wholly observed. But the Second Commandment is nevertheless expressive of one of the essential ideals of Judaism, and like most of the essential ideals of Judaism—consider in this light the institution of the Sabbath—it is uniquely antithetical to the practices and premises of the pre-Judaic and non-Judaic world. In short, it is the Jewish idiom—with regard to art as well as other matters—that is in its deepest strain dissenting, contradictory, frequently irreconcilable, and for Bloom and others to think of his system as "antithetical" is a sizable mistake. What is antithetical goes against the grain of the world at large, while to work at idol-making is not only not to go against the world's grain, but to consort with it in the most ancient, intimate, sibylline, and Delphic way. Bloom stands on the whole as defense counselor for those eternally usurping diviners against whom Zechariah inveighed: "For the idols have spoken vanity, and the diviners have seen a lie, and have told false dreams; they comfort in vain."

But if there *can* be such a chimera as a "Jewish writer," it must be the kind of sphinx or gryphon (part one thing, part another) Bloom himself is, sometimes purifying like Abraham, more often conjuring like Terach, and always knowing that the two are icily, elegiacally, at war. Bloom as Terach: "The Kabbalists read and interpreted with excessive audacity and extravagance; they knew that the true poem is the critic's mind, or as Emerson says, the true ship is the shipbuilder." Bloom as Abraham: "The Talmud warns against reading Scripture by so inclined a light that the text reveals chiefly the shape of your own countenance."

IN AN essay called "The Sorrows of American-Jewish Poetry,"* Bloom writes: "There is no recovery of the Covenant, of the Law, without confronting again, in all deep tribulation, the God of the Fathers, Who is beyond image as He is beyond personality, and Who can be met only by somehow again walking His Way."

These words, I think, constitute still another call for misprision; but there is no way they can speak against themselves, or be creatively misread. The recovery of Covenant can be attained only in the living-out of the living Covenant; never among the shamanistic toys of literature.

Alas, like all the others, we drift toward the shamans and their toys.

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Redistributing Technology

Charles Horner

For at least fifteen years, an effort has been under way to create a new international regime for technology—for its diffusion and development, its costs and its consequences. The regime itself exists only in vague outline, but it seems already bent on acquiring a character uncongenial to the American technological enterprise and American political values.

In 1963, the United Nations convened a Conference on the Application of Science and Technology for the Benefit of the Less Developed States. The tangible legacy of that meeting was a plethora of United Nations committees and, later, similar conferences on the environment, on deserts, on urban living. The intellectual legacy was to introduce the issue of the worldwide distribution of technological capabilities into the debate over the so-called New International Economic Order. The rhetorical legacy was a call for a New Scientific and Technological Order.

Indeed, the objectives of the first order would appear chimerical without the second. In 1976, the developing countries declared that they wanted 25 per cent of world manufacturing output to be in their hands by the year 2000. As Daniel Bell has noted, achieving this so-called "Lima Target" without disruption would require a steady annual growth of 11 per cent in world industrial output between now and then, or more than twice the 5 per-cent annual growth rates of the unprecedentedly prosperous pre-OPEC years from 1947 to 1973. An alternative to such seemingly impossible growth is for the developing countries, between now and the end of the century, to achieve the *political* power necessary to bring about a radical redistribution of world manufacturing capabilities. In any event, their predicament is urgent. One measure of it is the forecast by the International Labor Organization that one and a quarter billion people—more than a billion of them in the Third World—will join the world's work force between now and 2000. Each year, fifty million job seekers —equal to the population of Britain —may need to be accommodated. Any New Scientific and Technological Order should seek to contribute *something* to the solution of double-digit unemployment.

Meanwhile, however, the new order remains a bureaucratic endeavor, not a productive economic one. The international bureaucracies of the United Nations, and the bureaucracies of the dozens of member states which "interact" with the UN's widely-scattered secretariats in New York, Nairobi, Paris, Geneva, and Rome, continue their planning in behalf of the technological order in all its aspects. Out of this planning has come the United Nations Conference on Technical Cooperation Among Developing Countries, held in Buenos Aires this past September, with more than one hundred states represented. The working documents prepared by the conference's secretariat assert a connection between the developing world's inability to generate the technological-industrial base to absorb its future unemployed and the fact of its technological dependence on the Western world. Unhappily, "the present world order has provided no satisfactory solution to these problems . . . [yet] there are relatively few instruments for bringing about change in the present system."

Interestingly, one encounters no discussion of the real prospects for technological advance and innovation in the developing world. "Technical Cooperation Among Developing Countries" becomes instead a framework for a certain kind of political cooperation, designed to strengthen the diplomatic negotiationg power of the states involved, not their scientific and technological bases as such. Thus, in hundreds of paragraphs of the conference's preparatory materials, one finds no consideration of the political, institutional, or conceptual barriers to economic advance in the Third World itself, save perhaps the offhand observation that "it is vitally important to restructure the legal environment, to recast archaic national laws which impede progress. . . ."

The meeting in Buenos Aires was but a prelude to a grand United Nations Conference on Science and Technology for Development, scheduled to convene in Vienna in August 1979. By then, the conference will have been four years in the making, preceded not only by the Buenos Aires gathering but by meetings of the UN regional commissions in Bucharest, Bangkok, and Beirut. "Panels of experts" and preparatory committees will be convened around the world. The American delegation, to be led by Father Theodore Hesburgh, will be supported by special research and studies involving the National Science Foundation, various federal agencies, trade associations, chambers of commerce, and universities; and the White House proposes to launch a new Foundation for International Technological Cooperation (with $50 million).

The American approach is just that—exuberantly American, influenced by the history of "foreign aid" and "technical assistance," and hence by the assumption that these

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are what the conference is really about. Thus, one finds no indication that American technological resources can be used to advance important political objectives—even though it is frequently argued that our technological superiority is a trump card that can be played against almost any form of external pressure. Instead, Under Secretary of State Lucy Wilson Benson told a Senate subcommittee last December that the purpose of the conference is "to explore how best to harness science and technology to the process of socioeconomic development." Father Hesburgh himself has put it that "in simple terms, the goal of the conference is to improve poor people's lives by finding the best way of bringing the benefits of science and technology to them."

But the conference secretariat, reflecting the views of its effective employers, lays out a different, more profound, and intensely political agenda. *Its* statements speak of new concepts about "finite earth," concepts

> distinctly different from human experience of the past—on which the present structure of nations and governments, of trade and commerce, of property rights, of production and growth and of international cooperation and world order are based. . . . There will be a need for wise decisions, radical actions, and the creation of new structures in human relationships. . . . The United Nations Conference on Science and Technology for Development should bring to the fore the need for new inspired solutions to these fundamental questions. . . .

There is more than a rhetorical gap between the official American understanding of the enterprise and the straightforward presentation of the objectives of the developing world. If the purpose were only to bring the "benefits of science and technology" to poor people, the UN could well have pointed to clear precedents of development in both the "North" and the "South." Aside from the model of the industrial democracies of Europe and North America, there is the experience of Japan, South Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Singapore, Brazil. But these cases embody precisely those "older" concepts of "trade and commerce . . . property rights . . . structure of nations and governments" for which the new technological order is offered as a substitute.

OF ALL economic institutions, the multinational corporation has had perhaps a decisive hand in "unifying" the world economy and is therefore central to the economic prospects of the developing world. Indeed, as Henry Kissinger once put it, "no country can hope for real, long-term growth if it isolates itself from or systematically attacks an instrument so well suited to deal with the commercial, financial, and technological tasks of the modern world." Yet an inverse relationship has grown up between the technological productivity of these multinational enterprises and the willingness of the international community to promote them. In recent years, for example, the United Nations has shown an obsessively hostile interest in the activities of Western and Japanese-owned multinational corporations. (Not, however, in Soviet-owned ones, even though the number of such firms in the free world is growing rapidly. There are now almost one hundred, mostly in banking, insurance, shipping, and fishing; they operate as instruments of the Soviet government, but never seem open to suspicion on grounds of "economic penetration for political purposes.")

In 1972, the Secretary General convened something called the Group of Eminent Persons to study the impact of the multinationals. Their deliberations led to the establishment of the United Nations Commission on Transnational Corporations and its research arm, the Center on Transnational Corporations. Proceeding from the premise that "tensions and even conflicts between host countries and transnational corporations are part of the background to the call for a New International Economic Order," the center has energetically pursued, studied, catalogued, itemized, and computerized the economic activities of the companies. At best, the corporations are viewed as an evil that must be tolerated—at least for a certain period of time—until "host countries" devise ways of generating the technology, expertise, and networks of distribution that the multinationals now provide.

The multinationals, powerful and dynamic, offer a conspicuously successful alternative to the New Economic-Technological Order of things. They also exemplify those qualities of enterprise and individualism identified with the liberal Western order. No wonder, then, that such mainstays of the current technological regime are pursued and harassed. The Center on Transnational Corporations has assumed the task of training officials of "host countries" to confront the companies. During 1977, about 150 officials from more than 30 countries attended center "workshops" held around the world; even Rumania plans to host one. And the center will dispatch its experts on an *ad hoc* basis upon request—a kind of United Nations business consulting firm in reverse.

AT THE heart of this anti-corporate activity is the conviction that technology is spontaneously generated and spontaneously improved, that it can be made available internationally without regard to patent rights, licenses, and the like, and also without regard to the Western values and instincts which produced the great technological growth of the past century. But the truth is that poor countries, which require unprecedented rates of technological and industrial advance, are flirting with disaster when they flirt with a new global "regime" for technological diffusion. A transition from the world of multinational enterprise to a world of globally regulated industry threatens both economic and political progress.

One might reasonably expect American spokesmen to make precisely this point. Instead, others have had to make it for them, and in the most unlikely places. This past November, in Peking, in the midst of growing agitation over China's future, one wall poster complained, "Why can't the national economy catch up with the

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one on Taiwan?" But while the Chinese regime is showing signs of a remarkable open-mindedness, the United States still seems inclined to apologize for taking the "capitalist road."

WRITING fifteen years ago, the historian William H. McNeill observed that the drastic changes in the relations among the world's great civilizations had "depended upon the propitious environment offered by a particular set of European institutions and attitudes, without which communications, technology, and science could not have acquired their world-transforming force." With such honorable and enlightened origins, the technological revolution in our time should point toward freedom and abundance, not to mass pauperization and/or authoritarianism. Unhappily, technology, once the spearhead in the global advance of European values, has become increasingly—even in the place of their birth—an excuse for their abandonment.

Music

Funding the Piper

Samuel Lipman

THOUGH in the United States all the arts are now publicly subsidized on a broad front, music has received a lion's share of the official cultural dollar. This support has come to music, it would seem, for two reasons: music is at once more "pure" than other art forms and at the same time has a history of commercial viability. Music's purity consists in the fact that, unlike painting and sculpture, it provides little of material value to the collector; it is thus spared the costly and contentious apparatus of dealers and museums. And unlike repertory theater and dance, music managed for at least one century—from roughly the middle of the 19th century to at least the end of World War II—to pay much of its own way in this country, helped along by the devotion of individual music lovers and assorted social and ethnic groups. So music, of all the arts, must have seemed both a deserving and not too demanding candidate for the helping hand of government.

To speak of music's commercial viability is of course not to forget that this possibility of financial success for musicians—soloists, supporting players, and teachers alike—could only arise when orchestras, opera companies, and schools existed to provide the necessary institutional structure. But these institutions have always had the kind of aspirations to distinction, comprehensiveness, and permanence that have made them sure money losers; as a result, their deficit had to be made up outside the normal play of market forces.

Historically, this task was performed by America's rich, and the institutional history of musical America from the turn of this century until quite recently is a story of their attentions. Our two most famous music schools were named for their patrons: the Juilliard School was founded after a bequest in 1919 by cotton merchant Augustus Juilliard, and the Curtis Institute was begun and endowed in 1924 by Mary Louise Curtis Bok of the Curtis publishing fortune. Among orchestras, the Boston Symphony was founded in 1881 by Henry Lee Higginson, who remained the major financial support of the orchestra until almost the day of his death in 1919. In New York, the name of Otto Kahn was long associated both with the financing and management of the Metropolitan Opera, and the same can be said of the relationship of Clarence Mackay and Mrs. Lytle Hull to the New York Philharmonic. Though the names elsewhere were often hardly so famous, this story of private contributions to music was repeated across the country, and constitutes a noble chapter in the history of capitalist philanthropy.

But as increasingly the mere accumulation of money no longer served to legitimize its possession—and as income and inheritance taxes began to take a bite out of great fortunes—foundations established by the rich came to share in the exercise of patronage. In music, for example, the Guggenheim Foundation as early as the 1920's awarded fellowships to many American composers, including Aaron Copland, Roy Harris, and Roger Sessions. More recently, the Martha Baird Rockefeller Fund for Music has specialized in grants to individual musicians for specific projects. Nor has foundation help been limited to composers and soloists; countless grants have over the

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years been made in every field of American musical life.

IMPORTANT as these activities of individuals and foundations have been, they all pale in significance when compared with the scope and influence of the enormous Ford Foundation grants to music which began in 1966. This giant among American philanthropies found itself in the early 1960's swelled by an enormous rise in the value of its holdings of Ford stock, and under an activist administration decided to support the arts in a big way. Within that general area it searched, in the words of the head of its arts program, W. McNeil Lowry, for a field in which its funds would have the "greatest . . . national impact." That field was the orchestra, and the Ford intervention by its sheer size alone changed the economic situation of American music.

On strictly musical grounds it is difficult to understand the compelling need for this massive subsidy. There was no large number of new or ignored masterpieces awaiting first and repeated performances by major orchestras; there were no unserved audiences clamoring loudly for concerts; there were no vastly original styles of interpretation requiring the founding of new groups to do them justice. Nor had the level of orchestra performance declined; indeed, the pinnacle of American orchestral playing—in the quality of our major orchestras and the interest of their repertory—had already been reached by the early 1960's.

There were, however, other than purely musical reasons involved. Rather than arising out of considerations of artistic need, the grants first came out of a desire for economic and social equity. The then current condition of the orchestral musician was seen as depressed. Not only did he on the average earn less than a mere schoolteacher, but his work in the orchestra was, except for players in the few largest groups, most often less than full-time; few American orchestras were then engaged on a 52-week basis. A financial situation that was tolerable for members of great orchestras (with their longer seasons and the opportunities for teaching and outside performance which went with employment in them) seemed intolerable in the case of lesser organizations in the smaller cities and towns. Here musicians were forced to support themselves outside music as best they could, working frequently as schoolteachers but often in fields totally unrelated to the arts.

All this the Ford Foundation was determined to correct. It did so in a complicated but decisive manner, contributing money in the form of both endowment funds (which required matching by local sources) and yearly subsidies for current expenses. Its goals were clearly stated: to raise the level of performance by enabling musicians to concentrate on orchestral playing, to make it possible for orchestras to expand their audiences, and to make the musical profession more attractive by increasing the income of its members.

Through the Ford grants 61 orchestras in the major and metropolitan categories received a total of $80 million ($165 million including matching funds). The response to this largesse was quick and predictable. Whereas in 1957 the average annual budget of the most important American orchestras had been no more than $600,000, by 1971 (the year when most Ford grants were being wound up) the average budget, after correction for inflation, had reached $2,800,000. Expenses had risen to meet income. Triggered by an often preexisting union militancy, most of this rise had taken place in musicians' salaries, thus fulfilling the purposes of the Ford grants. Not only were fees per rehearsal and performance increased, but managements found it necessary to increase the number of concerts given so that it might be possible to compensate musicians for more services as well.

But regardless of the very real gains made by musicians in the Ford grant period—and it must be stressed that for their higher salaries they were now working harder than ever before—the enduring result of the Ford program was heightened expectations on the part of the musicians. Past gains were seen as meaningful only when they could be continued and extended. Musicians were quite understandably unwilling to be left behind by the increased affluence of other skilled professionals. Postponement and denial of the musicians' demands resulted in strikes, generally lowered morale, and a pervasive climate of friction between players and management. The Ford Foundation was unable permanently to satisfy the demands its money had made possible; indeed, it had explicitly warned the orchestras that it bore no further obligation after the expiration of the grants.

BUT here as elsewhere in American life, where foundations have led, government has carried on. The necessary ideological and statistical basis of such an assumption by government of a hitherto private responsibility had been prepared by the publication in the 1960's of two lengthy foundation-supported studies of the financial prospects for the arts. The first of these, the Rockefeller Brothers Fund Panel Report (1965), attempted to survey the state of the performing arts and their actual and potential sources of support. Today, after more than a decade of the growing socialization of culture and communication, the Rockefeller report, in its painstaking attempt to preserve the private aspect of patronage, makes nostalgic reading. The real weight of this report, however, may be gathered from the fact that of its eleven chapters only one, that dealing with the state of orchestras, choral groups, chamber music, opera, theater, and dance, is longer than the section demonstrating the desirability of government aid—and it is longer by only one page.

It was left to the 1966 econometric study, *Performing Arts—The Economic Dilemma*, by William J. Baumol and William G. Bowen, paid for by the Twentieth Century Fund, to provide an argument particularly attractive to friends of official planning and subsidy. These two Princeton professors explained that government support was not only necessary to make the arts

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better; it was necessary in order to keep them alive at all. The reason was simple. In other areas of our automating society, technological progress, by saving labor costs, allows prices to decline relative to purchasing power. In the labor-intensive arts, on the other hand, both the inability to automate and the rising wages demanded across the society as a whole will soon price the arts out of the consumer market. Not only was government seen as the patron of last resort for the arts; once it had been agreed that the arts confer general benefits on the community, such patronage was for Baumol and Bowen a necessary response to the needs of the society.

It can hardly be overlooked that the critical years for both large-scale foundation activity and the beginnings of government involvement coincided with the palmy period of Lyndon Johnson's Great Society, before the escalation of the war in Vietnam. The transvaluation of private expenditures by government determinations was the regnant political principle of the day, so it is not surprising that board members and trustees, in whose hands the making of business and financial decisions in the arts had lain for so many years, were as quick as were artists to give up fears of political intervention and control.

THE entering wedge of federal arts policy—if one exempts the controversial WPA experiments of the 1930's as belonging to the area of unemployment relief—was the Eisenhower administration's use in the 1950's of appearances abroad by American artists as an extension of foreign policy. After several attempts in the early 1960's, Congress in 1965 passed a bill, signed by President Johnson, establishing a National Foundation on the Arts and Humanities, made up of three institutions: the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA), the National Endowment for the Humanities, and the Federal Council on the Arts and Humanities (a body coordinating the Endowments' activities with other federal programs). This structure, in broad outline, remains unchanged today.

In the beginning, federal funding was small in absolute terms. In its first year (fiscal 1966) arts appropriations barely exceeded $2,500,000, and the next year they reached $8 million, a level they were approximately to maintain through fiscal 1970. But from this point on the rise was steady and large; in fiscal 1971 the appropriation doubled, as it did the following year. Increase followed increase, and total appropriations for the arts in fiscal 1978 are at a level of $115 million.* And in many states, the same story can be told. Not only are all the state arts councils funded by the federal government through the diversion of 20 per cent of Endowment funds through bloc grants, but some states—most notably New York—have themselves become powerful movers in financing the arts, working in general conformity with Washington's leadership.

Music was, as might have been expected, one of the prime gainers from the increase in federal funding at the beginning of the 1970's. In the orchestral area, for example, orchestras, which had received $3,761,000 in 1971 (the year, it will be remembered, of the ending of the Ford grants), were by 1974 receiving $7,172,000; the 1977 funding level had risen to $12,250,00, of which $6,335,000 was for normal support and $5,915,000 was in the form of challenge grants requiring high rates of matching from new private sources. Much the same has happened in opera. Opera companies, which in 1971 were the recipients of only $598,000 in federal funds, were given $5,840,000 in 1977, of which $2,750,000 was in challenge grants.

Though these large institutional grants take up by far the greatest part of the NEA music funds (amounting in all to $12,750,000 for normal support purposes in fiscal 1977), other and smaller projects were supported as well. In 1977, for example, $1,450,000 went to groups which offer help to artists in career development; $845,000 was given to the jazz/folk/ethnic category; $470,000 was allotted to composer/libretto fellowships; $220,000 was provided for contemporary music performance; $130,000 went to grants outside regular NEA programs; $45,000 was given to the smallest program of all, a pilot project in choral music; and, finally, closing out 1977 NEA activities, $230,000 was earmarked for central musical service organizations such as the American Symphony Orchestra League, and $300,000 was allocated for audience development.

THE evidence of how all this money has been spent is all around us. As with all government programs, at the center stands a large and powerful bureaucracy publicly proclaiming its vital role in the currently improving state of things. Though in theory artistic decisions are made by panels of outside notables drawn from the fields in which grants are to be made, it is plain that residual as well as day-to-day power lies with the large permanent staff, often picked on a revolving-door basis from the flourishing and comfortably paid arts-administration establishment. This power not only resides in the staff function of preparing agendas for the panel meetings and providing reports and recommendations for panel actions, but also in the large role of the staff in picking the panelists themselves.

Outside the Washington offices of the NEA on Columbia Plaza the telltale signs of public subsidies may be found in concert and opera programs across the country. It is a rare musical event presented by a non-profit organization which does not prominently feature on the printed program, just below the listing of works, composers, and performers, the approximate legend "This event is made possible by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts"—or an individual state council, or a combination of the two. Similarly, arts institutions make a practice of giving leading space in their publications to publicity releases of the NEA announcing new and continuing grants described in glowing terms by the current chairman of the Endowment.

Beyond the requirement all these mentions so prominently fulfill—of

* A similar sum goes to the humanities.

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giving credit to government for distributing taxpayers' money—the fruit of all this spending is evident in vastly increased musical activity. In itself this increase did not begin with government help, for as the 1965 Rockefeller report regretfully noted, the vast rise of the previous two decades had occurred in amateur participation, with symphonies and opera companies (except for the largest and best) frequently staffed by part-time professionals and even music lovers. But since the mid 1960's the expansion has involved the professionalization of music, with ever smaller presenting groups engaging full-time performers and specialized administrators.

For the increased pay which has made this professionalization possible, more musical events are being performed than ever before in American history. With the rise in amateur activity, this increase in the number of performances had already begun to take place in the 1960's. The total of orchestra concerts given yearly went from 2,903 in the 1961-62 season to 6,758 in 1969-70, and the total of orchestras giving them went from 271 to 620 in the same period. But, significantly, the increase in orchestras did not occur evenly during these years; the great jump—stimulated even if not directly supported at first by new funds—occurred in the season immediately following the development of the Ford plan and the passage of the first federal arts support legislation in 1965. And a set of statistics on the period from 1965-66 to 1973-74 presents a similar picture; during this time, the number of performances increased by 80 per cent.

Perhaps least affected by these changes, save in their increased access to publicly funded electronic media, has been the elite category of orchestras like the New York Philharmonic and the Boston Symphony. Such orchestras have for years been so busy as to make expansion of their seasons and enlarging of their regular concert audiences difficult. But on the level of the less prestigious institutions the change has been enormous. Seasons have become year-'round, and musicians have been able—and in many cases have found it necessary—to devote themselves more or less entirely to their orchestral duties.

Another example of the rise in musical activity made possible in some part by public funds is the present ubiquity of summer festivals, formerly few and, save for such exceptions as the summer season of the Boston Symphony at Tanglewood, small and short. Now the summer, always in the past a dead time for music, has become perhaps more active than the winter. So great is this activity that experienced orchestral players are in short supply for those festivals unaffiliated with all-year orchestras because of the contractual demands made upon the musicians by their full-time employers.

In opera, traditionally the most expensive of musical formats, the story is largely the same. The number of performances has increased significantly, new companies have been established, and untold new operas have been commissioned. Perhaps most important, live opera has become a staple on public television, allowing the presentation of frequent productions not only from the Metropolitan Opera but also from the New York City Opera and such summer festivals as Wolf Trap.

As might have been expected, more has come from government than simply the money to pay for what musically qualified people want to do. The money itself has often been transferred with the requirement that it be matched by private contributions. Frequently the matching rate has exceeded a dollar-for-dollar formula, and has gone as high as three private for each governmental dollar. While this requirement has often had only a purely formal significance, in that the private funds used for matching purposes were in many cases those which would have been contributed anyway, the general effect of matching has been to spur arts institutions to seek out new sources of non-governmental support. Though the result of the recent increase in private contributions has been to quash the fear that government support would drive out individual and corporate philanthropy, the very prestige of government participation has made official commitment to a particular organization or program the necessary imprimatur for attracting help from an increasingly skittish, fearful, and guilt-ridden private sector in search of moral justification and public acceptance. Furthermore, the effect of this stamp of approval has not only been the facilitation of non-governmental support; the weight thus put on official policy has enabled government programs and officials to exert an influence on arts activities out of all proportion to the still small percentage contribution of public funds to overall budgets.

Nor have the arts avoided the need to practice grantsmanship. Getting the grants is the name of the game, and the principle applies from the most prestigious down to the newest and smallest applicant. Thinking up projects which will make successful grant applications has become an art itself worthy of public support. At a recent meeting of a young arts group and the regional coordinator of the NEA, advice was tendered that the first grant the institution requested should be for funds to bring a specialist to recommend what grants to apply for. Further advice was also forthcoming: the specialist asked for should be an individual (who was named) renowned for his success in obtaining federal subsidies—over twenty grants in one year, or so the story went. To one listener's quizzical comment that such success must take a lot of time and effort, the dry rejoinder was that the specialist had two people at work in this area full time.

Reassuringly, fears of political censorship have proven unfounded, though plainly music does not provide as much occasion for direct control as the theater or realistic painting. And music itself has recently seemed to be in retreat from the kind of social engagement which was popular a decade ago. A cynic might remark that in any case so little of revolutionary importance is going on in music today that even the blindest obscurantist would be hard put to find anything provocative enough to occasion suppression.

More controversial has been the

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use of political appointees to fill the highest-level Endowment positions. President Carter's choice of Joseph Duffy, a political supporter, to head the National Endowment for the Humanities was skeptically received in the scholarly community; his appointment of Livingston Biddle as chairman of the NEA was widely taken as an all too plain acknowledgment that the choice was a perquisite of Democratic Senator Claiborne Pell, the head of the Senate subcommittee dealing with Endowment matters—and Mr. Biddle's previous employer.

Furthermore, both the NEA and the state councils are susceptible to the ideological winds of change blowing in Washington and the country at large. Only this past fall the NEA announced the creation of a new post, that of Arts Endowment Representative for Minority Concerns; more publicly significant has been the pressure in the media recently brought to bear on the New York State Council on the Arts to allocate a designated and high percentage of its large funds to black and Puerto Rican culture. In general, it is increasingly obvious that arts funding is seen by politically and socially activist groups as providing the means of increased visibility for their causes as well as prestige employment for their leaders and committed supporters.

One could only become more conscious of this connection between politics and support for the arts as the travels of Joan Mondale, America's Artistic First Lady, unfolded last summer. On her trip to the Rocky Mountains, for instance, the Vice President's wife—who seems to enjoy being called and calling herself "Joan of Art"—combined appearances at money-raising affairs for Democratic congressional candidates with a speech on government aid to the arts at the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies, where, joined by Livingston Biddle, she also participated in a seminar on funding the arts. Local newsbroadcasts made no attempt to separate the political and non-political aspects of her vice-regal visit, lumping them together seriatim under the rubric "woman makes good."

Clearly the arts have become good political business. The publicity is free, the cause beyond criticism, and the opportunity thus provided to bring together politicians and rich potential contributors who are used to giving is unparalleled. But beyond all these particular aspects of public arts policy, what have been the direct *artistic* consequences of the spending of so much money? The immediate, crude answer is that they have been nil. Music itself has changed remarkably little due to government subsidy. In order to understand why this should be so, one must remember that government support in this country began as the support of artists rather than art, and that this support has been channeled largely through traditional institutions able, at least in principle, to prove their worth in the marketplace.

The result is that artists have been paid to do what they have been trained to do and what their predecessors were doing before public help came on the scene. Orchestras have played much the same pieces, and opera companies have produced the same operas as they have for most of the years of this century. There has, it is true, been some circulation in the constituents of the standard repertory, most notably in opera, but one's impression is that the pace of even this normal circulation is rather less than it has routinely been in the past. New works have been put on, but they have merely replaced yesterday's new music in whatever program niche performers have always felt they must allow the current creative crop. And the same iteration of the past is seen in the help that has found its way into music education; almost all of the curricula of our best music schools would hardly have been out of place in the Austria, Germany, or Russia of seventy-five years ago.

What has changed is that the musician's tasks are being performed for vastly more people than ever before. As far as opera is concerned, a high NEA official was recently heard to remark happily that now, after the last decade of expansion and government support, more people are attending opera in the United States than the games of the National Football League. The exact figure for 1977-78, according to an article in *Opera News*, the publication of the Metropolitan Opera Guild (which itself has a membership of 110,000), is 9,760,000, a one-year gain of 6 per cent; an estimated corresponding figure for 1963-64 was 1,700,000. The same story can be told about orchestral audiences. Material required to be submitted in support of 1976-77 NEA orchestra grant applications disclosed such prodigies of annual attendance as 1,564,049 for the Los Angeles Philharmonic, 887,400 for the New York Philharmonic, 690,420 for the Cincinnati Symphony, and even 85,800 for the small Winston-Salem Symphony.

These statistics are truly overwhelming, and to quote them is to comprehend that the arts are no more immune from our national fascination with body counts than was our military effort in Vietnam. The error is the same: the confusion of quantity with success. But whereas in Vietnam bodies were counted even when they were alive, in music today it is difficult to escape the feeling that the audience is counted even if many of its members are, for all artistic purposes, dead.

PUBLIC support, having begun as support for music through aid to musicians, now turns out to have been all along support of the audience as well. These two goals, so neatly interlocking, have become a vicious circle in which support of the one requires support of the other. Indeed, at the present time, it is possible to see that expansion has been the real goal of public support from the beginning. It is this goal which provides the justification for the proliferation of government funds, and the extent to which it has been accomplished is by now the chief criterion of the success of the entire program.

In the days of Richard Nixon, the NEA talked about "outreach" of the arts; now, under Jimmy Carter, Livingston Biddle talks about "access" to them. It would be a mistake to allow the differing rhetorical associations of these two

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words—outreach suggests doing good from above and access suggests entitlement from below—to obscure the fact that in our society only those public expenditures which serve the greatest number in a fairly equal fashion can receive moral validation and survive the scrutiny of opposition, press, and citizenry.

So as part of obtaining that portion of their daily bread which is necessary to getting the rest, musical institutions, no less than art museums, have been chasing after the audience—both in the usual places and in newer ones like inner cities and barren wastes, youth centers and homes for the aged, schools and prisons. And those whose bodies have not been available in person have been reached through public television, which has been used to bring both the most intimate chamber music and the grandest opera into the home itself.

An example of this search for an audience is the remarkable story of the services provided to the community by an orchestra as small as the Albuquerque Symphony. From 1970-71 to 1971-72, these services increased from 14 to 100; by 1974-75 they reached 199. It is not clear, however, that this boom reflected a golden age of the concert audience in New Mexico. For almost the entire increase is represented by the publicly-funded category called in the early 1970's "ensembles in schools" but later (reflecting the inflated language of the bureaucracy) "Workshops, Lecture/Demonstrations, Educational or Community Programs." In 1970-71, there were none of these events; in 1971-72, there were suddenly 84; and by 1974-75, there were 161. The growth in concerts was quite a bit less dramatic. From 14 in 1970-71 they rose to 16 the next year, and reached 38 in 1974-75—but the 1974-75 figures include 16 "Performances for Children/Youth." In fact, the regular concerts in this period increased from 9 the first year to 10 the next, and three years later went to 22.

A large percentage of the audiences described above can be loosely called "contracted"—a euphemistic way of saying that the listeners do not themselves pay via the box office for what they are given. But "ticketed" audiences—those who do pay individually and presumably make personal decisions to attend—have not been ignored either. All the techniques of direct-mail advertising, so noxious when they are used to sell a commercial product, are being brought to bear on the consumer. Governments and foundations alike sponsor experts who travel around the country advising local groups how to move their artistic product.

WHAT kind of audience can be found through this undignified, vulgar, and half-crazed search? Is there any reason to agree with the prevailing assumption of the arts merchandisers that serious culture —the "best," as Livingston Biddle likes to call it—is now or will in any foreseeable future be attractive and meaningful to millions without intellectual training, background, or even any clear idea of what they are being either forced or gulled into attending?

An answer to this question can hardly come easily to anyone who is either a reasonably convinced democrat or a professional active in the world of culture and ideas. Democratic societies—in the past and perhaps even today ours more than any other—are founded upon two assumptions: *Vox populi, vox dei* remains the ultimate political sanction, and our ultimate cultural article of faith is that the "common man" is capable, given an opportunity, of learning, mastering, and liking every achievement of civilization from the most recherché to the most complex. In America this faith has underlain our vast education industry, and it is plain that our current attempts to dragoon an audience for music are merely another facet of our cultural *leveé en masse.*

It is, however, not clear that democratic hopes in politics and education can so easily be extended to high culture. Perhaps the strongest evidence that such optimism in the field of music is unwarranted is precisely the subtle and not-so-subtle changes which are presently being made in musical programs designed to attract and please these new hordes of virgin concertgoers. Something of the spirit of this attempt to find a kind of repertory attractive enough to bring in an audience may be gathered from two items, the second immediately following the first, here quoted in their entirety from the October 1978 issue of *Symphony News,* the publication of the American Symphony Orchestra League:

> "Mozart, I love You Madly"—a series of three pairs of weekend concerts conducted by Maurice Peress, highlighted the *Kansas City Philharmonic*'s September activity at the Grace and Trinity Cathedral.

EXPANSION/DEVELOPMENT

> An expanded 1978-79 season opened October 3, for the *Oakland Symphony Orchestra,* with the addition of a new five-concert Friday night pops series. Titled TGIF (thank God it's Friday), the new series will allow the orchestra to reach new audiences and increase the association's earned income.

No one would want to be caught saying that there is too much Mozart being played, but one can hardly go wrong pointing out the questionable nature of forays outside the body of classical music as a means of drawing the masses into culture. Such pops concerts, employing serious musicians, proliferate, with a repertory drawn from the smash successes of Broadway, pop music, and the movies. Last season, for instance, found the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra under its then music director Zubin Mehta playing a concert at the Hollywood Bowl for 17,500 screaming rock music fans featuring music from *Star Wars.* On a level less vulgar but vastly more quixotic, the NEA has just sponsored a meeting in New York City of figures from opera and Broadway to begin its program of grants to develop a new hybrid form of musical theater. The New York *Times* headlined its report of this meeting "Figaro Meets 'Fiddler,'" and quoted soprano Beverly Sills as saying, in deploring opera's insistence on voices large enough to do without microphones, "If amplification conveys more emotion to the public, what's the big deal?"

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It is here that the new policy of public involvement, and the atmosphere in which it is being carried out, will in the long run have artistic consequences. To speak of audiences dragging down his art is a humiliating admission for an artist to make, for it reflects on his art as well as his ideology. Every artist needs an audience before whom to do his work; the audience is the sounding board against which his productions can be tested, and its approval is the criterion of his success. Once these facts are admitted, it is but an easy jump from wanting some audience to wanting an ever and infinitely larger one.

Unfortunately, it is the artist's search for support and verification which allows the inevitable lowering of quality attendant upon rapid expansion of the audience to affect his work. We have seen how tempting it is to do what an audience wants in order to get it to come in the first place. Equally tempting, though less easy to pinpoint, is the playing to the gallery felt to be necessary to get the audience to return. Two examples of this cheapening come immediately to mind. It is highly likely that such an overriding concern for audience approval has produced the current vogue in orchestral playing for forced orchestral tone in general and blaring brass in particular. It seems even more likely that the present ossification of American operatic production in the "grand" style of monumental surrealism reflects a fear on the part of opera administrators that the mass audience to which they are appealing will tolerate neither experiment nor refinement.

While we can hardly be surprised at the desire of all the parties to the bargain of public funding—artists, administrators, and government alike—to agree about the search for the largest possible audience, what finally makes our present official support of music and the other arts such a new departure is the separation it reflects of patronage and consumption. In continental Europe a long tradition of what might be called participant support marked the flowering of 18th- and 19th-century music; from the Esterhazys with Haydn and the Archduke Rudolph with Beethoven, through the aristocratic piano students of Chopin, and to Ludwig of Bavaria and Wagner, patrons of music savored what they supported. Vestiges of this tradition still remain, in the musical sophistication of the European educated classes. Even in England, the erstwhile *Land ohne Musik*, the former Prime Minister, Edward Heath, has devoted much of his life to amateur performance of great music.

But for the United States, having lacked for so many years an autochthonous musical culture, the situation remains different. Here our numerous governing cadres have neither historical nor present attachments to high culture. For reasons of political convenience our leaders are willing to arrange for the transfer of public monies for artistic purposes. That they have up to this point done so with a surprising amount of disinterest is perhaps no more than a sign of their basic uninterest. It is this uninterest which makes them so eclectic in their own practical decisions. Thus freed from any burden of their own tastes, they are able to preside smilingly over the gradual vulgarization of what was once a civilized glory.

Movies

Autumn Interiors

Vernon Young

IF, without knowing anything whatever about the work of either director, one had seen Woody Allen's *Interiors* and Ingmar Bergman's *Autumn Sonata* in the order of their respective debuts in New York City, one might have easily concluded that the Swedish film-maker had attempted to imitate the American: the same photographic and cutting style, the same concentration on a handful of overwrought characters, and the very same subject—namely, maternal domination. Of course, the reverse sequence is the correct one: Woody Allen, since 1971, if no farther back, had thirsted to make what he thought of as a "European" film, preferably in the monastic style of Ingmar Bergman. Finally he has made it, and contingently it resembles (at least in outline) the particular Bergman number which arrived almost at the same hour of release. Since our view of the film Allen made depends to a great extent on the model he employed (the quintessential Bergman movie), we would do well to ask ourselves—once more—of what that model consists, before judging the carbon copy.

Among the many obsessions of Ingmar Bergman which American critics have failed to note, or failed to question closely, is his pervasive

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resentment of the achieved man—doctor, lawyer, professor, business executive. From the evidence of his several films, Bergman hates every professional man except the artist. Predictably, since he is a puritan, his defense of the artist as somehow sacrosanct has engendered a feedback of guilt: periodically, having enshrined the creative personality in one context or another, he seems driven to follow up with a thumping self-accusation of the artist as charlatan or as detached and inhuman. You may be sure that Bergman in his heart does not believe this, but he needs to hear an answering echo that absolves him from the accusation.

Autumn Sonata is characterized by the same kind of ambivalence which undermined the veracity of *Wild Strawberries*. In the earlier film, Bergman's portrait of an old professor whose egoistic frigidity lost him an idyllic sweetheart and produced an impotent son was at odds with the visibly sympathetic performance of Victor Sjostrom. Just as he was reluctant in *Wild Strawberries* to follow the implications of his own scenario by destroying the professor-figure entirely, so in *Autumn Sonata* he sets up Ingrid Bergman as a concert-pianist mother who is supposed to have crippled her two daughters (one being insufficient for the force of his accusation), then becomes so enamored of the personality he has given her that he is hard put to convince us she could possibly be either as indifferent or as ruthless as her articulate daughter maintains.

To synopsize this film accurately for anyone who has not seen it is almost impossible, since what takes place in it beyond the severely limited action is wholly a matter of individual interpretation. Every statement made by the characters is open to question, and the whole moral issue on which the film hinges is never depicted. The damaging relationship of which this daughter-mother confrontation is supposed to be the climax is not visualized in flashbacks, so that the spectator can judge for himself; it is, rather, wholly resumed in the daughter's accusing retrospect.

At the beginning, Eva (Liv Ullman) reading her diary while she awaits the visit of her celebrated mother, seems pretty clearly, in her spinsterish appearance and manner, a manic-depressive type, melancholy and retentive. We glimpse her husband hovering in the background, from which he scarcely emerges during the subsequent encounter; we learn that since her son, aged fourteen, drowned some years ago, Eva has kept his room as it was when he died and moons over photographs of him. This morbid devotion to the irretrievable contradicts the leading statement she reads from her diary: "One must learn how to live. I work at it every day." We further learn that she had once lived with a doctor, before her marriage, and that she had had tuberculosis. Not until later in the film are we aware that she is looking after her bedridden sister, who suffers from a degenerative disease that has affected her speech and movements, and whom her mother believes to be in a nursing home.

When mother arrives at this outpost of Ibsenism (the setting is, for a change, among Norwegian fjords), it is not too surprising that Eva, after the first affectionate exchanges are over, while listening obediently to her mother's necessarily self-absorbed chatting (she has come, after all, from the world of European capitals and professional music) is all the while regarding her parent with mingled amusement and suspicion. In no time at all, suspicion has become hostility; step by step she rebukes her mother's self-anchored authority in a crescendo of bitter reproaches which mounts steadily into the realm of hysteria, making the distressed elder responsible for all the ills of her life and blaming her, besides, for the condition of the drooling sister upstairs whose presence in the house is an unwelcome shock to the fastidious visitor.

Following a long sequence of passionate denunciation by her daughter, which she stems only at momentary intervals, the mother, inwardly shaken but outwardly collected, leaves to fulfill another engagement. Eva, after a few solicitous suggestions from her husband —he has remained passively on the sidelines of this internecine struggle being waged under his roof—writes a letter to the departed woman in which she retracts the burden of the accusation she had hurled and makes a pathetic bid for love. This letter is in part read over the image of the mother, traveling south for her next concert.

CRITICS have generally received this film as if it were indeed a straightforward accusation by the neglected daughter of a selfish parent, which means they accept at face value the allegations of the girl and pay no attention either to the personality or to the remonstrance of the mother. In fact we have only the daughter's word that her mother's inattention drove her into a messy relationship with that "doctor" who is briefly mentioned. What part any of this played in her contracting TB is never clarified. How satisfactory or unsatisfactory her present marriage is, one is left to infer. Whether her mother had an affair with someone named Marten without telling her husband, Josef, depends on which of the two women you believe, and what bearing this has on anything else is unclarified. One is also left to decide whether or not the mother's absence at a crucial hour was the impelling cause of the sister's condition.

It is possible to take the other view, that Bergman intended the Liv Ullman character to reveal herself unmistakably as a self-pitying neurotic, whose charges are patently canceled by the clearly delineated superiority of the mother. (One of the most telling moments in the film is Ingrid Bergman's correction, at the piano, of her daughter's playing of a certain Chopin sonata: if the girl is to give the piece an authentic interpretation, she must avoid sentimentality and understand that it expresses *"pain, not reverie."*) However, even this view of Bergman's strategy may be ingenuous; it is much more in his line to establish an impeccably distinguished persona, poised against an unattractive married-spinster, in order to make the accusations appear at first unlikely, then the more convincing, precisely

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because the accused has the more sovereign air. (The mechanism was invented by Strindberg in *The Stronger*.)

In truth, near the end of the film, Bergman loses confidence in his own gambit; he cuts, in the most excruciatingly obvious way, from the sick daughter, writhing helplessly on the floor, to the entrained mother coolly informing her agent that her visit home had been "most unpleasant"; she shrugs it off. Unless we are to suppose she is acting, this is outrageously unbelievable; it totally contradicts the character of the woman we have witnessed, in merciless close-up, for the preceding hour. Evasive or hesitant she may have been when justifying a given response or action recounted by the vindictive Eva, but never for a moment did one feel that she was radically false. Equally unacceptable, as the film ends, is the abrupt change of heart that dictates Eva's remorse for the vehemence with which she has been arraigning her mother—thereby canceling, at the last minute, the substance of the film's unrelenting inquisition.

CRITICS in this country consistently underrate Bergman's Swedish inability to commit himself to the terms of a moral choice he has ostensibly initiated—unless he knows for certain that he has a target to which *no one* will object. There is small point in trying to weight truth in the antithesis he has contrived for *Autumn Sonata*. At *any* latter-day Bergman movie, one cannot be sure whether he is unaware of the dramatic incongruities he creates by poor motivation or whether he doesn't really care. He seems indifferent to plot because plot is an action consistent with the revealed nature of its characters, and Bergman seems unable to perceive consistency; his characters say what he wants them to say, to an end he has exclusively chosen. (He used to be a master of comedy, for in comedy you can give full rein to the improbable.)

With this in mind, we should not expect the mundane inventions of *Autumn Sonata* to have objective credibility; the motives are flimsily explored, the actualities are not dramatized but reported after the fact. If Eva knew so much about her mother's devices of evasion, and about her own victimization, she would have long since ceased to be a victim—or at the least she would have remedied those absurd outer signs thrust upon her by Bergman and his wardrobe department: the old-maid provincial hair bun and the disfiguring eyeglasses. Women's faces, preferably under stress, are what Bergman likes to photograph; objective coherence he no longer cares to cultivate. Like many other films in his canon, *Autumn Sonata* is a private tribunal. Bergman himself is confessor, prosecutor, plaintiff, and as neutral a judge as he can risk being.

WHICH brings us to Woody Allen and his perplexing, abject desire to make a film in emulation of the remote Swede. Impressed by the austerity of Bergman's style and by what he reads as Bergman's tragic view of life, he endangered his project at the outset; he was faced with the problem of imposing a Swedish ethos on urban American material. Bergman, since *The Virgin Spring*, has as often as possible shut out not only the world of nature but also the world of things and the world of society at large, so that his agonists can battle nakedly with each other (or with a surrogate God), undistracted by the alternative points of view or the cultural frivolities which tempt the commonality of mankind. Allen's film is far more populous than *Autumn Sonata* or any late film of Bergman and so our comprehension of it is not delayed by a level of symbolic reference; it can be summarized as a story line that holds together. Motivation, however, is another matter. If *Autumn Sonata* is ambivalent because Bergman is playing a game with appearances, *Interiors* is eventually ambiguous because the calamities represented are in excess of the cause alleged.

Interiors should have been the tragedy (or even the comedy) of a man's attempt, alternately assisted or opposed by his three daughters, to win his own soul by ridding himself of their mother, his wife. I say "should have been" because Allen's conception of that man is so feeble (in the Bergman tradition of the ineffectual male) and the performance of E. G. Marshall is so uninflected that he emerges far less sympathetically than the compulsively meticulous wife played with twitchy naturalism by Geraldine Page. Arthur persists in his bid for freedom—he wants to go to the Mediterranean and be reborn, presumably—against the warnings of his plaintive wife who threatens suicide and actually attempts it and against the querulous protests of daughter Joey, more closely identified with her mother than her sisters are, probably because her own identity is insecure. Arthur returns from Greece uttering the same banalities as before (nothing about him has changed, not even his ties), together with a personable if clownish woman whom Joey indignantly and correctly describes as vulgar. When Arthur marries the creature, mother, sure enough, walks into the sea. Loyal Joey is all but drowned trying in vain to save her, and she in turn is resuscitated by the vulgar stepmother: which proves that this name-flashing tourist may be an ox in the drawing room but when it comes to fundamentals she is the pragmatic one who saves the day.

Inferentially, Eve (mother) deserves her fate, for in the explanation given her (too late) by Joey, she felt herself too good for this world and so created another, of interiors—of decor and decorum—which had demanded, from those around her, responses too strict for any of them to meet. Yet it is difficult to imagine that everyone around Eve is as derailed as they all seem to be by an excess of good taste. (No one suggests, incidentally, that a dictatorial mother might have been the answer to a visibly bland father.) The articulated miseries of the daughters and their men are strenuously reached for. Diane Keaton plays intelligently an unintelligent poet whose self-contempt is fairly inexplicable. Similarly, her husband, Richard Jordan, a churlish literary genius, fearful that he is not as good as the critics say he is, asserts his misgivings by trying to

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rape his sister-in-law, a TV actress given to drug addiction.

As I have suggested above, the whole embroilment is distorted by Allen's insistence on telling his story in a style alien to the milieu he provides, transposing the key of an American metropolitan setting into that of the hushed and claustrophobic atmosphere of Bergman's Baltic. He opens *Interiors* with unornamented credits, no simultaneous visuals behind them, no music. The exposition features single-shot close-ups of two sisters each looking out a different window, followed by a medium-distance shot of a male gazing at an urban panorama, commencing a narration to himself and to the audience—a familiar Bergman beginning. Allen's man has his back to us, perhaps to soften the shock of our eventual recognition that he is none other than the tepid E. G. Marshall, informing us, in an unlikely access of rhetoric, that suddenly in the course of his contented marriage, he "found an enormous abyss opening at [his] feet." Too much of the dialogue thereafter is like that, the sort of talk which, in earlier Woody Allen vehicles, would have speedily led to a verbal pratfall.

Allen tries harder—perhaps too hard—to keep his settings from becoming as cluttered as his language, staging crucial scenes at the dining table, in the bedroom, in an empty church, at a beach house, as a means of exiling the everyday world. Self-consciously he employs a camera at rest, passively framing close-ups or middle-distance shots of a static group, except for moments when he is recalling other Bergman strategies: conspicuously, when he tracks two conversing sisters along the beach in a sententious dolly-shot which evokes *Persona.*

With every sequence he appears to have asked himself, not "How can I best shoot this?" but "How would Bergman shoot it?" And he ends his film with a strict reversion to the Bergman format which, at the same time, summons a whole repertory of understated curtain tableaux, post-Chekhov and Ibsen. After the church, the white roses, and the coffin, the three sisters are aligned in profile (a reminder of the opening shots), staring at the sea. One says, "The water is calm" and another solemnly replies, "Yes, it's very peaceful." That Allen should have been trapped by so obvious an error as to believe that you can depict tragedy by imitating the surface of it from someone else's version is really amazing.

He was less gullible when less assured as a director. According to the biography of him by Lee Guthrie (which was withdrawn from distribution shortly after the opening of *Interiors*), the comedian once admitted that while he admired the films of Bergman (and of Buñuel) they could only be a bad influence on his work, "because they're so antithetical to comedy." He went on to explain that

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Sunday, January 28, 10:00 am
HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVES
Arthur Goren, Herbert Gutman, John Higham, David Rothman, Alan Wald

Sunday, January 28, 1:30 pm
NEW YORK WRITERS IN YIDDISH & ENGLISH
Marshall Berman, Leonard Kriegel, Dan Miron, Norma Fain Pratt, Ruth Wisse

Sunday, January 28, 7:00 pm
THEATER: FROM SECOND AVENUE TO BROADWAY
Joseph Buloff, Harold Clurman, Howard Da Silva, Joseph Papp, Nahma Sandrow, Isaiah Sheffer

Monday, January 29, 9:30 am
LANGUAGES IN CONTACT: YIDDISH & ENGLISH
Mark Feinstein, Joshua Fishman, Samuel Heilman, George Jochnowitz

Monday, January 29, 1:00 pm
VARIETIES OF COMMUNITY
Conrad Arensberg, Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett, William Mitchell, Marshall Sklare

Monday, January 29, 4:00 pm
IMMIGRANT WOMEN
Vivian Gornick, Paula Hyman, Alice Kessler-Harris, Grace Paley

Monday, January 29, 7:30 pm
JEWISH CULTURAL & LABOR ASSOCIATIONS
Jacob Katzman, Joseph Mlotek, Leon Stein, Simon Weber

The Conference is made possible by a grant from the New York Council for the Humanities and is conducted with the cooperation of the Center for Israel and Jewish Studies, Columbia University.

For further information contact: Research Program on Jews in New York, YIVO Institute for Jewish Research, 1048 Fifth Avenue, NY 10028. (212) 535 6700

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Bergman interested him more than any other film-maker, owing to "the consummate marriage of technique, theatricality, and themes that are both personally important to me and have gigantic size—death, the meaning of life, the question of religious faith."

In a more recent declaration, Allen was prepared to throw previous caution to the wind and reach for the "gigantic" themes, which he was now translating as "more personal" than those of his contemporaries. From the same source: ". . . I'm not sure any American film-maker makes the kind of movie I want to make. I don't want to do films like *Bonnie and Clyde* or *Mean Streets* or *Badlands* or *Nashville*. . . . To me, American serious films always have one foot in entertainment—and I like more personal drama, though there may not be a market for it. The drama I like is what you see in the plays of O'Neill and Strindberg and Ibsen—and in foreign films."

God forbid that a "serious" movie have one foot in entertainment! But there you have it: the puritan hunger for the High Serious, the discontent with authentic veins of American subject matter. Incidentally, this coupling of O'Neill and Strindberg is meaningful. Strindberg was the stepfather of Eugene O'Neill, who successfully transplanted the Swede's suffocating ethos into American settings. The Swedes flattered him back by staging all his plays at Stockholm's *Dramaten*. The single most influential figure behind all Bergman's work is of course Strindberg. The sympathetic link between Americans and Swedes is the fundamental puritanism they culturally share. (Bergman's Nordic damnations are taken far less seriously by, for example, the English, the Italians, or the French.) It has been said that the smothering family atmosphere in certain Bergman films appealed to Allen by reason of his special Jewish vulnerability to comparably oppressive parents in his own environment. I would not wish to pronounce on this probability, if probability it is, but I suspect that the driving force behind Allen's wistful Bergman-worship is rather a (Jewish?) love of perfection and a confusion of it with the Less-Is-More aesthetic of Scandinavian reductionism.

Be that as it may, the truth is that it takes more independent imagination, greater cinematic scope, a more vital sense of life-poetry to make *Bonnie and Clyde, Mean Streets,* or *Badlands* than it does to make *Interiors.* Centrally, what *is* Allen's film about? Certainly not about "the meaning of life"—a silly predication for any work of art. And though the rejected wife and mother kills herself, the film is in no awesome way about death. The people involved are not tragic, although some of them would like to be; they tend to be hysterical, obtuse, or pathetically abusive. Their behavior more closely resembles that of the semi-intellectual New Yorkers of Paul Mazursky's films, who know too much about one another and bitch all the time at their own limitations. Is this what makes the film, for Allen, "more personal"?

Interiors is an embarrassing episode in Woody Allen's career, a feeble struggle to escape from his more authentic self, an incredible concession to the snobbish misgiving that comedy is an inferior art. Allen, heretofore, has exercised a welcome talent for parody, a shrewd recognition of the clichés by which many American urbanites live. As a showman, he has exceptional taste in actresses, a professional eye when choosing a cinematographer, a lively ear for the musical score. What on earth compelled him to settle for less by aping a mode of cinema in which he has had to inhibit himself instead of releasing his better inspirations, is a problem for him to resolve; the movies may be the last place in which he can resolve it.

Finally, it may be worth remarking that while Bergman and Allen alike are postulating the destructive consequences of perfectionism, each in his own way is pursuing the absolute like mad: Bergman, the recreant preacher, with immaculate cinematic compositions; Allen, the stand-up comic, by aspiring to place himself among the most mirthless geniuses of our era.

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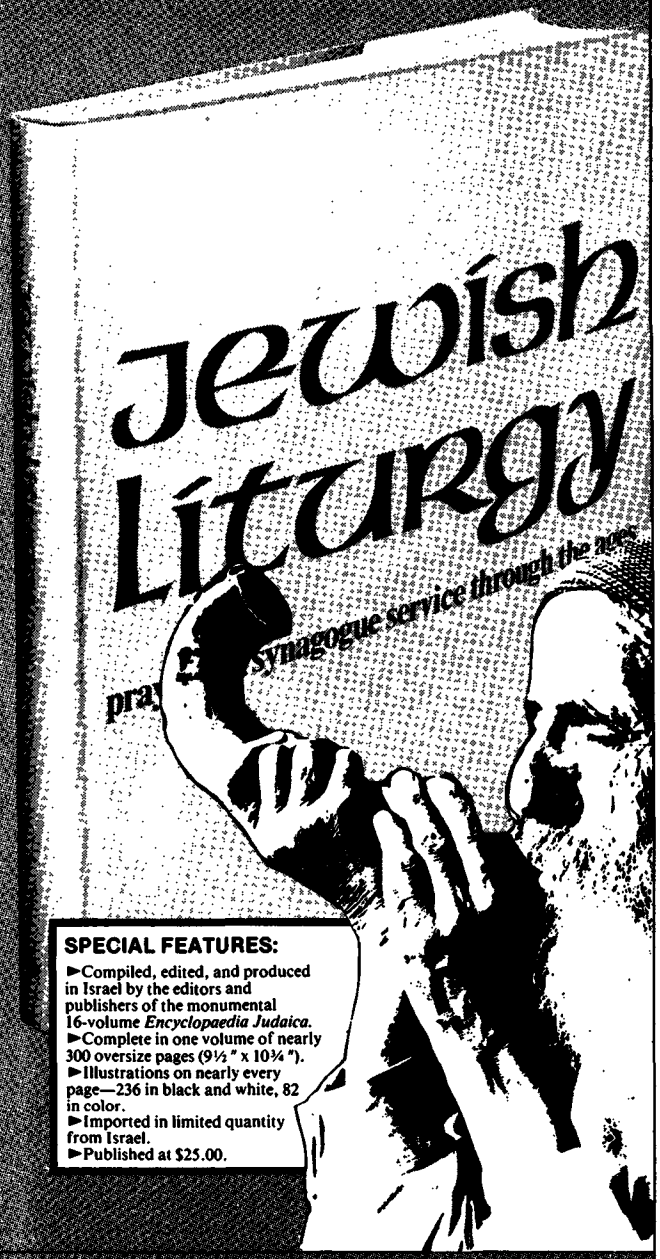

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Books in Review

Double Standard

CRIMINAL VIOLENCE, CRIMINAL JUSTICE. By CHARLES E. SILBERMAN. *Random House. 540 pp. $15.00.*

Reviewed by JAMES Q. WILSON

CHARLES SILBERMAN sets out in this book to revive belief in the proposition that the only correct policy for government to adopt in dealing with crime is to attack its root causes. Unlike liberals of the early 1960's, he does not deny that criminal violence is an ugly, massive reality, nor does he argue that what we know of crime is hopelessly distorted by bad statistics or official prejudice. On the contrary: he paints a vivid and, on the whole, accurate picture of big-city crime, combining useful data, scholarly observations, and personal vignettes. In short, he does not fall into the trap of some intellectuals: denying with words what is confirmed by the facts of everyday life. Because of this, however, he is required to make a bold assertion—that even though we face a serious (and in some communities, catastrophic) crime problem, we should not ask or expect the criminal-justice system to do much about it.

In the first part of his book, Silberman tells us once again that crime is a serious problem. Though he covers familiar ground, he covers it carefully and, to his credit, he does not duck the delicate question of the relationship between crime and race. As he notes, it is virtually impossible to speak honestly about this without giving offense to either blacks or whites, or more likely, both. Blacks commit a disproportionate share of violent crimes; this fact cannot be denied by attacking the motives of those who cite it or explained away by claiming that blacks commit more crimes because they are poorer than whites. (Blacks and Hispanics in our large cities have about the same income levels, but the rate of violent crime among the former is three to five times as great as among the latter.) Silberman's explanation, which is controversial, is that blacks learned violence from having violence practiced on them. If any group is kept in subjugation by the use of physical force and public humiliation, members of that group will understandably come to believe that force and humiliation should be used to manage their own affairs and, when circumstances permit, their relations with other groups.

In the second part of the book, Silberman attempts to show that, given the impact of racism, poverty, and community disorganization in promoting crime, we can expect little reduction in crime from changes in the criminal-justice system. "We simply do not know enough," he writes, to be confident that increased levels of punishment will reduce crime; "the police simply do not know what to do to reduce crime"; there is no point in trying to change the behavior of judges because the adult court system is already producing results that are "rational and just." Only two major changes in the system need be made, according to Silberman—reform the juvenile-justice system so as to reduce the number of young people who are locked up, and reform the adult correctional system so as to meliorate its brutality and violence.

It is an astonishing defense of the status quo, all the more so when one realizes that, given his perspective, Silberman could have as easily come to the same conclusion no matter how small, ineffective, understaffed, or unjust the existing police and court organizations might be. Though he acknowledges that the total absence of a police force would probably make crime go up, he offers no reason for believing that anything more than the barest minimum of coercive authority would be of any value.

There is an important sense in which such skepticism is warranted. The great differences between American and, say, Japanese crime rates are not the result of any significant differences between law-enforcement systems; nor are there many scholars who believe that any dramatic reductions in crime are likely to follow from the adoption of even the best-designed legal or organizational changes. What is at issue, however, is not whether large gains in public safety can be quickly achieved by institutional arrangements, but from which program the commitment of a given level of resources is likely to elicit the most benefit. In a given community, will $1 million purchase more safety if spent on income redistribution, school construction, psychiatric clinics, police anti-crime squads, faster prosecution of cases, stricter sentencing guidelines, or alternative correctional programs?

By resolutely subjecting every crime-reduction strategy that involves law enforcement to the most searching and skeptical criticism, Silberman is able to create the impression that nothing works and that those who suppose otherwise are either gadget-loving manipulators or oppression-loving ideologues. To the extent that he succeeds in this demolition, Silberman relieves himself of the necessity of showing that his favored programs —community-development projects —have any value, for if law enforcement (as he puts it) "is not the answer," then attacking root causes must be.

IN SHORT, Silberman applies a double standard: a rigorous one for any proposal that involves the use of sanctions, a lenient—indeed, nonexistent—one for any proposal that involves "community development." Consider his treatment of the studies of whether sanctions other than capital punishment deter crime. There are more than

JAMES Q. WILSON *is the Shattuck Professor of Government at Harvard University and the author of, among other books,* Thinking About Crime *and* The Investigators.

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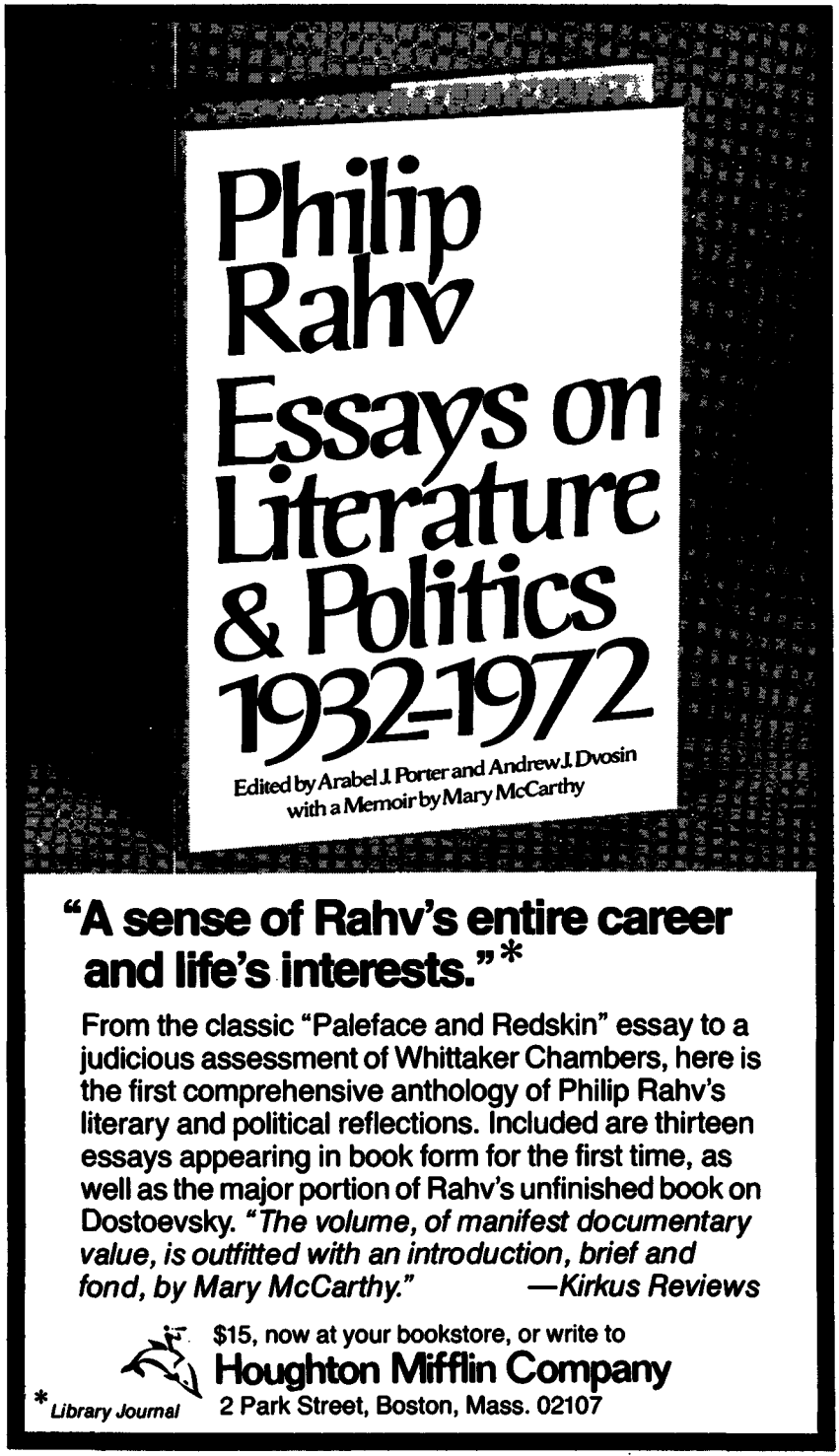
two dozen studies on this matter, the great majority of which suggest that as the probability (or certainty) of punishment for a given crime goes up in a city, county, or state, the rate at which that crime is committed goes down. There are a number of methodological difficulties with these studies, and one should not conclude that they *prove* that more-certain penalties cause crime to go down. But they are almost all consistent with that view, and with common sense. Silberman acknowledges the existence of these studies, but then quickly changes the subject to that of the death penalty, pointing out (rightly) that there is no consistent body of evidence showing that executions deter murders. He then returns to the subject of the deterrent effect of ordinary criminal penalties, saying that "we simply do not know" whether the increased certainty of punishment will have "any effect at all." With a turn of a phrase, he ignores or dismisses an extraordinary amount of the most painstaking research.

Compare this with his treatment of community-development projects. They are wonderful. Silberman has no evidence for this save the testimony of his own observations, but those observations are enough to convince him that serious crime has been "cut by more than 50 per cent" in one area of St. Louis and that equally dramatic changes have been wrought in parts of Puerto Rico, Brooklyn, and Palo Alto. He may be right; I hope he is; but there is no way to tell. Suppose a police chief had written a book claiming that by the use of aggressive patrolling techniques, decoy squads, and swift prosecution of career criminals his city had managed to cut serious crime by more than 50 per cent. Silberman's scorn can easily be imagined as he pointed out the lack of data, the poor methodology, the self-serving motives, and the ideological biases that make such a claim suspect. And his criticisms might well be appropriate. Unfortunately, he does not even notice how telling such criticisms are when applied to the conclusions of *Criminal Violence, Criminal Justice.*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To MANY readers, the most curious part of Silberman's effort to discredit the view that any change in law enforcement, except lessened brutality, can have a desirable effect will be his attack on the widely-shared belief that the sentences given convicted offenders are unduly disparate. He simply denies that there is much disparity in sentencing (after confessing that he once believed this error). His principal source of evidence for this is the study by Leslie Wilkins and Don Gottfredson of sentencing decisions in Denver and Vermont, in which, he claims, they found that "80 to 85 per cent of the sentences could be predicted, given a small core of information about the nature and seriousness of the offense and of the offender's prior record."

I have before me that study, and

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it shows no such thing. In the first place, most of the analysis is devoted to explaining the grounds on which judges decide to sentence persons to prison without regard to length of sentence. Such "in" or "out" decisions can, indeed, be predicted rather reliably by knowing just a few key facts, but that hardly shows that a disparity does not exist. Silberman's claim is like saying that we do not have an unequal distribution of income in this country because we can predict which people are above and which below the median income. The Wilkins-Gottfredson study (which, by the way, I think is an excellent start on the task of generating sentencing guidelines that will reduce disparities) does take into account in some tables the length of the *maximum* sentence imposed, but since convicts can serve quite various amounts of time up to the maximum, the analysis does not show that judges, left to their own devices, give comparable penalties for comparable offenses and offenders.

Other studies demonstrate what prosecutors and defense attorneys have always known—the identity of the judge makes a large difference. In Los Angeles, for example, the toughest superior court judge, according to a RAND study, sends 57 per cent of the convicted robbers to prison whereas the most lenient sends but 7 per cent.

What is curious about all this is why Silberman should go to such great lengths to deny the obvious, especially since he no doubt believes that equals should be treated equally and that personal whim should not influence human lives and futures. What could be more praiseworthy than to reduce or eliminate injustice? The answer, I conjecture, is this: Silberman fears that any effort to reduce sentence disparities will lead to sentencing laws and guidelines that are more punitive than those we now have. He does not want to run that risk, even for the sake of justice.

Silberman portrays himself as a centrist humanitarian, talking sense between the liberals who deny the reality of crime and the reactionaries who want to jail or hang everybody without regard to the communal disorganization that breeds crime. It is a false dichotomy, and hence the centrist position he stakes out is a spurious one. There may have once been arguments of the sort he supposes and there remain, to be sure, some zanies of the Left and the Right who take extreme positions. But almost everybody else has come to share a broad consensus that certain aspects of both the social milieu and the criminal-justice system must be improved simultaneously. The debate is over which aspects and at what cost.

To MAKE it appear that proponents of improving the effectiveness of the criminal-justice system are enemies of social progress, Silberman misrepresents their views. I

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wish I could make this point impersonally, but I cannot, since he has cast me in the role of arch-villain. I supposedly "deride" the notion that there is any connection between poverty and crime, oppose efforts to reduce poverty, and believe that slum dwellers have always "preferred their dissolute and crime-ridden way of life." (Later on, I am portrayed as an architect of, and flack for, the "Nixon program" of law enforcement.)

The whole attack would be preposterous were it not for the insight it gives into how Silberman's mind works. He wants to discredit any hopes for crime reduction as a consequence of a better criminal-justice system; to do this, he needs to show that advocates of such improvement are enemies of the people; and to do that, he needs some straw men. What I and many other analysts of crime have been saying is quite different: government programs to reduce crime by eliminating its ultimate causes are not likely to be successful because such causes are deeply embedded in the cultural system, family structures, and the historical legacy of habitual violence (among whites, among blacks, and between whites and blacks). But government can probably make some modest but significant improvements in public safety by assuming that would-be offenders are rational and will respond to the competing benefits of legitimate and illegitimate opportunities. One of the reasons crime rose is that we allowed youthful unemployment to rise at the very time that the penalties for youthful crime were falling. We ought to reverse this pattern by "simultaneously decreasing teenage unemployment and increasing the risks of youthful crime" (*Thinking About Crime*, p. 178). Moreover, "reducing poverty and breaking up the ghettos are desirable policies in their own right, whatever their effects on crime" (*ibid.*, p. 203).

ABOVE all, we ought to try to learn what works and in the process abandon our preconceptions about what *ought* to work. Over the last five or ten years, enormous gains have been made in devising and testing alternative ways of using the police and of managing prosecutorial offices. We need to bring the same frankly experimental cast of mind to the task of operating manpower programs, running community-development projects, and designing new and less brutalizing correctional strategies. We are only at the beginning of any real knowledge about how best to improve the conditions of life. Were that knowledge available, it would probably tell us that many different changes—in law enforcement *and* in economic and social opportunities—can, if taken in combination, produce some modest gains in public safety but no transformation of human nature. What we should not do is make, as Silberman does in the very last line of his book, the emotionally appealing but intellectually empty claim that "the question is no longer what to do, but whether we have the will to do it."

Hannah Arendt & the Jews

THE JEW AS PARIAH: JEWISH IDENTITY AND POLITICS IN THE MODERN AGE. By HANNAH ARENDT. Edited and with an Introduction by RON H. FELDMAN. *Grove Press. 288 pp. $12.50.*

Reviewed by
WERNER J. DANNHAUSER

RON H. FELDMAN, the editor of *The Jew as Pariah*, has undertaken a difficult task, the vindication of the late Hannah Arendt to the many Jews and non-Jews who found her stance toward things Jewish—especially in *Eichmann in Jerusalem*—offensive and outrageous. He has collected fifteen of her pronouncements between 1943 and 1966 on themes similar to the one she sounded in that notorious volume. Some bits are missing, such as her attempts to pin the label of fascist on Begin and remove it from Heidegger, but once the reader gets past Feldman's introduction he will be grateful to him for gathering so much evidence for assessing Miss Arendt's merits as thinker and Jew, even to the point of including criticism of her by Gershom Scholem and Walter Laqueur.

Unfortunately, it is not all that easy to get past the tendentious introduction of some thirty-odd pages. Feldman is correct in thinking that these essays illuminate the general nature of Hannah Arendt's thought, but he is resolutely blind to the possibility that they might cast doubt on its worth. He deserves praise for his forthright advocacy of Hannah Arendt, but not for his exaggerated insistence that she was excommunicated by the Jewish community, however much she herself might have courted this martyrdom. Finally, and probably unintentionally, he even does Hannah Arendt a disservice by insisting on the left-wing thrust of her thought. He seems unaware of the significance of her reply to Scholem's description of her as an intellectual from the German Left, though he quotes her inadvertently funny response: ". . . if I can be said to have come from anywhere it is from the tradition of German philosophy." Feldman might have done better to insist briefly that cases of this kind can never be closed finally, that Hannah Arendt deserves a new hearing, and to let her speak for herself.

That she was able to speak for and about herself with force as well as grace is shown in the very first essay, "We Refugees," in the first section, "The Pariah as Rebel." By "we refugees" Hannah Arendt did not mean all Jewish refugees from Germany, but only all Jewish refugees from Germany who were intellectuals and lacked true dignity. Some committed suicide (the year was 1943); others toadied to their new country of residence; all lacked the strength that only the author herself seemed to possess, the courage to be conscious pariahs. Though one would never guess from this piece that thousands of German Jewish refugees were managing to lead dignified lives as dignified Jews in a free country, there is no denying that Miss Arendt stated her case—one might almost say her condition

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—with considerable eloquence and flashes of brilliant wit.

Having introduced the notion of the pariah, and having elevated it by including herself in the category, Miss Arendt proceeded to apply this key concept—it also looms large in *The Origins of Totalitarianism*—to as much of current Jewish history as possible, thereby justifying the choice of the book's title. For her it was the modern Jew's destiny to be a pariah, or outcast, just as it was his only salvation to accept that status proudly while fighting for a world in which no one would be excluded from humankind.

So far so good, but two problems emerge at once. It would seem that the merit of being an outcast depends mainly on who is doing the casting out. Miss Arendt, however, *glorified* the pariah and tried to show that the mere fact of being excluded, in and of itself, conferred special privileges and even nobility. So far as 19th-century Europe and 20th-century Germany are concerned—and most of Miss Arendt's writing was indeed about these times and places—the definition may be somewhat valid. But the second problem complicates the issue, to say the least. A Jew simply cannot be understood solely by looking at those who exclude him. To be a Jew, after all, means to belong to the Jewish people, and for many Jews the special privilege of that belonging was and is far more precious than the creative tension that may be engendered by exclusion. For Miss Arendt, however, the truest Jew was estrangement incarnate; he was despised not only by other people but by his own.

IN THE most representative essay of the first section, "The Jew as Pariah: A Hidden Tradition," Miss Arendt went as far as possible in developing this strange thesis. She picked four men as examples of the "hidden tradition." The first was Heinrich Heine, portrayed here as a merry old soul, a free spirit who lovingly depicted the Jew as *schlemiehl*. She neglected to mention that Heine was a tormented man ("Out of my great sorrows come my little songs") who

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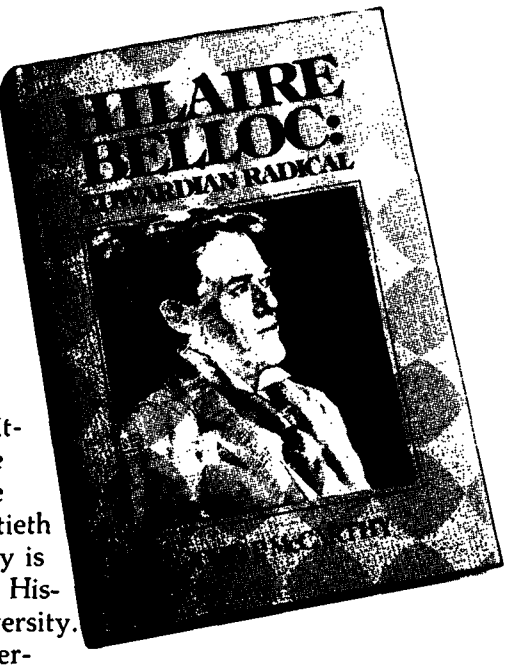

Hilaire Belloc: Edwardian Radical
By John P. McCarthy

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converted to Christianity and was capable of referring to Judaism as a misfortune. Her second example was Bernard Lazare, the brilliant French Zionist from whom she took the term "conscious pariah," a man who parted ways with Herzl because he insisted on a closer link between the fight for Jewish rights and the fight against oppression in general. The third example was Charlie Chaplin, who captured on film "the entrancing charm of the little people." The fact that Chaplin had "recently declared that he is of Irish and Gypsy descent" bothered Miss Arendt so little that she could relegate it to a footnote which made it obvious that, strangely enough, one did not have to be Jewish to be a Jewish pariah. The final example was Kafka. In analyzing *The Castle*, she was willfully silent about that enigmatic novel's clear theological implications, and one can see why. If there is a God who dwells above, then wanting to ascend to the castle becomes a rational activity and being an outcast is hardly the kind of special grace Hannah Arendt desired it to be. But then, as the editor makes clear, Miss Arendt was forever engaged in the labor of distinguishing between Judaism and Jewishness, accepting the latter while rejecting the former.

Miss Arendt's refusal to acknowledge the enduringly strong links between religion and the Jewish yearning to return to Israel is but one of the red threads running through the central section of this volume, "Zionism and the Jewish State." Another is her constant mockery of what she called Herzl's theory of eternal anti-Semitism. In this case she made derision do the work of argument, for it would have been impossible to deny rationally that anti-Semitism was as old as the "eternal people." But then her criticisms of Zionism were so fierce and varied that readers might be mystified by her years of genuine devotion to the Zionist cause. This devotion becomes easier to comprehend if one takes up again her notion of "The Jew as Pariah." That idea entailed, first of all, a contempt for assimilationists, whom she loathed more for wishing to join up with other people than for desiring to abandon the Jews. Secondly, it entailed approval of those who stood up uncompromisingly to an unfriendly world, and that, at least in the 30's, meant especially the Zionists.

But Miss Arendt's Zionism was always of a peculiar and rarefied brand. She fought for a Jewish homeland but against a Jewish state. And how she fought! Priding herself on her sense of political reality, she nevertheless argued for such chimeras as a bi-national state in Palestine, or a federation with the Arabs, or a confederation with the whole region, or a UN trusteeship. When the Zionist movement not only opted for a Jewish *state* but attained one, she began to write almost as one who felt personally betrayed. She refused to see any significant difference between Ben-Gurion and Begin; she invented a host of missed opportunities for cooperation between Jews and Arabs; she voiced scores of dire predictions and was less than perfectly graceful when these predictions almost always proved wrong.

Miss Arendt's loathing of the very idea of a Jewish state was once more part of her insistence that Jews be pariahs. Jews could become rebels who founded the Hebrew University and the kibbutz movement, but for her the desire for a Jewish state was indistinguishable from a degrading urge to be nothing but "a people like all other people." Of course the reality was quite different. A Jewish state was an absolute necessity; nationalism did not disappear merely because Miss Arendt declared it obsolete, and there was no compelling reason why a people with a state could not remain a people unlike other people in all decisive respects. Both the extraordinary love and the extraordinary hate Israel has provoked since 1948 have proved as much.

Yet they proved nothing of the sort to Hannah Arendt, as becomes plain in the final section of this book, "The Eichmann Controversy." To read this section is almost as sad as looking today at *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, for there is little doubt that Miss Arendt's bile had by this time (1963) gotten the best of her. The book itself is fatally marred by her hatred of Israel—in the very first chapter she went so far as to liken Israel's religious restrictions on intermarriage to the Nazi Nuremberg laws of 1935—and her polemics in connection with the book show her at her worst. All her work bears traces of a will to overstatement, but in regard to the Eichmann trial she compounded her errors by refusing to acknowledge them. When Jewish organizations—many of whose leaders are the special target of her considerable talent for venom—began to respond to her wild charges, she saw it all as an attempt to discredit the greatest Jewish loner of the century—herself. It was only fitting, therefore, that Walter Laqueur ended his exchange with her on the subject of the Eichmann book with the sardonic comment that "I can assure Miss Arendt that the Elders of Zion are not yet out to get her."

Hannah Arendt appears at her sorriest in an exchange of letters with Gershom Scholem. The latter attacked her not so much for what she said in *Eichmann in Jerusalem* as for the tasteless and heartless way in which she said it. He went on to accuse her of insufficient "love of the Jewish people." The charge must have struck home because it led her to an uncharacteristically obtuse reply. She said she never loved any people, and that since she was Jewish such love of the Jews would be suspect. One paragraph later she admitted that wrongs done by Jews grieved her more than wrongs done by other people. She thus manifested a total incomprehension of a basic human phenomenon, love of one's own. It is, after all, no more rational to grieve at the failures of one's people than to rejoice at their triumphs. There is nothing wrong with loving one's own, which is why we are told to love our neighbors as we love ourselves. All this could no longer be seen by the outcast Hannah Arendt. She had at long last become a living refutation of her own contentions, by showing that a conscious pariah is just as easily led to delusion as to truth.

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Art & War

REVIEWING THE FORTIES. By DIANA TRILLING. Introduction by PAUL FUSSELL. *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 272 pp. $9.95.*

Reviewed by PETER SHAW

THE fascist menace dominated the books reviewed by Diana Trilling from 1942 to 1948, when she was fiction critic for the *Nation* magazine. But although American writers responded to the war with surprising speed, they failed to confront Nazism meaningfully at any time in the course of these six-and-a-half years. At first Mrs. Trilling, a selection of whose columns are presented here, was simply appalled by the novelists' shallowness of response to what was happening in the world. One author introduced stage Nazis as a convenient way to resolve his plot, another to beef up a tale of adventure, while a third wa still fighting World War I, with suitable Hemingway heroics and style.

William Saroyan remained pixyish, John Hersey played the *faux naïf,* and Upton Sinclair, sweeping up the unspeakable horrors of the time as incidents in his saga of the 20th century, presented Hermann Goering meeting Lanny Budd with the words, *"Ja,* Lanny!" At the same time, the writers could not have been more piously democratic and anti-fascist—or more self-congratulatory for being so.

Mrs. Trilling had some good fun with attempts by the best-sellers of the day to deal with the same world crisis. "It is a not uncommon fault of meretricious fiction," she observed, "that it likes to deal with the biggest subjects: *kitsch* walks in where better intelligences may fear to tread." And of minor, anti-Nazi novels she observed: "Apparently no reality is too big for the truly unimaginative." But it grew apparent that the best work of her time failed either by a too fastidious avoidance of contemporary history, or by succumbing to the same pieties as the crudest government

PETER SHAW, *the author of* The Character of John Adams, *teaches English at Stony Brook.*

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propaganda. She discussed many writers still well-known today, among them Joyce Cary, John Dos Passos, James T. Farrell, Arthur Koestler, Sinclair Lewis, Carson McCullers, Vladimir Nabokov, George Orwell, Katherine Anne Porter, Robert Penn Warren, and Edmund Wilson—and, in most cases, she was forced to judge their work as inadequate to the day.

What she termed the "sickness of contemporary fiction" seemed to lie in a self-indulgent cultivation of personal sensibility. Those most deeply stricken by this malady were the women writers, Eudora Welty, Sylvia Townsend Warner, Christina Stead, Anaïs Nin, and Elizabeth Bowen. But no category of writer proved exempt from what appeared to be a universal moral abdication. Contemporary fiction, Mrs. Trilling finally concluded in 1948, "leads us into opting for a world of irresponsibility."

IN HIS introduction to this collection, Paul Fussell cautions against thinking of its reviews as essentially negative, pointing out their generosity of praise for works of true merit. And in fact, some of the reviews could still appear as critical introductions—to Isaac Rosenfeld's *Passage From Home*, for example, or Truman Capote's *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, though it is not lavishly praised, or Saul Bellow's *The Victim*, which is. But the problem of fiction's inadequacy in the face of the most terrible events of modern history persists and calls for an explanation.

Directly after the war period it became fashionable to speak of the death of the novel. The social sciences, it was argued, were proving to be better equipped than the creaky novel to describe life in society. But Mrs. Trilling's moral passion reminds us that a mere secretaryship to society is only the first of the novelist's responsibilities. We ask the novel to make sense not only of society but also of history; for, aside from the problems raised by history, we can understand society well enough on our own. The novel's retreat from life, so frequently commented on during the 1950's, stemmed not from a challenge by social science but from the challenge of Nazism. To an extent, the problem posed by the Nazis was too large and too complex for immediate treatment in fiction. But it seems to me that there were two additional causes for the failure that Mrs. Trilling chronicled.

In the first place, the test of history proved most fiction writers to be lacking in intellectual and moral stature. Mrs. Trilling called attention to a decline of psychological insight in the novel, as compared with the time before Freud; she exposed a distrust of "mind" running through the whole literary culture; and she denounced the cults of toughness, drunkenness, madness, and "infantilism" in the writing she encountered. But she never asked how she herself had avoided these failures of intellect. The simple truth is that she had a far better grip on the contemporary world, both intellectually and imaginatively, than most writers of the time. The writers had their hearts in the right places, as she showed. But they did not grasp that it was no longer enough to abhor evil and to love freedom, nor did they realize how comfortably they were luxuriating in their easily-donned, "soft political idealism."

Yet there was more involved in what happened to fiction than the failures of a particular group of writers. After all, English and continental fiction, though dealing more capably with the hard questions, proved no more satisfactory in the final analysis. The deeper cause of failure was Nazism's assault on the imagination. Up to the 1940's the great resource of modern writers had been the power of the unfettered imagination. Not only Freud, but the classicists and anthropologists working at the turn of the century, along with Nietzsche shortly before them, had displayed the deep sources of art (and religion as well) in the terrible and bloody practice of sacrifice by primitive man. Despite the underlying horror, the brutal origins of art represented an opportunity for the modern artist. By establishing affinities with the primitive source, one could hope to tap new creative powers. Soon the modern writer, reaching backward through his own unconscious, was producing such mythic-chthonic works as "The Waste Land," *Women in Love*, and *The Sound and the Fury*.

This estimable formula was suddenly confronted in the 1930's and 1940's by a very different revelation of primitive ritual—one that laid bare the ultimate ineffectuality of art. First came the Nazi mass rallies, those manufactured rituals, and then the mass killings. Together they demonstrated as never before man's primitive capacities. The threat to civilization was clear; the incapacity of art to deal with it was equally clear. And yet military victory, when it came, was somehow assumed to have included cultural victory as well, so that few questioned the artistic costs of more than a decade of barbarism.

For over a third of a century one such cost has been fiction's loss of confidence in itself. The trends of the 1940's identified by Mrs. Trilling—solipsism, the cult of the irrational (as opposed to a commitment to the unconscious), a conventionalized sexual adventurism—have remained the central, dispiriting business of the novel ever since. It is no wonder that eventually Mrs. Trilling found herself repelled by serious fiction and drawn to barely fictionalized books like *The Hucksters* at the one extreme, and to detective stories and romantic fiction at the other. Nor is it any wonder that, since the war, the novel has lost its role as a final arbiter of culture. In this respect, if not in others, the Nazis won.

Sentimental Story

LEON TROTSKY. By IRVING HOWE. *Viking. 193 pp. $7.95.*

Reviewed by ROGER STARR

THIS little book, an expanded version of an essay Irving Howe wrote in the early 1960's, summarizes Trotsky's life as a versatile man of action, theory, and letters, and offers the following evaluation of his character: "Per-

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sonal tragedies, incalculable sufferings beset him, but he remained erect and combative, faithful in his vision both in its truth and error, insight and blindness. Even those rejecting his every word must recognize that in the last ten or twelve years of his life Trotsky offered a towering example of what a man can be." Even if merited, this praise, it should be noted, rests on humanitarian values to which Trotsky, during most of his political life, must have accorded low importance, and which would scarcely have won the adherence of militant revolutionary followers.

Strong character can be produced by businessmen and baseball players; Howe himself and the other young leftists of the 30's who turned to Trotsky as an alternative to Stalinism surely looked to him for more. They expected, first, a shared vision of social good and social evil; yet Howe repeatedly makes clear that Trotsky was far more adept at seeing the evil in what others had wrought—or had acquired by conquest and guilt—than the evil implicit in the events he himself had helped to shape. His admirers hoped to find an intellectual who, with great reluctance and a bow to historical necessity, had been forced to take power into his hands; they found instead a strategist who could order people killed when the survival of an "idea" seemed to depend on it, and for whom intellectual analysis was designed not so much to get at truth as to change the world. They expected to find at least the remnants of tortured and strained benevolence, hidden beneath a sense of irony and the scornful language of revolutionary invective; it was not there. And when they thought at last to find support from their hero in their own endless battles with the Stalinist majorities on the Left, they found instead a man who was far less likely than they to countenance anything that might injure the cause to which he expected some day to return in power. Rather like Alfred Dreyfus, of whom it has often been said that if he had not been Dreyfus he would have been an anti-Dreyfusard, Trotsky lacked some of the credentials of a solid Trotskyist.

IN THE SUMMER of 1917, the instability of the Kerensky regime was apparent, and its future shaky. The Bolsheviks saw themselves with two options: one, to form a multipartied government with other Left factions, taking over by peaceful means the organs of the provisional government; the other, to move alone to dispossess the provisional officials and constitute a single-party government in which they would be the sole authority. Trotsky's misnamed theory of "permanent revolution" gave intellectual support to the notion that the Bolsheviks, who regarded themselves as the embodiment of the working class, could take the risk of assuming leadership.

Students of the Russian revolution have argued ever since the Bolshevik coup of October 1917 whether the ideology led to the takeover, or whether it merely provided an excuse for it. Howe reports two opposing arguments in polar form. Pro-Bolsheviks asserted that Lenin and Trotsky did nothing wrong because their seizure of power was entirely justified by the support of the "masses." Anti-Bolsheviks called the coup, in Howe's words, the "work of a small conspiratorial minority, usurping the power of the unstable Russian democracy."

Howe describes both of these accounts as "myths," and claims that the truth is much more complicated. In effect, however, his own account seems to coincide very closely with that of the anti-Bolsheviks. Furthermore, he suggests that the "undemocratic consequences" of the coup—i.e., Leninism and Stalinism—were inevitable, leaving the reader to conclude also that they were made all the more so by the theoretical justification which Trotsky himself had provided. Howe, nevertheless, pleads in extenuation that Lenin and Trotsky were both motivated by what they thought best for mankind, improvising with genius and moving with resolution,

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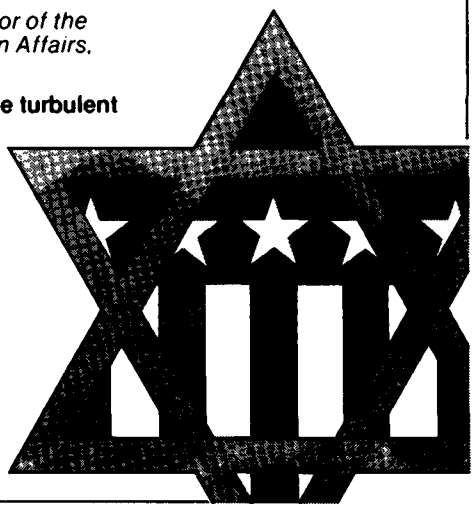

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and, in the case of Lenin, with great political skill. Together, they bridged the gap that separated Marx's dialectical materialism from the complex reality of underdeveloped, semi-Asiatic revolutionary Russia.

DESPITE HOWE's long affiliation with socialism, it is clear that he himself has now come to reject much, if not all, of the Marxist theory of class struggle, proletarian dictatorship and hegemony, and the consequent withering away of the state. Certainly he acknowledges that Marxist ideology, even as interpreted by Trotsky, has been refuted by history. The proletarian revolutions which were forecast in the aftermath of World Wars I and II did not occur. The international working class demonstrated a lack of unity, suggesting that national and ethnic characteristics were a far more significant determinant of behavior than the nature of economic relations in the production system. Democracy, contrary to theory, has shown itself to be much less divisible than had been forecast by those followers of Marx who talked of depriving some classes of their democratic rights while retaining them for workers; when other classes lost their democratic rights, the workers lost them too. Finally, Marxist theory failed to contemplate the emergence of state bureaucracy after the nationalization of production. Yet Trotsky, to Howe's disappointment, clung to the basic propositions despite tentative waverings near the end, and, as Howe puts it, refused "to scrutinize his own assumptions with the corrosive intensity he brought to those of his political opponent [Stalin]."

But even while criticizing Trotsky, Howe assumes that he was indeed moving toward the realization of the dream of a world in which no one dominates another. A different view of Trotsky would seem to fit the facts more snugly: his profession of this ideal, together with his theory of dialectical materialism, provided him with a cover for his own aggressive drive for power, which was probably the central motive in his life. Howe prefers not to look at this side of Trotsky's nature, celebrating instead his literary achievements and his historical writings. Yet Trotsky's *History of the Russian Revolution,* impressive as it may be, is not impartial history, nor intended to be; it is a paean, as Howe himself recognizes, to the inevitable triumph of the Russian proletariat and its chosen instruments of leadership, among them, preeminently, Trotsky himself. The tone of the book makes it clear that such a man would never have been content with a literary career.

MOST revolutions destroy those leaders who lose out in the final stages of the struggle for status in the new regime. Trotsky's courageous, resourceful, and doomed struggle to purge his revolution of its "mistakes" strikes many intellectuals as a singular achievement. He seems to stand alone on the political stage. To find his equivalent, though, one might look at industrial leaders who have originated enterprises of mammoth size only to lose control of them, and who have spent the rest of their lives trying to regain what they have lost. Like Trotsky, they inveigh against their displacers while continuing to cherish the product with which they began their careers. Howe makes frequent reference to the fact that industrial development in pre-revolutionary Russia was not the product of rising, energetic entrepreneurs but had rather been imposed on the country by the Czar and the military establishment, with the help of foreign investment. As the son of unusually well-situated Jewish farmers, Trotsky had little or no opportunity to give scope to his ambitions for power except in a revolutionary context: business careers were nonexistent, political careers under the czarist establishment closed to him. There were indeed elements in Trotsky's character that would not have been satisfied by an industrial or political career, however brilliant, but it is equally unrealistic to believe that "ideology" forced him to take power when he would rather have been reading Turgenev.

I have introduced the industrialist as model only to suggest that in

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some cases Howe would have no difficulty ascribing ruthlessness and intellectual rigidity to ambition and the need for command. Why should Trotsky be exempt from such assessments of character, which writers like Howe apply automatically in dealing with most other subjects? Only, I suspect, because without faith in the character of at least one representative of the socialist idea, they would be left with nothing but the seemingly intractable problems of the present, and a future that begins to look tragic. But that the future may look tragic is no excuse for sentimental readings of the past.

What Are Schools For?

WORLDS APART: RELATIONSHIPS BETWEEN FAMILIES AND SCHOOLS. By SARA LAWRENCE LIGHTFOOT. *Basic Books. 257 pp. $12.95.*

Reviewed by RITA KRAMER

Worlds Apart is an interesting book, less for anything it has to say about the "relationships between families and schools," which is its subject, than for what it demonstrates about the educational establishment today and what that establishment will support. The government (Office of Child Development), the academy (Harvard, Radcliffe, Wellesley), and the Ford Foundation have all made funds and assistance available for a work that presents opinion as though it were fact, and concludes with some obvious generalizations (parents and teachers should respect each other and value each other's roles) couched in the impenetrable jargon of the sociology of education (there is a lot of interacting and intersecting at various interfaces).

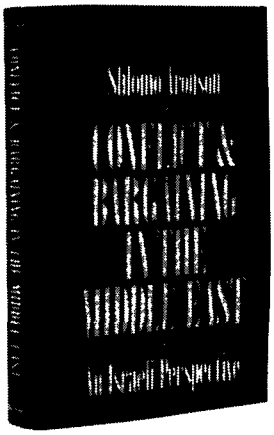
The author, who is on the faculty of the Harvard Graduate School of Education, simply takes as axiomatic the assumptions of one particular group of writers, namely, the revisionist critics of education for whom "middle class" and "elitist" are automatic pejoratives, who believe that "American schooling was (and is) a mechanism of social control . . . a place to inculcate workers with the motivational schemes for factory work," and who charge that schools do not foster mobility or assimilation or "change the results of primary socialization in the home." But is this what education is all about? What *is* the function of schooling? How well is it being accomplished? What can be done to improve it? Such questions are not asked in this doctrinaire book—they are begged.

Professor Lightfoot believes that poor black children do badly in school not because of any deficiency in their pre-school experience or home environment, but because the white-dominated institutional bureaucracy systematically fails them. Her method of arguing this point is simply to assert it, invoking supporting statements from social critics who agree with her and characterizing as racist those who disagree. The contrary findings of a number of respected scholars in the field of child development, we are to believe, are merely rationalizations for racial prejudice.

But these findings are no longer at serious issue. Though Professor Lightfoot writes as if everything crucial to a child's progress in school happens once he is already there, we now know that a great deal that is decisive to a child's later educational career has already happened before the child even gets to school. We know that a child's earliest relationship with a reasonably consistent and responsive adult is the basis for his later capacity to learn, to develop self-respect, to care for others, and to be interested in the world and how it works. Children who have been deprived of the opportunity to develop this capacity—deprived not by race, but by the culture of poverty—are the future victims and victimizers of our society.

It is these deprived children that Professor Lightfoot is writing about in her indictment of the American educational system. Yet she ignores or dismisses the careful and sensitive observations of such lifelong investigators of child devel-

RITA KRAMER *is the author of* Maria Montessori: A Biography *(Putnam) and* Giving Birth: Childbearing in America Today *(Contemporary).*



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opment as Rene Spitz, John Bowlby, Anna Freud, Jean Piaget, D. W. Winnicott, and Margaret Mahler. To have taken them into account might perhaps have interfered with the straightforward simplicity of her indictment.

A second assumption underlying this book is that the most important function of schools is to promote social goals—equality in particular—rather than to transmit what others would call academic skills but what Professor Lightfoot calls the "dominant white culture." Comparing, for example, a teacher who believes that school is for learning how to "productively relate to children from a variety of backgrounds" with another teacher, who believes the children are in her classroom "for one reason . . . to learn and study," the author is clearly on the side of the first teacher. She admits that the children of the second do "learn how to read, every single one of them . . . some at third- and fourth-grade level," but this is simply not as important as what the first teacher tries to accomplish: "socializing children . . . she works to move children beyond their egocentric needs to explore the potential richness of group experiences."

Such a comparison between teachers might have served to raise the question of what the schools are for—a question which must be asked before we can judge how well or badly they are doing their job and whether or not they should be changed. But Professor Lightfoot does not raise this question. She does not spell out or defend her concept of the school as a laboratory for social change and seems unaware that an alternate definition exists—of the school as an instrument for transmitting the culture of the past and imparting the skills that will make it possible to extend that culture into the future. Her view is not even an opinion, but rather a prejudice, and it is one that is never acknowledged, explained, or defended, but simply taken for granted.

In the past, ironically, the schools *have* served as an instrument of social change, yet they have done so precisely by imparting the mastery of certain basic skills to a variety of poor immigrant groups. It is the children of those immigrant groups of the past, formerly impoverished and despised, who make up the present American majority, a majority that includes middle-class blacks in business, professions, government, and the arts. It seems perverse to say, as Professor Lightfoot does, that instead of continuing to impart these skills, the schools should now adapt themselves to the limitations of the very people who have the most to gain from being brought into the mainstream of society.

To ask no more of poor black children than that they retain what they already have in the way of social, intellectual, and cultural resources is to play a rather cruel hoax on them. And as for the educational establishment which rushes to support such a doctrine with grants and research assistance, it must be very cynical about the chances of the black poor to better themselves or about what, in fact, schooling can and cannot accomplish.

Shogun and Strategist

AMERICAN CAESAR: DOUGLAS MACARTHUR 1880-1964. By WILLIAM MANCHESTER. *Little, Brown. 793 pp. $15.00.*

Reviewed by EDWARD N. LUTTWAK

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR rose to the top in the small army of the interwar years and then retired in 1934, after serving his full term as chief of staff. He then found employment as the organizer of the new army of the Philippines, and was its war commander in defeat. In 1942 he was recalled to active duty and placed in charge of the U.S. Far East Command; and when he had received Japan's surrender in 1945, he became also the chief of the occupation. In 1950 he was appointed, in addition, UN com-

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mander-in-chief in Korea. A year later he was stripped of all his commands because he had challenged Truman's authority over policy, and thus the principle of civilian control over the military.

As far as World War II is concerned, MacArthur is associated with Marshall, Eisenhower, Bradley, Patton, and so on in the military history we all remember. In our memory of the Korean war, MacArthur's name evokes a daring landing at Inchon, a rapid advance to apparent victory, the sudden Chinese intervention, and then the bitter fighting which eventually ended with the restoration of the *status quo ante* at the 48th parallel. These memories and some recent entertainments, including a mediocre film, also remind us of MacArthur's ample and highly mannered speech, of his numerous vanities, and of his fatal political error in quarreling with the little haberdasher who was also a great President.

It is very hard to retrieve the true dimensions of the man from all this. But Douglas MacArthur was an altogether greater man than the other famous generals with whom his name is associated. The product of a blinkered West Point education, and of service in the extremely provincial small army of the interwar years, MacArthur entirely transcended his environment. There were very few men in his time or ours who had MacArthur's true strategical understanding; still fewer were the American officers who understood as he did the modern forms of maneuver warfare; and there were only a handful of senior commanders who knew as well as MacArthur how to project an aura of leadership. Those who had one quality lacked the others. Patton, among a few others, had two of the three. Only MacArthur combined all of them. In addition, MacArthur's ill-sounding phrases about "understanding the Oriental mind" should not obscure the plain evidence that he did exactly that, first in the Philippines, where he managed to combine an effective military overlordship with true respect for the embryonic independence of the pre-war "Commonwealth," and then in occupied Japan, where he made alone every crucial decision, often against all advice, almost always being later proved to have been entirely right.

In retrospect, it seems scarcely credible that MacArthur should have been left in charge of defeated Japan without any real guidance from Washington. A lesser man might have hesitated before the vast scope of decisions left to him, but MacArthur seized the opportunity and acted much as a British viceroy in India might have done, before the telegraph. It was MacArthur who decided that Hirohito should remain as a constitutional emperor while many were speaking of trial, execution, and a republic; it was MacArthur who decided to leave the Japanese government and civil service in place without a break, instead of pursuing reconstruction *ab initio* as in Germany; and it was MacArthur, the Republican right-winger, who imposed both land reform and unionization on Japan, and much else besides that many in America deemed "socialistic." The full history of MacArthur's occupation policy remains to be written, but it is plain that it was remarkably successful, and that it reflected a highly educated understanding of Japanese culture.

It is characteristic that the Japanese public understood his ambiguous role in Japan's governance much better than most Americans, and no wonder, since MacArthur chose for himself a role carefully tailored to fit the familiar notion of the Shogun, whose real authority coexisted with the fiction of imperial rule. Neither dictator nor chief administrator, and certainly not in any real sense supreme military commander (as his title declared), MacArthur was in effective control through authority rather than power. American reporters had to resort to elaborate writing to define the exact nature of his post, but to the Japanese the matter was plain: MacArthur was the new Shogun, while the emperor had become once again what emperors had

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been until the fall of the Shogunate, a mere figurehead,

Very few men would have had the wisdom to choose such a perfectly well-cut role for themselves in such a delicate situation, and none could have played the part so well as he did, in a perfect blend of regal bearing and egalitarian pretense. His daily transit from home to office was a carefully contrived ceremony, a sort of motorized levee; but when, on the other hand, MacArthur chose one day to ride the elevator up to his office with a humble carpenter who happened to have stepped in before him, his retinue of PR men made quite sure that the incident was widely publicized. (The Japanese did not miss the point: a drama based on the episode had a successful run on the Tokyo stage.) In the politics of the occupation as in combat leadership, image-making and the presentation of the self were of the essence. In MacArthur's case it is impossible and quite pointless to try to separate purposeful contrivance from mere vanity.

IT IS particularly difficult to convey the nature of MacArthur's military qualities. Warfare in an administrative style, with plodding tactics and elaborate logistics, based almost exclusively on the abundant use of sheer firepower, is the American norm. The officer is a manager, and the ideal type is the amiable mediocrity, efficient in routine procedures, rather than the true strategist or the brilliant tactician. A truly well-read and thorough student of military history, MacArthur rejected the norm and practiced a form of warfare entirely beyond the understanding of most of his colleagues. His was *maneuver* warfare, where the object is to muster highly focused strength against the weak points of an enemy rather than to attack his main strength in a direct contest of attrition. Maneuver is intellectually much more complicated than attrition warfare, and inherently much more risky, but then again it offers the chance of large and swift victories at a low cost in blood. Clark in the slow crawl up the Italian peninsula, Eisenhower in France after D-Day, both practiced attrition warfare; they took no chances and their armies paid in full—in blood, firepower, or both—for each step forward. MacArthur's warfare avoided the confrontation of strength against strength; his operations in the Pacific from New Guinea to the end were all maneuver operations, characterized by rapid shifts of effort from place to place, in a constant search for the enemy's weak points.

But it was the Inchon landing that exemplified maneuver warfare in its purest form. The North Koreans having advanced all the way south, so that the small U.S. and South Korean forces were confined to a small perimeter at the bottom of the peninsula, the standard American method would have been to accumulate massive reinforcements in the perimeter, and then launch a straightforward counteroffensive up the peninsula, to push the enemy back to the north, step by step, relying on sheer firepower in a series of head-on battles. Predictably, this was the unimaginative plan recommended by the Joint Chiefs and their staffs. Instead, less than three months from the outbreak of war, with only part of the potential reinforcement in hand, MacArthur left the weak perimeter at the southern end of the peninsula to its own devices and used the reinforcements sent him to effect an amphibious landing halfway up Korea, at Inchon near Seoul in the deep rear of the enemy.

Inchon was an important port close to the nodal point of enemy communications, and might well have been full of enemy troops; the coast is subject to extreme tides and has all the features that normally inhibit amphibious landings. To conventional minds this meant that one should not land at Inchon. To MacArthur the obvious unsuitability of the place was its main recommendation, since the enemy would not expect his forces to land there in defiance of the topography and of elementary military prudence. When told that it might simply be impossible to navigate the ships through the long and tortuous approach channel, and to find hard ground on which to land the troops (at low tide the soft mud stretches for miles), MacArthur characteristically pointed out that the Japanese had already landed troops at Inchon when fighting for Korea in 1894 and 1904. Equally characteristically, those who had not bothered to study the military history of the site were ready with their reply: it had been a *Japanese* landing, with small vessels, and therefore its lessons could be of no significance. Entirely on his own responsibility, at the high risk of a bloody debacle that would have utterly destroyed his career and reputation, MacArthur decided for Inchon. The outcome was the swift collapse of the North Korean offensive, which had lost its base of operations literally overnight. The fact that victory against North Korea merely resulted in a larger war with China has no bearing on the matter: the first war was truly won, and in one bold and brilliant stroke of a quality rare in the annals of war.

GIVEN the scope of the man's achievements, it is very unfortunate that we lack a solid biography of Douglas MacArthur, and William Manchester's very large book merely serves to remind us of our need. It is a shoddy compendium of facts great and little obtained from all the predictable sources. What must be the full store of remembered quotations is duly deployed, and Manchester has probably managed to retrieve every anecdote worthy of print, and many that could without loss have been left aside. Only the substance of a solid biographical study is missing, or is present only in very weak form. Manchester's analysis of MacArthur's military conduct reflects a fatal inability to comprehend things military, and his writing on MacArthur's civilian endeavors, and notably the overlordship of Japan, does not represent an advance on the more thoughtful among the contemporary magazine articles. Instead of the depth that such a long book might easily contain, Manchester only gives us the little touches of authenticity characteristic of synthetic, knowing journalism (typically, he uses the transliterated *Dai Nippon* in lieu of plain "Japan"). The writing is pedestrian at best, where not downright vulgar. MacArthur deserves very much more.

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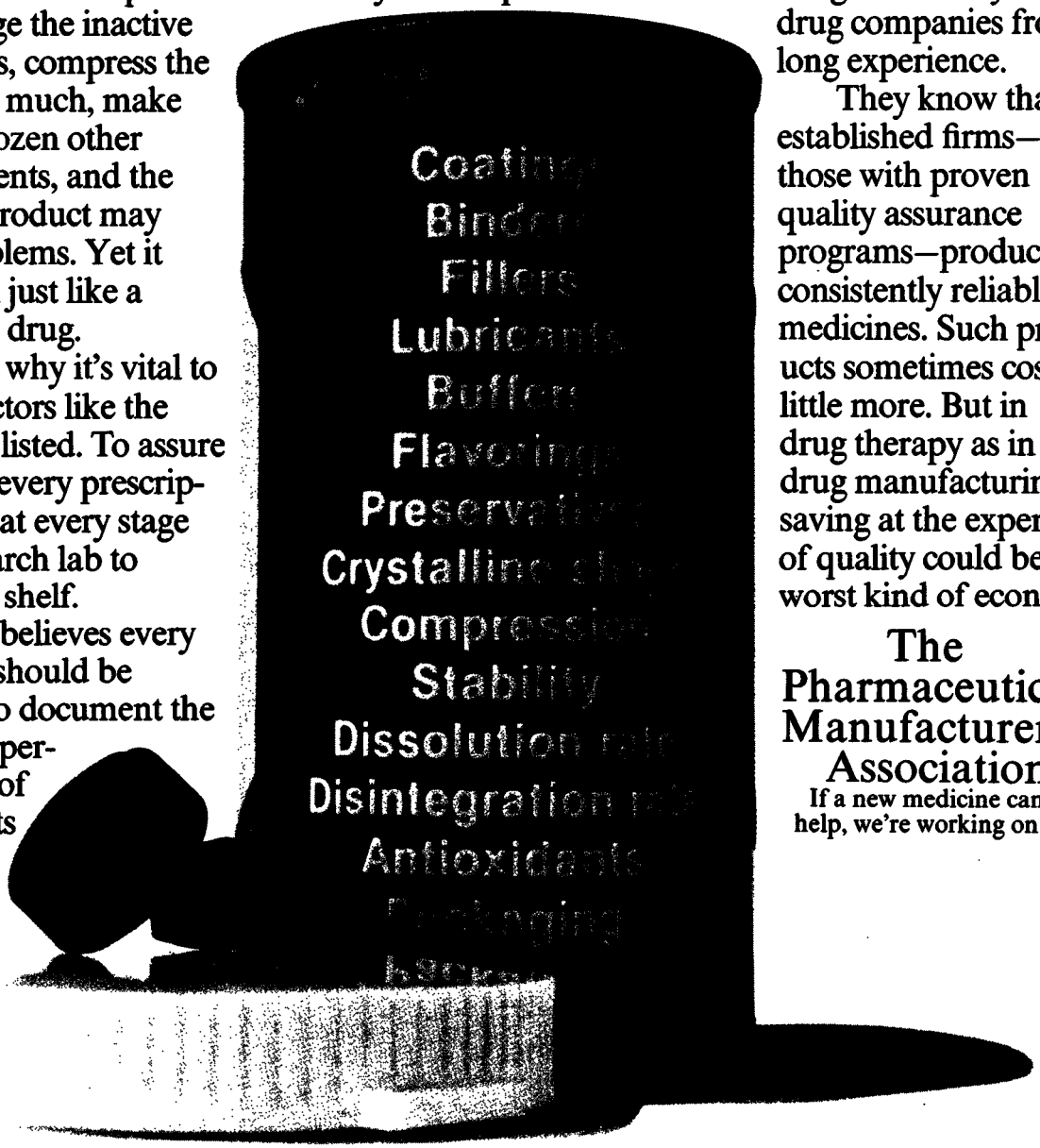

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